

Vol. 9.

On Force

JULY.

SARTAIN'S

Union Magazine

of
Literature &

ART.



Dover, Del.

J. SHERMAN, PRINTER.

JOHN SARTAIN. } PROPRIETORS. { WM. SLOANAKER.

Single Copies **THREE DOLLARS** per annum, if paid in advance—**FOUR DOLLARS**
if not paid during the year.

No. 5 Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, Philadelphia.

1





SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX.

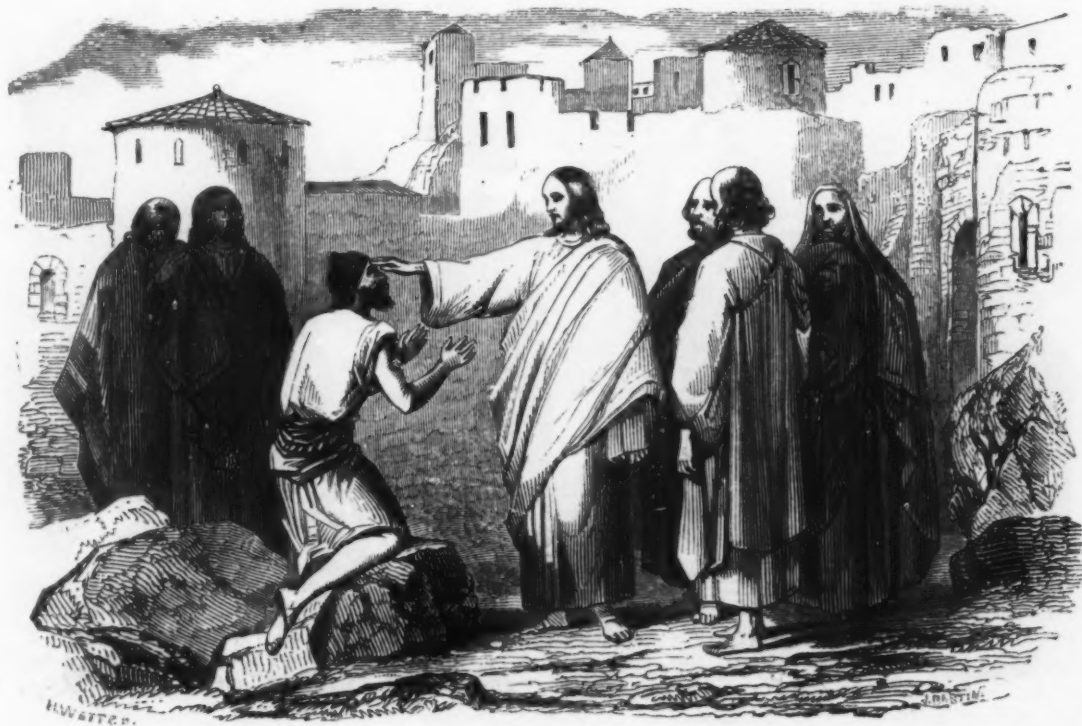
PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1851.

No. 1.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF THE SAVIOUR.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by JOHN SARTAIN & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.



XLII.

THE CURE OF THE BLIND MAN OF BETHSAIDA.

ANDREW.—“Thou art silent to-night, Peter.”

PETER.—“I was thinking about that blind man which He healed to-day; and then my mind seemed to be full of wonder.”

ANDREW.—“Wilt thou explain this wonder, my brother?”

PETER.—“Dost thou not recollect that when the friends followed our Master into the city, leading the blind one, how they besought him to lay his hands on him? How earnest their request! And he took him by the hand, yet he was not restored.

VOL. IX.

1

I am sure they must have had faith! Why was he not restored the moment he touched him?”

ANDREW.—“His time had not come. Perhaps he wished to try their faith further.”

PETER.—“True. But why not heal him in Bethsaida, our own city, in which we were born, and where we have always lived? He has spent much time there, and has there performed wonderful miracles. Why not stop and restore him, and speak to our friends and neighbours again? I felt that I could not have him pass on, and not do one miracle or preach another sermon or offer one prayer with them. I felt like weeping.”

ANDREW.—“Alas! hast thou forgotten the fearful woe which he pronounced over our beloved

city a few days since? Declaring that it would be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for them?"

PETER.—"Forgotten it! That woe has rung in my ears every hour since. But he has been so kind to our poor, despised city, calling us and Philip and the gentle Nathanael, and I was in hopes the city would receive him."

ANDREW.—"True. And when, a few weeks since, he fed that great multitude, how many of them belonged to our city, and were our neighbours and friends! And when he healed every sick one among all that throng, and sent five thousand home refreshed, strengthened, instructed, and impressed, I thought they would not forget him and reject him as they do. Alas! they seem to hate him now!"

PETER.—"Yes. They think that when the Messiah comes, he will appear with pomp and arms, trumpet and spear, and will drive away the Romans and restore Israel."

ANDREW.—"Why, Peter, I thought this was thy opinion."

PETER.—"For a long time it was. But I begin

to have doubts when I hear him say, 'My kingdom is not of this world.' But the blind man,—he healed him not at the first touch, but gradually. Why was that?"

ANDREW.—"As the Father worketh, so he works. Sometimes God speaks the word, and light is born. Sometimes he is months, years, and even a hundred years in making a single flower. Dost thou remember our conversation among the wild, beautiful oleanders on the banks of the Jordan?"

PETER.—"But why send him home another way, and not let him come back to the city, and tell what He had done for him? Perhaps they would have believed."

ANDREW.—"No, Peter, they would not. There are many in our wicked city who were once blind, on whom he had compassion and opened their eyes, and yet they never thank him, nor follow him. They have all abused his mercies, and he is taking them away. Alas! the woe is beginning to be fulfilled! But weep not, my brother; on His head shall be many crowns."



XLIII.

CHRIST FEEDING THE FOUR THOUSAND.

BY MRS. J. L. GRAY.

FERCELY on Galilee
Sun, without shadow,
Scorched in his noontide ray
Forest and meadow.
In the parched wilderness
Glittered no fountain—
Shelterless, verdureless,
Frowned the bleak mountain.

Up towards its arid brow,
Slowly and drearily
Toileth the multitude,
Wearily, wearily.

To the Redeemer's feet
Thus their way winning,
With palsied and lunatic,
Suffering and sinning.

Joy to the sorrowing
Freely was given—
To the despairing, hope;
To the lost, heaven.

Lingered the multitude?—
How could they sever
From the Messiah true—
From the Life-giver?
Strong though the spirit be,
Yet the heart panting
Sinks 'neath the summer ray,
Hungering and fainting.

Ever compassionate,
Christ o'er them yearning,
Would needful strength provide
For them returning.
"Give ye the people food;"
See our store scanty—
Bread for a multitude!
Can this be plenty?

Silence, each doubting thought!
Hence, unbelieving;
Life-bread will multiply—
Grow, in the giving,—
Over each little loaf,
As it was broken,
Blessings that multiply,
Jesus hath spoken.

The bread He dispenseth
Is never diminished;
The basket He blesseth
Is ever replenished.
Food in abundance
To all hath been given,
Healing and pardon
And meetness for heaven.

O thou compassionate,
Merciful Saviour!
Fulness unailing,
Abounding for ever.
Thus thy sustaining hand
Ever stretch o'er us,
Kind as a brother's,
And as a God's, glorious.



XLIV.

CHRIST'S PARABLE OF THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND.

WHEN Tyranny wishes to wring the heart of his fellow with an iron hand, he digs his prison down deep, and shuts his victim away from light. And probably nothing so quickly crushes the spirit and withers the soul, as to be compelled by man to live in a shroud of darkness. But when you would describe the last act of cruelty which the human heart ever perpetrated, you would describe the awful deed of putting out the eyes. How blessed the fact, that while we have enough who are blind to show us what that state means, and how terrible its sorrows, the great mass of the human family are able to see. Would it were so in the moral world. Alas! how far otherwise. How few are aware how responsibility is a part of the inheritance of every being who has intellectual faculties;—how every one is leading, influencing, and forming the character of others. The group of boys at the door of the country school-house have their leader. There is one among them who is stamping his strong character—and it is this that makes him their leader—on all the rest. If he is a wilful, headstrong, cruel boy, without conscience, and with little human kindness, he will lead them blind to walk in his steps, to imitate him, and to strive for his character. We all know that every child comes into the world darkened and ignorant. His whole character is to be formed and moulded. If the parents

are unenlightened, if they care only to feed and clothe their child, and train him up as a creature of time, they will be likely to make him such. They are blind to the heavy responsibility which rests upon them, and they will probably lead their child in the way he should not go. But this is one of those sermons of Christ which were delivered with special reference to his ministers—the accredited teachers of the human family in the things of religion. Can the blind lead the blind? No: and they never attempt it. Nor ought any who are not seeing light in God's light, to attempt to teach the character and the plans and ways of God.

A man may understand Hebrew well and read it fluently, would it follow that he could navigate a ship across the ocean, and that lives and property would be safe, if intrusted to him? Or he may be familiar with the principles of law, and be a sound lawyer, does it follow that he could be safely called to administer advice to your dying child.

Or, because he knows, as did the Pharisees, the letter of the Scriptures, does it follow that he has felt the spirit of the Bible? By no means.

But we will rejoice that, while all men are by nature blind, while it is easy for the blind to be misled, while even the teachers of religion may be blind, there is one infallible teacher which never can mislead. I mean Holy Scriptures;—they have eternal life, and are a sure word of prophecy, a lamp to the feet, and a guide to our life, till the day dawn, and the day-star arise in our hearts.



XLV.

CHRIST HEALING THE LUNATIC.

BY JOHN C. HOADLEY, ESQ.

"And he asked his father, How long is it ago since this came unto him? And he said, Of a child."—MARK ix. 21.

MADNESS in childhood!—ere the golden hair
Hath lost the radiance of the morning hour;
Ere the brow darkens, or is seamed with care,
Or sin or sorrow hath usurped its power;

While the winged eyelids fold the lucid eyes,
That gaze like angels on our Father's face,
Opening at morn to view with glad surprise
The new-found glories of their dwelling-place;

While the warm blood yet flashes in the cheek,
And dances joyous in the tingling veins,
And the soft lips are all unlearned to speak
The lengthening list of human woes and pains;

Ere yet temptation, with illusive song,
Hath lured the footstep far from heaven's gate;
Ere the unsullied heart is schooled in wrong,
Or anger grows revenge, or envy hate.

Madness! the demons once to exile driven,
Emboldened, tend no more the life-long snare,
Seizing their victims at the gate of heaven,
Of such as they who only enter there!

When the brief shadows of the noonday warm
Proclaim the sultry solstice of the soul,
Madness may gather as the thunder-storm,
And breathless hurricane o'er ocean roll.

Pleasures that shine and perish in the grasp,
Illusive phantoms of substantial woes;
Kisses of rapture, stinging like the asp,
Enduring thorns beneath the passing rose;

Passion to passion calling, deep to deep;
The bleared-eyed gnome alluring to the mine;
Goading ambition urging to the steep,
And wild adventure beckoning o'er the brine.

These the dark spirits, whose unblessed control,
Deposing reason from her awful throne,
Kindles the fires of madness in the soul,
And makes the dreary empire all their own.

Quickening a little the impetuous pulse,
A little urging the tempestuous brain,
And the strong passions which our souls convulse
Bind us demoniac with resistless chain.

Hope may illumine the darkness of despair,
And faith o'ercome the terrors of the tomb;
Friendship allay the weary woes of care,
And love dispel the soul's impending gloom;

Man may exorcise from his brother man
The maddening passion, and the frenzy wild;
Only the accents of the Master can
The darker demons that assail the child.

XLVI.

CHRIST THANKING THE FATHER IN BEHALF OF CHILDREN.

THE pure air that surrounds our world is just as healthful to the infant the first moment his lungs are filled with it, as to the strong man who inhales the element between every uplifting of his arm in toil, and braces his nerves anew by its aid. And the light that causes the infant to leap in gladness is just as well adapted to his sparkling eye as to the eye of the astronomer who measures the universes which hang side by side. So the water which refreshes the giant, when carrying off the gates of the city, is no less the delight of the feeblest child, whose hand is too weak to lift the cup to his lips. The air, the light, and the water, are great things under the government of God, but the child can use them, enjoy them, and be benefited by them, as much as if he were the mightiest of the earth. And the grand, too;—we have seen the child shout in ecstasy under the arch of the rainbow; we have seen him stand immovable during the thunder-storm, and watch the dark, moving masses, to see if he could discern the wheels of the chariot of God, which made so deep a rumbling, or if he could catch a glimpse of the eye that sent out such flashes of light, or see the shuttle which darted through the darkness weaving the heavens with threads of melted gold!

Why need we wonder, then, if, when a new fountain of waters came to be opened, when a new sun was kindled up, when the Spirit began



XLVII.

CHRIST REFUSING THE REQUEST OF THE MOTHER
OF JAMES AND JOHN.

BY MISS E. BOGART.

AMONG his followers Jesus stood,
His chosen ones around,
Disciples of the living God,
In heart, together bound.

Unwearied on his words they hung
With many a wondering thought,
For ne'er before had mortal tongue
Such heavenly wisdom taught.

But two were absent,—where were they?—
Behold them near at hand!
With hurrying steps, upon their way
To join the faithful band.

The mother with her sons appeared,
Believing in his name—
The Saviour's presence they revered,
And worshipped as they came.

"What wouldst thou?" Jesus said, though well
He knew that mother's heart;
"What wouldst thou ask?—thy wishes tell,
Ere I from hence depart."

With kind and gentle voice he spoke,
And on her listening ear
His soothing accents sweetly broke,
And took away her fear.

"Grant, Lord, that when of these bereft,
My sons, so dear to me,
That on thy right hand and thy left,
These two may sit with thee."

Thus, of his earthly kingdom still,
Did their ambition dream:
While seeking at his sovereign will,
For honours most supreme.

Ambition lurked within the souls
Of those unlettered men;
Yet hark! how Jesus' voice controls
Their inmost thoughts again.

But while he pityingly reproved
The brothers at his side,
The *ten*, with indignation moved,
Rebuked them for their pride.

Not so the Master. "Can ye drink,"
He said, "my bitter cup?—"

to breathe over the earth a new atmosphere, these should also be adapted to the capacities, the wants, and the enjoyment, of the little child?

And when man, in his strength and his guilt, shall turn away from this light, and hide himself in a dark cave, the little child on the greensward will exult in the clear sunlight. When the man shall prefer the impure air of the city or the crowded lane, because he can there gain money, or follow out his passions, the child will bound in his joy, and his merry voice will ring the clearest on the sunny slope of the mountain. And when the man shall pervert his taste, and call for that which maddens and destroys the brain because it has passed through the worm of the still, the child will stoop over the iron-bound bucket, and drink with a relish and buoyancy which nothing else can create.

Thus God reveals to babes and sucklings these sources of enjoyment and these unspeakable luxuries, while they are lost to those who esteem themselves wise and great. Infidelity is never astonished that these things are so revealed to babes, but she despises a wisdom and a goodness that can adapt the gospel of mercy to the child as fully as these! "But the child does not understand the great truths of the Gospel!" Perhaps not. Nor does he know what composes the water he drinks, or how the light reaches his brain, or how the air he breathes is compounded, or how breathing helps him to live. But he drinks, and sees, and breathes, and rejoices in all. So the light of Christ's face may fall on him, and he may love that Redeemer, and cry, Hosanna to the Son of David! So the waters of life may flow past him, and he may measure and find the river up to the ankles; so the air of heaven may be breathed over him, and it may revive him like the dews of Hermon or the breezes of Lebanon. O beautiful, beautiful plan! There is nothing necessary to eternal salvation which is not within the reach of babes, and there are heights and depths and lengths and breadths which, to the highest intellect of mortals, are unsearchable.



Ye know it not, or ye would shrink,
And pray to yield it up.

"Say, can ye in my pathway tread,
And be baptized with me?"
"Yea, we are able, Lord," they said,
"To follow after Thee."

And Jesus answered, "Be it so;
My baptism shall be yours;
My cup upon you I bestow;
See that your strength endures.

"But ah, the boon ye would receive—
The place on right and left,
It is not mine on earth to give,
Of kingly power, bereft.

"But be not troubled who shall sit
The highest at my side;
My Father will, as he sees fit,
Your seats in heaven provide."

XLVIII.

CHRIST TEACHING ON THE SEA-SIDE.

HE sat in the little boat on the waters, while the multitudes stood grouped on the shore, listening to his voice. Had that voice turned every grain of sand on the sea-shore into solid gold, and caused every ripple of the waves to utter poetry sweeter than that of Homer, the legacy to the world had not been so rich as the parables which he then spoke. In the case supposed, where is the people under the heavens that had not ere this handled that gold and recited that poetry! The learned had been ashamed of the name, had they not been familiar with it, and beauty and fashion had worn their rich jewels and boasted



'these were made from the rich gold of Galilee!' The mountain-side had rung with the song of the maiden as she warbled "the songs of the waves of Galilee's sea!"

With what consummate skill and mighty grasp of thought does He embrace, in a single parable, that of the sower, every soul who will ever listen to his gospel! How many have been cautioned and warned by it, and thus have been led to receive the seed into good and honest hearts, is more than we can ever know in time, but when the record of all the impressions which have been made on the human heart shall at last be published, we shall doubtless find that the short discourse pronounced on the sea-shore has been, in an immense number of instances, of unspeakable benefit to men. The multitudes who listened were all soon passed away, and the voice that spake was soon heard on earth no more; but so long as the sands shall lie on the shore, and so long as the waves shall whisper to them, so long shall the words of the blessed Redeemer remain and be repeated on earth. What He said and did was not for that hour or that generation, but for all who shall yet stand on the shores of time. A picture of the scene, delineating accurately the multitude of countenances which were there, with their various emotions of wonder and admiration, or of scorn and unbelief, would be a choice work of art; but the impress of their doubts and unbelief has come down to us, and their murmurs will be echoed down on the waves of time, till they reach and meet them again at the judgment day. Alas! ye multitudes of Galilee! Though ye throw away the jewels which drop from the hand of the Redeemer, yet from age to age there will be a number greater than you, who will gather them up and weave them into a garland of life eternal, and wear them on the shores of the sea of glass.

SKETCHES OF WEST POINT.

No. II.

THE ILLUMINATION.

BY AMY LOTHROP.

"There are lights afar,
More bright than a star;
You say they are candles:—I'll see if they are."

THE night was moonless, almost starless, though here and there you might discern a faint twinkle among the clouds; while an occasional flash of lightning dazzled our eyes for a moment, and then left us to appreciate the darkness. Slowly we walked down to the camp, where the busy stir seemed tending to a crisis.

In front of the main body of tents the band were now standing, grouped together; and, still further forward, near the guard-tents, was a crowd of dark figures almost completely in shade. In this unrevealing foreground we too placed ourselves, and quietly watched the camp.

It was but partially lighted up as yet, for the preparations had been begun late and were not yet complete. Meantime, there was no lack of business or amusement. The white tents, the gray and white figures mixed up with them in every possible variety,—passing, grouping, peeping in or peering out,—made a wild picture, set as it was in the deep black of night which came to the very edge of the camp-ground. It was

very fine as a whole;—in some of the parts a little peculiar.

In one tent, the canvass of which was rolled up at the bottom, a number of shoes were going through most spirited up and downs, though after what particular pattern it was hard to determine, for the white curtains were shut close. But those brogues, or buskins, or whatever they were, had a world of fun in them; and it was quite exciting to see such a tentful dancing away without any perceptible assistance.

From another quarter came the voices of those who were singing "without the instrument," or occasionally with; while little candles in heaps and little candles astray appeared in every direction, and numberless hands were arranging and lighting them. Then in our shadowy foreground a white dress or a red shawl would flit by, coming out finely from the darkness; and the band, taking up their instruments, struck in with some sweet air, that was like the concluding of a chime of bells. We gazed and listened.

"Now do tell me, Mr. H——," said Florence, as a friend approached us, "do tell me why you illuminate the camp just when you are going to quit it."

"Why, for a little fun, Miss Florence. We may as well have all the good out of the camp that we can, and some of them think this is great fun. I don't care for such things myself."

"But I should think you'd all be too dismal. Aren't you very sorry to go into barracks?"

"Oh no!—very glad," said the cadet, drawing down his face.

"Why aren't you at work, then?"

"Tired;—was up all last night at the party."

"How did Mr. J—— graduate?" asked Florence, suddenly.

"He stood very low. But pray, Miss Florence, what could make you think of Mr. J——?"

"Oh, because you spoke of the party, and that made me think of a ball that was given here once, and so of Mr. J——."

"I wish you would finish the story."

"Before I have begun it?—Well, once upon a time I was going to this same ball, and sat waiting for my sister in the parlour of the hotel, and watching other people,—little girls with long white gloves, and such etceteras,—when Ellen J—— came in with a face as long as the gloves. It seemed that her brother had done or disobeyed something, and had been ordered not to go to the ball; and she, poor child, had come up on purpose to go with him, and was in great trouble."

"And how did J—— take it?"

"Oh, he had grown some three inches (which wasn't necessary), and declared that he would not go to the ball *now*, if the superintendent should go down on his knees to him."

"Safe promise, that!" said H——, laughing.

By this time the cadets had said to their decorations, "Shine out,—appear,—be found!" and at the head of the main passage-way through the camp, the evening gun looked peacefully forth from lights and cedar; while at each other entrance the letter of the particular company displayed its huge proportions. Here the darkness was pierced by an immense cedar A, set thick with burners from apex to foundation, with a transparency, too; and exceeding pretty it looked, for whatever there might be of roughness in the execution, night softened or covered up. B, C,

and D, were set out in like manner, but I thought them not so well-looking.

"Is that the same gun they had at the ball-room door some years ago?" asked Florence.

"I don't know;—not since I've been here. At the ball-room door?"

"At or near it—upstairs somewhere. I know Jessie C—— said she thought it was the prettiest part of the decorations, because some of her friends got it up and arranged it."

"I wish I had arranged something to-night," said the cadet, laughing; "but, Miss Florence, you mustn't take this as a fair specimen of our illumination;—there wasn't a thing touched till this afternoon."

"And why not, pray?"

"The Captain couldn't make up his mind whether he would let us have the sperms, and it wasn't worth while to begin what we might not be allowed to finish."

"The Captain?—what Captain?"

"Oh, Captain A—— or Captain B——," said Mr. H——, with another laugh.

"But you don't mean that *everything* has been done this afternoon?—trees planted and all?"

"Everything since four o'clock."

"Captain Somebody must have drilled you into a reasonable degree of spryness, I should think," said Florence, laughing; and then we left our stand and followed the crowd to the region of candles.

The upright letters had as it were a reflection within the camp; for behind each a corresponding letter was traced on the ground in little candles,—all lighted, and burning away as if the credit of the institution depended on them alone. I never saw anything more exemplary;—little white, comical, four-inch things, they had quite a character about them, as they stood there in the dust. Beyond were triangles, and crosses, and charmed circles of the same materials, and just not under foot, because we went round them. Why some of the giddy lady-flies that sported before me didn't singe their wings was a mystery. I felt afraid for my own gauze appendages, as they fluttered in the night-wind to within catching distance of the little candles.

At intervals along the rows of tents stood tripods of muskets, the bayonets supporting a tapered wreath; and at the far end of each alley the company's officer was illuminated by proxy,—a long transparency bearing his name, while above were the arms of his state. In one or two instances there was an inscription added,—to some officer who was "first in the hearts of his company;" and the different names were cheered several times in the course of the evening.

Here and there, too, stood a cedar tree, as firm as if it had never struck root anywhere else, and bearing more lights than one could count in a hurry.

We had been through once, and still the little candles were burning as bright as ever; so we went through again, and this time looked at particulars.

There were inscriptions or transparencies at almost every tent-door. On this was an inviting advertisement of "Logins for Singel Men;" on that a label of "Old Cloes;" while the view within made one think that if a sale *could* be effected, it would be a public benefit.

"Well, that is a commentary upon somebody's

taste!" said Florence. "I wish you would get the owner's name and post it up along with his commodities. I think he deserves to be known."

Opposite this display some self-denying person proffered "Entertainment for Man and Baste;" and one or two more hung out nothing but a wreath of flowers. In one tent sat gray coats and white dresses in most conversable proximity. Over an open doorway near by was some simple transparency, while all within was so neatly put up, so pleasantly lighted by the lamp that was burning on the locker, that we almost supposed the owner had expected guests to arrive during his absence, and felt quite sure that, whoever he was, he must have an appreciation of home and home-comforts.

"I wish that tent belonged to you, Mr. H——, and we would go in and sit down."

"Mine is at your service, Miss Florence; but you must let your eyes be charitable—for once."

"For once!—Not after that, unless I change my mind. But let us see it."

We walked to the tent, went in, and managed to turn round after we were in.

"And how many sleep here, for pity's sake?"

"That depends—some cadets have a whole and some a quarter."

"But what do you do with the mosquitoes? I shouldn't think they would let you sleep a wink."

"Sometimes they don't come; and when they do, the officers get up and smoke."

"And the cadets?"

"Are guided by circumstances."

"Upon my word," said I, laughing, "that is an oracle of an answer. Mr. G——, did you never hear of any Decatur but the Commodore?"

They laughed; and when we had admired a little picture that Mr. H—— showed us of his sister, we emerged into larger quarters and walked on, and some ladies obligingly swept the ground before us, and transferred as much of the dust as possible to their own garments.

It might fairly be questioned whether the illumination was meant to be of the camp or the visitors, for cadet groups of all sizes are standing everywhere, it seems to me, eyeing the long stream of people. It is a curious thing, worth eyeing. Officers, citizens,—gleesome delight, sober consideration,—quiet eyes, and eyes that rove as brightly and wildly as the flames of the little candles,—this face, that reflects every bit of the illumination and has besides a small pyrotechnic display of its own, and that other, that no more lights up than does the dark dress of its owner,—bonnets, hoods, curls, bandeaux,—all are subjected to the combined influence of foot and side-lights.

In one place stands out the portly form of Captain ——; in another, Lieutenant —— elevates his inches. Professors major and minor pass on: there individuals who seem to be, not "all gloves," but all scarf, or buttons, or whiskers; and here comes a furlough cadet still out of uniform, with his hat cocked at an angle that sets both military and civil rules at defiance, and a face that says Captains A. and B. are for the present nonentities.

"Let those laugh now who never laughed before,
And those who always laughed now laugh the more."

A transparency in the shape of a dress cap with two great eyes cut in it, and a mouth to match, looks down upon us from the ridge-pole of

one
the
for
and
cad

out
dim
dan
tha
the
the

T
pin
ma
out
up
ma
of
we
sm
the

"
"

this
rac

"
such

"
you
of a
—a
good

V
dru
last
figu
the

To
To
To
An
To
To

To
To
To
In
To
Of

To
To
To
As
To
The

THE
Die
Bro
Gre
v

one of Company D's tents, and we have made the round once more, and go and stand in the foreground and listen to "The Maid of Monterey," and watch the bright lights and the clustering cadets.

Again we join the crowd, and this time pass out behind the camp and look at the two or three dimly-lighted tents that are beyond us, and the dark sward that lies between, and the tall cedars that loom up indistinctly. So still, so quieting!—the air seemed fresher and the dew cooler:—there was no illumination there.

Then back into the camp. But darkness is impinging upon the great letters now, and a good many of the exemplary little candles are burnt out,—reduced to small, sad-looking grease-spots upon the brown earth. Letter A, wishing to make a sensation, takes fire bodily, and so do some of the bayonet-wreaths and transparencies; and we have the smell of burning cedar, and a light smoke is curling over the camp. There comes the never-failing rat-tat-tat!

"Oh, Mr. H——, run!" cried Florence.

"Run!—whither, and why?"

"Because there is tattoo, and if you don't go this minute, I shall see you marched off to barracks to-morrow between two muskets."

"I must see you home, Miss Florence, even at such a dreadful risk."

"*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*;"—didn't you leave me to take care of myself in the midst of a cotillion last summer, for that same rub-a-dub?—and besides, we are not going home yet,—so good night."

We went and stood outside the limits till the drum ceased, till the last light was out, till the last gray figure had disappeared, the last dark figure gone home. Then we took one turn round the quiet plain, and went back to the hotel.

A VALENTINE.

BY ISABELLE.

To what shall I liken thine eyes?
To the rich, deep blue of the summer skies;
To the dew-gemmed violet in the wood,
An emblem of all that's sweet and good;
To the brilliant stars in a winter's night,—
To all things clear, and pure, and bright.

To what shall I liken thy smile?
To the sun's last ray on some bright isle;
To the dimpled wave where the lily dreams
In quiet rest, 'neath the moon's pale beams;
To the motions, gentle and graceful all,
Of the drooping boughs of the elm tree, tall.

To what shall I liken thy voice?
To the notes of the bird as it sings "rejoice;"
To the mountain stream's gay, merry song,
As it smiles to the flowers, and hastens along;
To nature's own music, unfettered by art,
The music that's ever enchanting the heart.

NARCISSUS.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

THE tale of him who, the old poets tell us,
Died at the fount, of his own face enamoured.
Broad in the noontide lay the hills of Phocis,
Green to their summits—and within their shadows

Reposed the violets, faint with their own odours:—
Coiled through the valleys glittered the Cephilus,
Basking in sunlight—and adown the meadows,
Pale with their fragrance drooped the water-lilies:—

Only the Asphodel, with heart adoring,
To Phœbus lifted high her golden censer,
Mindful that when her God adown Parnassus
To sunset's gates should chase the flying hours,
And with the twilight shadows, pensive Hesper,
Bearing his urn, should come to weep the roses,
Her gauzy petals would upclose for ever.
Hushed were the old woods, and the Fauns and Dryads,

In moss-grown caves, flushed with their dances,
slumbered,

When, through the dim glades of the silent forest,
With antlered head, under the low boughs crashing,
Startling affrighted Echo from her hiding,
Bounded a deer—the arrow in his shoulder—
And fast behind, from out the wood's recesses,
Came the young hunter, with his swiftness panting,
And paused, o'erspent, beside a low sweet fountain
That mirrored clear, within its emerald border,
The ancient oaks where slept the Hamadryads.
Child of a river God and of a Naiad,
Far from the founts the tender wood-nymphs

nursed him,

For the old blind soothsayer had predicted
The boy would die when first he looked on water.
Timid he was, like a chaste maiden shrinking—
Therefore in vain the ardent Dryads wooed him,
And love-lorn Echo languished unregarded—
But now above the fountain's grassy margin,
Transfixed and breathless, bent the lithe young hunter,

For lo! a face of soft and girl-like beauty,
O'er which the golden curls luxuriant clustered,
His own fair face, gleamed through the wave to meet him,

"Mother!" he said, while startled Echo listened—
"Are these thine eyes Liriope, sweet mother;
That like a stag's eyes, filled with sweet wild wonder,

Beam up to mine?

Or art thou Ephydatia,

Who bore adown the tide the struggling Hylas?
Would I were he, to die upon thy bosom!
Come forth! ah, let my heart feed on thy sweetness!

Come forth! all sleep—I only may behold thee—
Hushed in their cool retreats the Satyrs slumber,
Within the oaks repose the Hamadryads,
And even Pan, the reed dropped from his fingers,
Rests in the shade of some Arcadian forest.
Listen! sweet Naiad! Though the wood-nymphs love me,

My heart grows cold beneath their honeyed kisses,
Luscious as hydromel to amorous Satyrs,
The while I rend me from their warm caresses.—
Listen! For thy sweet love alone I languish,
For thine embrace I pine! I pine!"

And Echo

Murmured among the oaks "I pine!"

Day faded,

In the soft twilight—and amid their dances
The wakened Fauns and Dryads paused to listen.
They, shrinking far within the wood's recesses,
Heard the low moan "I pine!"—and Echo
Among the oaks the plaintive sound repeating,
Till midnight slowly purpled into morning.
And when along the hill-tops sped Aurora,

Treading out fragrance with her rosy sandals,
While in her foot-prints sprang anew the flowers,
Came the soft wood-nymphs, each her urn up-
bearing
On her white shoulder, to the fount for water.
Hushed was the sound of that low, sad com-
plaining,
And where the glowing hunter bent at noontide,
Shod from the chase as 'twere with Hermes'
sandals,
A new, pale flower beside the maize was rooted,
And thus the pitying maidens called Narcissus—
For thus, they said, the Gods benign had changed
him.

And thus, O Earth, thy children vainly languish
Above their heart-founts, that in beauty image
Forth from their depths the spirit's bright ideal—
Thus pine we over our reflected longing,
And die of the yet unattained enamoured.

COUSIN KATIE AND THE HEIRESS.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

"Leave me awhile, for I have hazarded
All that this world calls happy."

"These colours are not dull and pale enough
To show a soul so full of misery
As this sad lady's was."

MAID'S TRAGEDY.—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

"So changes mortal life with fleeting years;—
A mournful change, should reason fail to bring
The timely insight that can temper fears,
And from vicissitude remove its sting."

WORDSWORTH.

A SEVERE fit of indisposition which I endured one winter left me in such an invalid state, that, when the spring opened, it found me completely unfitted for every exertion. I could not rouse myself sufficiently to take interest in any of my customary duties or pleasures;—all were alike indifferent to me. There seemed to be in me an entire want of elasticity, both of mind and body. Such an array of tonics as were prescribed;—bitter drinks, preparations of iron, &c., until the pharmacopœia was exhausted, and my family almost despairing, when a dear friend from the country happened to make her appearance in town.

"I know what will benefit you," she exclaimed, the first morning she called to see me: "you need an entire change of air and scene. Just come with me to our little mountain village, and I will promise to return you in the autumn, strong and hearty as one of our mountain lasses."

She urged her friendly proposition with such affectionate earnestness, that at last I was forced to yield; for, with all the indolence of a convalescent, I dreaded what was most necessary,—change and action. But I am not about to give an account of that delightful visit now; and for the present it will be only necessary to mention that the change, the kind nursing of my friend, and the attention of her charming family, restored completely my lost health; and before I returned to my home in the fall, I was able to gallop over the narrow mountain roads as fearlessly as my companion, the eldest daughter, Lizzie, and could show a pair of glowing cheeks that almost made me look young again.

During the first part of my visit, the house was filled with guests, who were to remain only a

short time,—a merry crowd of pleasure-seeking people;—and constant were the parties made up for rides, drives, and picnics to the mountain side, or to a beautiful spring in the neighbouring woods. I was still too much of an invalid to join in these expeditions, and a great deal of sympathy was wasted upon "poor Miss Duval," who did not then care a fig about their merry groupings.

One evening a picnic was planned, which would take them a great distance and keep them the greater part of the day. The next morning my friend came to bid me good-by just before setting off on this excursion.

"In a few days, Enna dear," she said, "all this gaiety will be over, and then I can return to my pleasant office of nurse."

I assured her that I felt no weariness; that the morning would be spent in a delicious, half-dreamy languor, on the balcony upon which my room windows opened, reading and castle-building; and the afternoon should be devoted to a refreshing *siesta*.

"For part of your morning's reading," she said, as a slight blush passed over her cheek, "I have here a journal of mine, kept some years ago. You may find something to interest you in it. Lizzie is now in the library with your list in hand, selecting some books for you; but you must not read too much."

This injunction was forgotten after I opened the neatly-bound, clasped volume she gave me. Lizzie's books, so kindly heaped up before me on a reading-table, were also neglected, and even the afternoon's refreshing nap was given up. I built no *chateaux d'Espagne* that day, so interested was I in my friend's simple, childlike relation of "romance in real life." A great part of the journal was given up to details of her home life, studies, pursuits, critiques of books and of people, descriptions of scenery and dresses, all mingled up together with true womanly facility. I took so much pleasure in the little glittering web of romance that crept out by bits in this journal, that my friend gave me permission to take extracts from it, and, as many years had passed, to make what use I pleased of it. I confess that in taking the journal thus by piecemeal I detract from its merit; the beauty of it consisted in its childlike *naïveté*, its feminine particularity and elevation of trifles; but I am constrained within bounds, and am aiming at making up a readable article for a "Monthly;" therefore, dear reader, if parts of it, or even the whole of it, appear bald or disjointed, be merciful, and kindly draw on your imagination for that which is wanting.

"And specially let this be thy prayer,
Unto them all that thee will read or hear,
Where thou art wrong, after their help to call,
Thee to correct, in any part, or all."

CHAUCER.

MY FRIEND'S JOURNAL.

The first leaf of my new journal! Here it lies, unspotted, unmarked, before me,—not a noting of trouble to soil its fairness. Pray God, the unsullied whiteness of these leaves may be a type of my future! I have already done much evil and endured deep sorrow; let the future be blameless, and therefore unexpiatory.

One of my assistant teachers, a clever, matter-of-fact Yankee girl, with plenty of text-book learning in her wise little head, fully able to "stump" me, her superior in any branch of study,

asked me very seriously the other day if I did not consider the keeping of a journal a sad waste of time. I smiled, for I thought of the piles of journals I had written; and in a very unteacher-like manner, began to excuse the waste of time, by the pleasure it yielded. How her sensible little face expressed wonder to hear me talk such heresy in the presence of the "first division of the first class!" And she reminded me, in a tone in which reproach seemed struggling with respect, that the enjoyment of trifles was anything but beneficial, adding that the pleasure a pursuit yielded should not blind us as to its utility or uselessness. How I longed to draw the pretty little arguer to me, and, by laughs and caresses, charm away much of this cold reasoning and rigid duty-binding!—but what use?—the dear little soul is better fitted for her vocation as she is. This matter-of-fact nature enables her to endure much more than I can, and to undertake difficulties in life, the mere thinking of which causes my poor heart, weakened by indulgence, to start back with affright. However, to the argument. I found the little philosopher had the advantage of me, and, with the quickness that is in blessed mercy vouchsafed to poor logicians like myself,—dreamers who go through life without understanding what the word utility means,—I thought suddenly of a passage in the *Spectator*, which brought me off with flying colours, and I should not be surprised to see my pretty, cold little Yankee girl commence journalizing herself. Addison, in one of his papers, in which occurs the passage referred to, after recommending his readers to keep a journal, says:—

"This kind of self-examination would give them a true state of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One day would rectify the omissions of another, and make a man weigh all those indifferent actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for."

Cousin Katie, dear old soul! went to town yesterday to execute numberless commissions. When she returned in the evening, I saw that something was on her mind, which even the praises of the children, the teachers and myself lavished upon her, for her kind attention to our requests, failed to relieve. "What can it be?" I asked myself, but I resolved to let her alone until she should feel disposed to communicate the cause of her anxiety. I always take to myself the hour immediately after dinner, which I devote to quiet reflection and reading:—my study adjoins the school-room, where the girls, with the assistant teachers, are also reading and taking that rest of mind and body necessary after the morning's mental exertion, and preparatory to the hour's romp and walk in the close of the afternoon. When this hour of relaxation came around to-day, Cousin Katie tapped at my door, and asked if she might talk with me a little while. I closed the school-room door, and made my kind, innocent-hearted cousin take the *fauteuil* to rest those little active limbs that had been *padding* about since sunrise, seeing to "the baked and the boiled," as Bettina says, of my *menage*. How could I live without Cousin Katie? As she seated herself, I could not help noticing her anxious face, and I exclaimed to myself, "Now comes the secret!" She tried to hide her anxiety, but all in

vain; dear little soul, I know every change of her blessed old face by heart! At last she managed with wonderful cleverness to come to the subject.

"I called at Mr. Murray's yesterday," she said; then paused. Mr. Murray is my lawyer, and she had already told me of her visit to him so often since the day before, that I felt certain the cause of her discomfort was connected with him. I knew it could not be respecting my own affairs, for her account of my business arrangements were favourable,—my school has never been so large as it is at present, nor my payments so regular—she had deposited with him carefully all our little savings,—so far all was fair and straight, therefore I rested my head against the side of her chair, waiting patiently for her confidence. At last out it came, when she found there was no help or avoidance.

"Who do you think I found with him?" she asked hurriedly, and, without waiting for an answer, she continued: "Do you remember Charles Milman?—I beg his pardon, Mr. Milman, but he called me 'Cousin Katie' with such old-fashioned earnestness, I came very near forgetting he was not the Charlie Milman of days gone by, that I used to pet and love so dearly. He has lately come from England, and intends to live here; he has with him his little daughter and a ward, a Miss Warford, to whom Mr. Murray told me privately he might after a time be married—Charles, I mean. Unforeseen business of importance takes him back to Europe immediately, and he will be gone some months—maybe a year. He stayed only a little while after I came into the office, and when he left, Mr. Murray told me Mr. Milman had called to ask him to obtain a place in your establishment for his child and ward. He said that after Mr. Milman's return from Europe, Miss Warford would take charge of his house, and of course wish to have little Miss Milman with them, but for the present Mr. Milman would like to have them reside with you. Mr. Murray will come to-morrow to see you, and I promised to tell you, that you might think about it."

All this Cousin Katie said in quick, hurried tones, without once looking at me. Much, much she knew of the past, but not all,—yet enough to make her fear giving me pain by her communication.

A request from the school-room, about the selection of a reading-book for one of the younger girls, interrupted us, and Cousin Katie gladly seized upon it as an excuse for departure. After the book was selected, and some little conversation with the teachers and girls, I told them I would not be able to join them in their afternoon walk, as I had some writing to attend to;—and here I am with my table and chair before the window, at times attending to the games of those graceful groups of merry-hearted, affectionate girls, who prefer walking and playing in the grounds to taking the promised walk through the woods without me; and then, again, with thoughts busy in the past, which make me walk rapidly to and fro, as if restlessness of body would give peace of mind. Dear Cousin Katie knew well she would give pain when she asked the simple question of, "Did I remember Charles Milman?" Remember him!—although I have been the wife and am now the widow of another, never for one instant has he been absent from my thoughts for years. In vain have I struggled! Duty—pride—all were

overcome; the clear, beaming eye dimmed with tears, and trembling, reproachful lips of my youth's companion would come before me in the midst of gaiety or grief, and sadden every burst of laughter, and deepen every sob of sorrow,—and now, when I thought I had taught myself calmness—when I hoped that I had expiated by severe trouble my past misdoings,—this question and communication of Cousin Katie's proves that my fancied calmness is a mere show, and my expiation not half over. I forget those laughing girls that are grouped beneath my window, and as I recline in my high chair, with my hand before my eyes, driving back the bitter tears that memory causes to well up, fancy pictures to me a scene of past years. Time is annihilated,—again I am a girl, and by the side of the spring in the adjoining woods I am standing, looking at Charles Milman for the last time, and sobbing heart-broken on his shoulder.

Charles and I had lived together from babyhood. He had been my father's ward, and at the time my memory recalled, he had completed his education, and, in accordance with his father's will, was leaving for Liverpool, to enter the business establishment of which his father had been a leading partner. This first parting caused us great agony. Such vows of fidelity and constancy we made as we secretly engaged ourselves to each other! I had no mother to direct me, only Cousin Katie to confide in, who was nobody so far as authority was concerned—everything where care and kindness were needed. My father we knew would object to any engagement, on account of my age, for I was a mere child; then, moreover, even if there had been no objection, there was a romance about the secrecy of it that charmed us. We separated; both fondly picturing forth the time when he should be a man, and return to make me "his little wife." A few years rolled by, and brought me to womanhood, spoiled and self-willed; for I was pretty, and as my father was reputed wealthy, society kindly called me a belle. I flirted, waltzed, and dashed away to my silly heart's content; but to my credit be it told, at the bottom of that heart lay untouched, undimmed, all the wild worship of my childhood for Charles Milman. But prosperity and success made me imperious and exacting. Unluckily some little misunderstanding occurred between Charles and myself, and our separation rendered it difficult to adjust this "trifle light as air." I was impetuous, headstrong; he calm, conscious of meaning no wrong, and quietly waiting for my better judgment to teach me my error, trusting—fatal confidence!—in my love for him. In a fit of anger, madened by his coolness, I broke our secret engagement, and a few months after, was standing at the altar, promising a love I could not feel, to a man nearly as old as my father, whom I had encouraged and accepted in a moment of desperation, when I cared not what misery I inflicted on myself. A younger man I could not have married, but my quiet, old husband exacted nothing but respect from the beautiful, self-willed girl, upon whom he delighted to lavish every luxurious gift his immense fortune could procure. Cousin Katie, who had nursed me in childhood, and had always borne patiently all my petulance and waywardness, had been the confidant of my love for Charles; of our quarrel she knew little; for in truth, at times, I felt ashamed of my tyrannical

caprice and obstinacy, and would have wished to make her think Charles as cold and unloving as I tried in my anger to persuade myself he was. At the commencement, she endeavoured to soften me, but in vain; I had never yielded, never would,—and when, with proud, haughty bearing, I stood at the altar as the bride of another, defying happiness, she said nothing, but wept sad, bitter tears. I soon, however, discovered the mistake I had made, and when my anger left me, remorse and hopeless love rendered my life miserable. The world looked on me with envious eyes, and thought that one upon whom a doting father and husband bestowed every care and attention, and who was decked out so gaily, and seemed so brilliant, surely could not have a cause for sorrow. What a heavy heart I carried within me! Then did Cousin Katie show herself to be a true comforter; she did not upbraid me for the past, telling me I had made my own wretchedness, but she cleared away the thorns of the present, and magnified every blessing bestowed upon me.

I often heard of Charles, through my father, who had never known my engagement to him. About two years after my marriage, while I was occupied in nursing my husband in a sickness from which he never recovered, I received the news of Charles's marriage. This caused me bitter anguish and floods of tears; but Cousin Katie, who was always by my side with words of consolation, managed adroitly to let me know he had married from feelings of pity, not love, a cousin who was suffering from a secret attachment for him, and, that at the time of their marriage, she was almost dying with consumption. Three years after saw me a widow and fatherless, and almost penniless; for my poor father left but a pittance to me, having met with business difficulties, which shortened his life, and my husband's tedious illness caused his affairs to be so seriously entangled, that but a small sum remained for me after their adjustment. For four years had I performed the duty of nurse to my husband, who was rendered querulous and impatient by sickness; but I never repined, and swept aside every tear, with the hope that this was expiatory. After my affairs were settled, I invested part of my little capital in my father's country seat, and opened a boarding-school. Cousin Katie came to live with me and preside over my domestic affairs. Five years have I been engaged in my new vocation; and although I feared, from my former habits of life, these duties would be irksome, I have found them, on the contrary, interesting. I have felt calmer and tasted more true happiness than at any other season of my life since my childhood; for unto me has been given,

"Made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice."

But, now that I have attained this state of resigned calmness, I am called upon again to suffer. Charles is a widower. His poor wife died a year or two after their marriage, leaving an infant daughter, and this time he will marry not from sympathy alone, but love. Such is man; they so easily forget—so soon change. When I married, I was a wayward, headstrong girl, and acted under the influence of temper and a reckless, childish spirit of resentment, never dreaming of the suffering that would ensue. But, now that

I am a woman, my heart, through all reverses, still remains true to the objects of my early love. Nothing could tempt me to marry again. But shame on me for these thoughts!—I must become strong and calm. He fancies me changed as he is;—let me be so.

They are with me—Charles's child and future bride. Mr. Murray brought them,—not Charles, as I feared. Miss Warford is to be a parlour boarder, not subjected to school discipline. Little Bessie is a charming child, about six or seven years of age; very interesting to me of course. She is the image of her father, has the same wavy, clustering dark hair, deep, beaming eyes, and trembling, beautifully-formed mouth. How I cling to the child, and already she seems to love me. Last night she fell asleep in my lap after tea, and when the servant came to put her to bed, she cried to sleep with her new mamma, as she calls me, and on my bosom did she sweetly sleep all night. They have been with me a week. Charles sailed for Europe the day they came.

Miss Warford is a cold, stately girl, apparently about nineteen. She would be beautiful, if her face did not wear such an anxious, painful expression. She seems suffering from some hidden trouble. She is tall,—having a fine figure, a great quantity of dark hair, and a clear, classical outline of feature. She of course suffers from her separation from Charles. I remember when I suffered from the same cause, and feel a sympathy for her; but she repels all sympathy. In vain have I sought to make myself companionable;—she seems most at ease when alone; but often, when she glides in silently to the dining-room when we are at our meals, her face looks swollen, and her full, dark eyes seem dimmed with tears.

Helen Warford's character is an enigma to me. Nearly two months has she been with me, and I am no nearer her heart than I was at the beginning. I hoped to find an avenue in talking of Charles, but she listens with languor, sometimes with impatience. Can she know of our former intercourse? Impossible! When she receives letters—which I suppose are from Charles—they cause her much unhappiness. Were he to die while away, I think it would kill her; and yet, with all this devotion to him, it does not extend to my pet Bessie. She pays her but little and sometimes no attention; indeed, she seems wearied with her and all the children. Some trouble is on this girl's mind, independent of Charles's absence;—I cannot help thinking so. What can it be? I almost forget the anguish I suffered at the prospect of her marriage with Charles, in the interest I take in her strange character. She is a woman of superior attainments. At my little *réunion* last week we had some foreigners, and during the evening I heard her conversing in French, Spanish, and Italian, alternately, and with the fluency almost of the foreigners themselves.

I have discovered a new accomplishment in Charles's future wife. She is a finished musician. I have never heard such a voice. I was looking over some operas the other day in the music-room, after I had finished giving some lessons to the girls, and was trying one part of a difficult *duo*, when she, having just entered, took up the other part, and as I met with some difficulty in the

accompaniment, she placed herself in my seat at the piano, and accompanied in a brilliant style. We spent the rest of the morning in singing together. Her style is equal to any prima donna I have ever heard,—polished,—and her intonation pure and round.

"You must have paid a great deal of attention to music," I said, after we had sung for three hours uninterruptedly. This innocent remark of mine revived all her former reserve, which the music seemed to have softened. She replied coldly in the affirmative, turned from the piano, and left the room, as if unpleasant recollections had been recalled. Strange girl!—three months has she been with us, and has never touched a piano before. The next day she desired me to order a piano for her own room. As I had directions from Mr. Murray to gratify her in everything, I instantly sent to town for one, which arrived this afternoon, and as I write, I hear her preluding and pouring out *cadenzas* and *roulades* with perfect ease. Her voice seems inexhaustible in richness and power. But all this beautiful music she seems determined to keep to herself, and there is such a quiet dignity and reserve in her manner, that I cannot approach her in any way. Cousin Katie says she has been disappointed in love, and will marry Charles only for a protector; but poor Katie will never in her mind permit Charles to be happy in any marriage. Heaven grant him all happiness, is my constant prayer. His little Bessie is still my pet and darling, my hourly companion. Dear child! I could not love her better if she were really my own.

I am completely mystified—but I will commence at the beginning. An opera troupe came to town last week,—quite a novel affair. A few days after their opening, Miss Warford came to me, and said, "This opera corps is really a fine one. The prima donna and primo uomo are celebrated singers. Do you never go?"

"Often," I replied, "whenever there is anything worth seeing. I like my little musicians to hear good music when they can. I will commission Monsieur Dériot, our music-master, to take a box for us; will you accompany us, Miss Helen?"

"I am very desirous to do so," she answered; "it was the hope of your chaperoning me that made me mention it to you."

Monsieur Dériot procured a box for me; and, night before last, we drove to town, "to see the play,"—Cousin Katie, Miss Warford, and myself, with five of my eldest girls, and Monsieur Dériot with his pretty little Neapolitan wife. We of course arrived quite early, as people always do who seldom indulge in such amusements. Before the overture commenced, Monsieur Dériot leaned over to Nannie Morris, saying, "Mademoiselle, my wife can tell you an interesting romance about this prima donna and tenore."

Nannie, who is very romantic, eagerly applied to the Madame, who was on the front seat, for the delicious bit of romantic gossip. Madame Dériot willingly entered into the whole affair. The primo uomo was from Naples. She knew him when he was a boy. He was a great singer, very handsome,—an Apollo, to use her expression,—Alessandro Stivelli by name; but with his beauty and talent he was also very inconstant and dissipated. The prima donna was also a Neapolitan, a Signorita Amalie Larini, and had

loved Stivelli for years. They had made their *debut* together, and their mutual friends hoped he would marry her. Indeed, at first he seemed quite disposed to flirt with her; but receiving an engagement in London, he left her for a year or more, and never seemed to remember she was in existence. Poor Amalie pined and fretted; and at last, when she heard that Alessandro had eloped with a young English lady of rank and fortune, she fell sick, and came near dying; but, when almost at her last moments, he suddenly returned, and she recovered.

"Will he marry her?" asked Nannie.

"I hope so," said Madame Dériot, "and so does his mother, who has always taken care of Amalie. He has accepted engagements to sing with her here in the States, and in Havana, and his mother hopes Amalie's gentleness will win him."

"But," said Lucy Reeve, another one of my pupils, "you did not tell us about his English lady-love."

"Oh," replied the Madame, "that was a slander. He has never intended to marry any one, and I believe in his heart he loves only Amalie."

"Is she pretty?" inquired Nannie.

"Lovely, *petite*, and gentle; and she warbles like a nightingale. He tells his mother, to tease her, he would love Amalie to distraction if she had contr'alto notes;—her voice is a delicate pure soprano."

Just then the overture commenced, and the girls were all attention. Cousin Katie, who sat behind with Monsieur Dériot, hastily whispered to me, "Miss Warford looks as though she was fainting;—give her my salts;" and dear Katie plunged into her deep pocket for the old-fashioned, heavy bottle she always carried with her, though never afflicted with nervous excitement herself. I turned around hastily, and was struck with alarm at Miss Warford's countenance. Her lips were bloodless, and her face almost rigid.

"Are you sick?" I asked.

"Very!" she gasped. "Take me away;—this heat is intolerable. O God, let me die!"

We hastily removed her from the box, and I accompanied her home, leaving Cousin Katie and Monsieur and Madame Dériot to take care of the girls, who seemed so distressed at the prospect of returning, that I could not find it in my heart to take them away from the unheard opera. All the way as we drove home Miss Warford spoke not a word, but every little while gasped as if for breath. I had her taken to her room, where, after resting awhile as if half-dead, she expressed a desire to speak with me. I leaned over her, and she said, "I would be quite alone; excuse my abruptness and the trouble I have occasioned you, I beg of you. Do not fear to leave me; I am much better, and if I need assistance, I will ring."

I left her; but, several times during the evening, I went to her door, when she assured me, without opening it, that she felt quite restored; and when the girls returned about eleven, they were astounded to hear her piano rolling out deep, solemn voluntaries.

"Pity Miss Warford could not have deferred her fainting fit to a more convenient season," said Grace Foster, a brusque, abrupt Kentucky girl, "so that Mamma Meta could have heard the Larini and Stivelli."

Then they all joined in chorus to tell how

lovely the gentle, love-stricken prima donna was, and how "bewitchingly hateful"—to use their true school-girl's expression—the Stivelli was;—so handsome and so haughty; never noticing an *encore*, and in the tender passages scarcely regarding the Larini's beseeching looks. The night-bell had to be rung three times before we could produce anything like a becoming quiet and order in my little family, so excited were these young creatures.

"It's plain to be seen, young ladies," said Cousin Katie, out of all patience, "that it would not do to take you often to the opera."

"Take us oftener, dear Cousin Katie," lisped out the merry Sallie Foster, Grace's younger sister, "and you will see how fashionably indifferent we will grow. It is because we are not used to it that we make such an uproar."

Quiet at last reigned over my little household, but in Helen Warford's room rest came not. It adjoined mine; and during the night I heard her suppressed sobs and impatient, restless walking. This morning she asked permission, or, rather, informed me through her servant that she would be obliged to me for the carriage, as she wished to see Mr. Murray. About an hour afterwards, I met her on the stairway, cloaked, bonneted, and closely veiled.

"Would it not be better to send for Mr. Murray?" I said, after exchanging the morning courtesies. "You must require rest after your nervous attack."

"The air and drive will do me good, thank you," she replied, in a hoarse, trembling voice, and hastily bade me good morning. It is now after nightfall, and she has not yet returned. The carriage came back immediately, and my coachman brought me a message from Miss Warford, saying she would remain with Mr. Murray to dine. This is something new. How can she dine with Mr. Murray, in his old-bachelor situation?—go with him to his hotel? I confess I feel both uneasy and curious. She has been placed in a measure under my charge, but at the same time Mr. Murray gave me most delicately to understand that she was her own mistress, and merely stayed with me because she had no female relative in this country to remain with during Mr. Milman's absence. I wish Charles would return, for Helen Warford is a constant cause of annoyance to me. To-day would have passed delightfully, had it not been for my anxiety with regard to her. I exempted the first division of my first class from their lessons, on account of their last night's unusual dissipation; and as they are my peculiar charges, we spent the school-hours together in my room, reading the old Essayists. I selected Addison's papers in the Spectator, on Paradise Lost, as best calculated to quiet their little heads, and the whole morning, from nine until three, passed as a half hour, in reading these papers and parts of that divine poem. After dinner they prepared their studies for tomorrow, and we closed the day with music. We broke up at nine in the evening, as I requested them to retire early, that they might make up for lost rest. I do wish Helen Warford would return;—it is near midnight, and no news from her yet.

—
This morning a note was brought very early. It should have reached me last night. It was from Helen. "I am sorry, my dear madam," she

wrote, "to be the cause of so much uneasiness as I fear I have been already; but I have been in a measure constrained to act in this inconsistent manner, by the violence of my own feelings, and the happiness of another. Apply to Mr. Murray, he knows the whole of my unfortunate history, and will explain all mysteries. I shall always remember your forbearance and kindness with grateful feelings, and I hope you will not forget Helen Warford because she is Helen Stivelli."

Just after breakfast Mr. Murray came driving out. He greeted me in the drawing-room with looks and words of vexation.

"Foolish, infatuated girl!" he exclaimed; "she has thrown herself away on that vagabond singer, and God knows what is to become of her. Her guardians spent thousands of her fine fortune to release her from the effects of her first imprudence, and now she has undone all. Yesterday the priest married them, and she is as safe in this Stivelli's clutches as law can bind her." In this manner he raved for some time, but at last I managed to gather the story by bits and fragments. Helen Warford was left an orphan at an early age. Being a wealthy heiress, every care of course was taken with her education, and being also a girl of excellent abilities, she was, when she left school two years since, a very fascinating, accomplished woman. She went to reside with one of her guardians, whose wife was a silly woman of fashion. By some unfortunate chance she was thrown with this Stivelli. He was the great *tenore* at the time in London, and the fashionable world was raving about him. Helen had always been remarkable for her musical aptitude and fine voice; she was the prima donna of her circle, and with Stivelli sang at their private *musicales*. She became infatuated with his beauty and voice; he, I suppose, with her fine fortune; and from singing love to each other they began talking it, and ended the matter by an elopement. They were pursued and overtaken, but not until after the marriage ceremony. Unfortunately, Mr. Milman was travelling on the continent at that time and her other guardian, under whose roof she had first met with Stivelli, and who felt himself to blame, being a very passionate man, instantly took her from Stivelli, and carried her back to London. The excitement she had endured brought on severe illness,—she became delirious, and for some weeks her life was despaired of: Stivelli being terrified with the threats and anger of Helen's friends, took a hasty departure for Italy before she recovered. In the mean time Mr. Milman returned to England. When Helen had sufficiently recovered to see him,—she having heard of Stivelli's abrupt departure, which appeared like desertion of her,—besought of him to take her away from the scene of her disappointment and mortification. Mr. Milman had been intending to return to America to reside, for some time, but Helen's wild, despairing entreaties to be removed to a place where she would be unlikely to have anything remind her of her mad folly, hastened the fulfilment of this intention. They had no sooner arrived in this country than they received letters from Europe, which had been written immediately after their departure, informing them that Stivelli was using means to establish claims on Helen's property. Then it was that Mr. Milman concluded to place her with me, while he returned to Europe to see Stivelli.

The other guardian wrote that Stivelli could be silenced by money, and a divorce obtained by a sacrifice of a portion of Helen's estate. Maddened by this news, Helen told Mr. Milman that if he found Stivelli base enough to make these arrangements she would gladly consent to a divorce, though still wildly in love with him.

"Yesterday," said Mr. Murray, "I received letters from Mr. Milman, announcing the approaching conclusion of the affair. He had seen Stivelli, and had, by the payment of large sums of money, obtained his consent to the divorce. Mr. Milman is now only awaiting the final settlement of the business to return. No sooner had Stivelli obtained his share of the money, than he sailed for America with his vagabond *troupe*, and yesterday, just as I was coming out here to tell Miss Helen how satisfactorily the whole affair had been arranged, I received a note from her, begging me to write to Mr. Milman that it was unnecessary to proceed any further in the business; that her husband was in America, and had entirely convinced her of the truth of his love for her, and had fully cleared away all her doubts of his sincerity. This note was signed Helen Stivelli. I went to the hotel where these Italians are staying, and, sure enough, found her there with this mustachioed singing fellow. They had just been re-married, for Stivelli had told her of the divorce, but in such a manner as to make her believe he had been injured and oppressed."

"Where did she meet with Stivelli?" I asked.

"At the house of some Frenchman," said Mr. Murray.

"Mons. Dériot?" was my eager inquiry.

"That's the name," replied Mr. Murray. "She had heard that his wife knew Stivelli, and she went, I suppose, to seek some information of him. While there, Stivelli accidentally entered, she told me in her half wild explanation, which I could scarcely understand, and the whole affair was concluded."

I then related to Mr. Murray the scene at the opera, which cleared the only confused part of the story. This is a most unfortunate affair, and before two days will be the town talk;—anything but agreeable to me as the head of a large boarding-school. But no blame can be attached to me. She was entirely beyond my control in every way, infatuated girl!

I have just read in the morning's paper the announcement of the departure of the whole Italian *troupe* for Havana, *en route* for Naples, and in the list of passengers is Signor Stivelli and lady. An accompanying paragraph speaks of the dangerous state of the prima donna Larini's health. She ruptured a bloodvessel at her last appearance, and the paper very coolly says: "The troupe will be forced to find another donna, for Larini is almost too delicate, even when in health, to support properly Stivelli's magnificent voice." Poor Amalie! thy race is nearly run:—two victims has this heartless Stivelli sacrificed to his vanity. Helen Warford may yet be cast aside as Larini now is. I did not see Helen before her departure,—she expressed no desire for it. Our intercourse, even when she was under my roof, was so slight, that I suppose she parted from me with little or no regret. Mr. Milman will return in the next packet.

My wedding-day! This morning I was married to the lover of my youth. I am Charles Milman's wife. As I write it, I can scarcely realize it. I cannot tell how this great happiness has come to me, and yet when I read the past pages of my journal, I can see that it was daily unfolding to me—this blossom of my life,—although I was unconscious of it. Dear little Bessie is half mad with joy. My wedding-day has been a bright, joyous feast. I kept my school around me to the last, and three of the elder girls, Nannie Morris, Grace and Sally Foster are my bridesmaids. Tomorrow they all leave me, and I commence a new career in life. May Heaven bestow a blessing upon me, and enable me to fulfil all the duties of my station. Cousin Katie is perfectly happy and contented, and as for Charles—his raptures I will keep to myself.

It has been two years since Helen Stivelli's departure, and more than a year since my marriage. What makes me recall the first event, is, that we have just been reading in the foreign news of Signora Stivelli's *debut* at Naples. She is pronounced the greatest wonder of the musical world. Her fine voice and great beauty are descanted upon at full length. The short account the papers give of her, says she was an heiress; but that her husband, the great *tenore*, is a sad fellow, and has gambled away the greater part of her fortune. Poor Helen, she has "sowed the wind, and reaped the whirlwind." We have never heard directly from her since her marriage. Charles, and her other guardian, Mr. Davenport, gave up her estate into the hands of Stivelli's agent, soon after her rash marriage. Heaven only knows what will become of her.

Ten years this day since Helen Stivelli's marriage. We have just received news of her death. She left the world and retired to a convent two years since, although at the zenith of her musical reputation—the greatest singer in Europe, and universally respected. The last news from Europe brings an account of her death. She died at the Convent of San Maria in Rome, soon after having taken the final vows. Her life has been an unhappy one, poor creature! Her husband turned out very badly; for years he has kept her impoverished by his selfish excesses, and outraged her love by his neglect and devotion to others. He finally deserted her, about three years since, going off with a younger rival of Helen's, a new prima donna, who had as much musical merit and beauty of person as our poor Helen, but not so much virtue. This last act of Stivelli, drove Helen nearly frantic I believe, for although he had treated her so badly, she was still fondly attached to him, and the next news we heard of her was her entrance into the convent, and now her death. Poor, headstrong, misguided girl, she was carried away by an infatuation which her ill-regulated mind and warm imagination gave her no assistance to conquer.

Ten years have flown so quickly—it seems only as yesterday that all this occurred; and ten happy years have they been to me. Charles, my own husband, has by his devotion made me forget the sorrows of my past life, and the misery I brought on myself and him by my impetuous, suspicious disposition. All jealousy, all doubt has flown long since, and each year seems to increase

our happiness. Our Bessie is still a darling girl; she is fifteen now, and a great comfort to us. She is as dear to me as my own children, so gentle and affectionate; and Cousin Katie, dear old Cousin Katie, she is still as necessary to me as she was when I was a headstrong girl, and an almost heart-broken widow. She is a second mother to my boys and girls, and has proved a firm friend to Charles and me. Her strength is failing, however, I see, and I fear before many years we will have to mourn over our dearest and best friend. What a contrast between Helen Stivelli's life and Cousin Katie's! Helen, with wealth, beauty, and great talent, secured only misery for herself, and sad thoughts and regrets for her friends; while Cousin Katie, the orphan daughter of a poor country clergyman, possessing no wealth, no beauty, no talent, but a good, warm heart, and a strong, energetic spirit, has contributed to the happiness of all her friends during a long lifetime. Pray Heaven! among my daughters there may not be one Helen Stivelli, but all Cousin Katies. I do not ask for beauty or for talent in them, but for good, strong sense, and hearty, energetic spirits. I care not to see them admired, but loved; and am willing to have around me a bevy of plain old maids, so that they are gentle, self-denying, and good. For has not Richter thrown a halo of beauty around the formerly despised old maid? Listen, misjudged and mistreated one, what he says to thee in *Hesperus*:

"It is not always our duty to marry, but it is always our duty to abide by right; not to purchase happiness by loss of honour, not to avoid unweddedness by untruthfulness. Lonely, unadmired heroine! in thy last hour, when all life, and the bygone possessions and scaffoldings of life shall crumble in pieces, ready to fall down,—in that hour thou wilt look back on thy untenanted life; no children, no husband, no wet eyes will be there; but in the empty dusk, one high, pure, angelic, beaming figure, godlike, and mounting to the godlike, will hover and beckon thee to mount with her. Mount thou with her! the figure is thy virtue."

LIFE OF MAN AND OF THE YEAR.

JULY.

BY HENRIETTE A. HADRY.

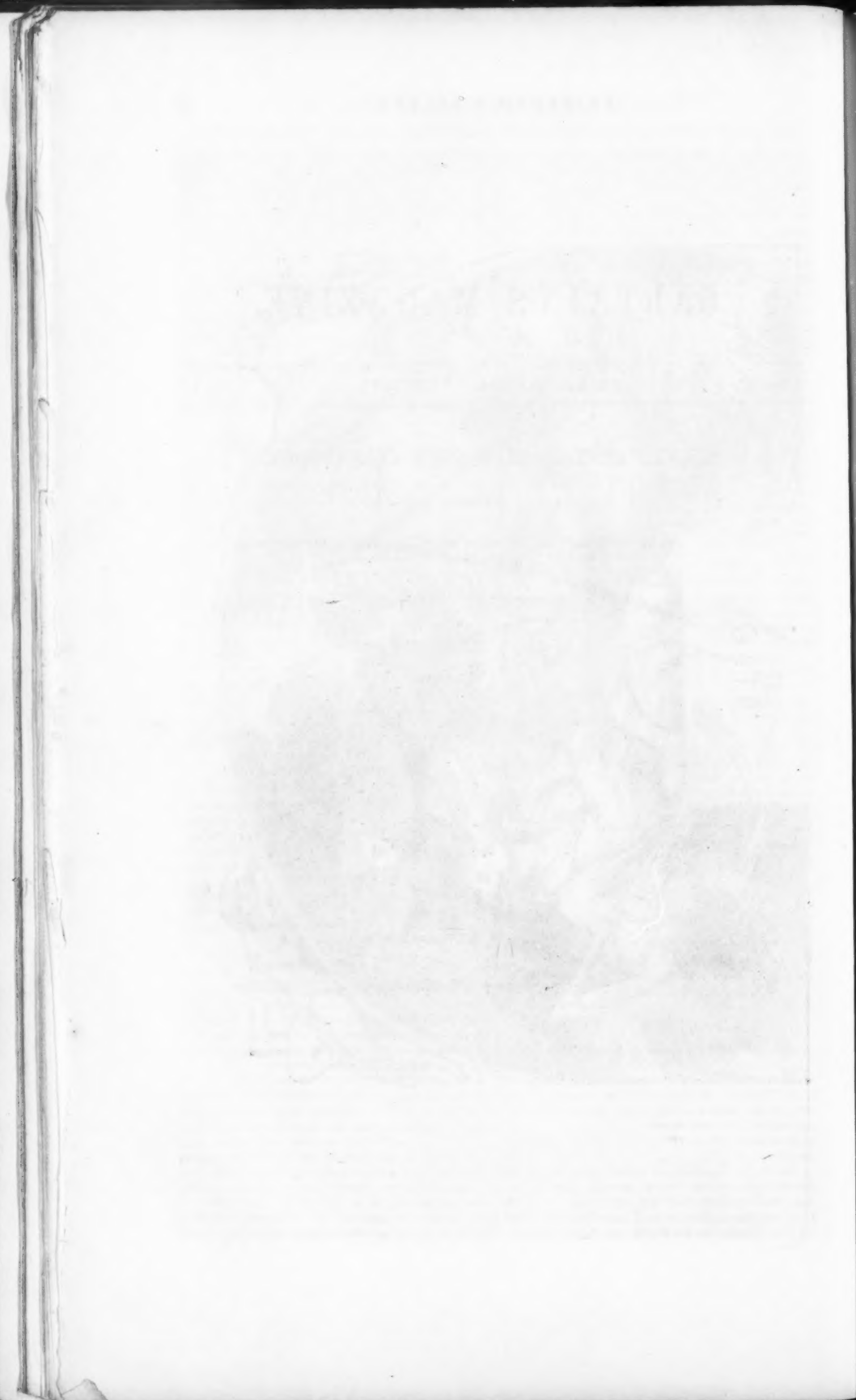
"Now comes July, and with his fervid noon
Unsins labour."

THE blandness of June, with its lingering, spring-like zephyrs, deepens into still, oppressive heat; and as the long, warm days of July draw near, we endure, if we may not enjoy, the full glory of the "glowing summer sun." There are always pretty pictures presented to the mind's eye, in the different employments that make up the varieties of country life,—a delight in beholding picturesque groups, even if the healthful exercise that creates them be not participated in. But in July, the mere thought of witnessing the operations of labour in any form is burdensome. Only as a season of repose, of luxurious indolence, can it offer any charms to the imagination. And this masterly inactivity, that makes up in fancy the lazy sum of felicity, is assented to by the sober voice of reason as a not unwise choice.

It is pleasant, on these summer afternoons,



July.



"When woods are green,
And winds are soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go."

For company we need none better than a book well suited to the time, calculated to interest and amuse, not very exciting, and not at all abstruse. Perhaps a book is the best companion possible for such occasions; we may there glean the thoughts of another, without being called to the exertion of communicating our own; if it grows tiresome, or an invitation to balmy sleep be not made in vain, we can throw it by *sans cérémonie*, and may commence again at the place we left off, without apology or explanation for the lapse between. Surely, during the summer, there were no apologies or explanations even dreamed of in Utopia. What a waste of time, and breath, and energy, is expended on such like "old conventions of our false humanity." What mental reservations and moral deviations rendered necessary by the want of a little understood good faith!

The old adage, that "bad company is better than none," will only be readily admitted by shallow-pated triflers,—the very sort of folks that to many constitute the kind of company comprehended in the phrase. But if it be difficult to bear courteously with the tediousness of "un-ideaed" people at other seasons, in July the infliction should be specially avoided. There is no fear of loneliness in "sylvan scenes" to those who love to hearken to the sweet murmur of

"Birds in woodland bowers,
Voices in lonely dells,
Streams, to the listening hours
Talk in Earth's silent cells,"

while it interferes with the ideal of harmonious repose to be expected to talk as well as listen. Some congenial spirit might be found, that could rightly appreciate the abandonment to the gentle influences of the hour, and be quietly content with the privilege of doing nothing, without the slightest misgivings as to the time being well spent, and without restlessly contriving more active diversion;—who could share the enjoyment, yet interrupt not the soft serenity of time and place. But these chosen ones are so rarely found, so often

"By conflicting powers
Forbidden here to meet,"

that the risk of being fretted by the presence of another more than equals the chance of being soothed.

"Leave—if thou wouldst be lonely—
Leave Nature for the crowd;
Seek there for one—one only—
With kindred mind endowed.
There, as with Nature erst
Closely thou wouldst commune,
The deep soul-music, nursed
In either heart, attune.
Heart-wearied, thou wilt own
Vainly that phantom wooed,
That thou at last hast known
What is true solitude."

Fairy palaces and Castles of Indolence abound in dreams of the dominions of the goddess Ease, to whom this month of "fervid noons" should certainly have been dedicated; but, however aerially built, they, with all their requirements for luxury and repose, in being constructed, speak of the necessity for shelter, for providing as it were

against the chance of change. But in the land of rest,—the charmed "lotus land" that dawned upon the vision of the weary mariners, tired with ever "climbing up the climbing wave,"—the land where it seemed always afternoon, where all things always seemed the same,—no tenements were required, no artificial architecture visible.

"They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land; far off, three mountain tops,—
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,—
Stood sunset-flushed; and, dewed with showery drops,
Up clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse."

And while

"The charmed sunset lingered low adown
In the red west,"

and they gazed wonderingly upon the scene around them,

"With faces pale,
Dark faces, pale against that rosy flame,
The melancholy, mild-eyed lotus came,"

and brought to them branches of enchanted fruit, whereof they did eat, and straight

"The gushing of the wave
Far, far away did seem to moan and rave
On alien shores."

"They sat them down upon the yellow sand," and thought of fatherland, of wife, and child, and slave. But the spell is upon them,—that "island home"

"Is far beyond the wave;—we will no longer roam.

"There is sweet music here, that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters, between walls
Of shadowy granite in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep;
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppies hang in sleep."

The dreariness of the past, its continual trouble, sorrow, and unrest, contrasts with the soothing softness of the dreamy present, and rebelling against their doom of ceaseless toil, there seemeth "no joy but calm." Doth not the folded leaf "grow green and broad, and take no care?"—the mellow summer-sweetened apple drop in the silent autumn night?—the simplest flower toillessly "live its allotted length of days?" Leaf, fruit, and flower, have rest.

"All things have rest, and ripen towards the grave
In silence, ripen, fall and cease.
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease."

The affections of other years, the last embraces of their wives, and their warm tears at parting, are still dear in memory. But the spirit of change hath surely wrought confusion in that little isle. "Let what is broken so remain;" "their household hearths are cold;" their sons inherit them, their very looks were strange, and why should they return? Long labour would it be to "settle order once again;"

"Sore task to hearts worn out with many wars,
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot stars."

"But propped on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly),
With half-dropped eyelids still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long, bright river, drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill;

To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave through the thick-twined vine;
To hear the emerald-coloured water falling
Through many a woven acanthus-wreath divine;
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretched out beneath the
pine."

And theirs shall be that chosen destiny, so to live on
ever,—hearing each other's whispered speech, eat-
ing of the lotus day by day, removed from human
sympathies and sufferings, "careless of mankind,"
like those mighty gods

"That lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurled
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly
curled
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming
world."

July was so called by Marc Antony, in honour
of Julius Cæsar, who was born in this month, and
who deserved the compliment of having it named
after him;—the improvement of the calendar being
counted among his "better deeds of ambition." According to the old mode of reckoning, this was
the fifth month instead of the seventh, and was
denominated "Quintilis."

Our Saxon forefathers, from the principal em-
ployment of the season, in simple and appropriate
phrase,

"Did full rightly call
This month of July 'Hay-monath,' when all
The verdure of the full-clothed fields we mow,
And turn, and rake, and carry off; and so
We build it up in large and solid mows.
If it be good, as everybody knows,
To 'make hay while the sun shines,' we should choose
Right time for all things, and no time abuse."

There is no work heavier or more fatiguing
than the gathering-in of the hay-harvest, which
must necessarily be attended to during the hottest
days of summer. In place of the brisk activity
that generally distinguishes rural occupations, we
have the following truthful description of the
languid weariness with which hay-making is
performed:

"The swinked mower sleeps;
The weary maid rakes feebly; the warm swain
Pitches his load reluctant; the faint steer,
Lashing his sides, draws sulkily along
The slow encumbered wain in mid-day heat."

During this month we have an abundant va-
riety of flowers, many new ones now first bloom-
ing, but some of our early favourites, for a whole
year, have passed away. Roses of various hues
are still luxuriant.

"Roses,
Beautiful each, but different all;
One with that pure but crimson flush,
That marks a maiden's first love blush;—
One,
Pale as the snow of the funeral stone,
Another, rich as the damask dye
Of a monarch's purple drapery,
And one hath leaves like the leaves of gold
Worked on that drapery's purple fold."

Of all the floral sisterhood, the rose should be
counted most "humanly acceptive," even for its
manifold properties of contributing to the enjoy-
ment of the senses. Unrivalled in perfection of
form or colour, with velvety leaves soft to an in-
fant's touch, shedding round a rareness of perfume
in its hour of glorious beauty, there is yet the added
charm that in the "dew distilled" from its scattered
leaves, it may delicately minister to the taste, and im-
part

"Ah the sweetness of summer, when summer is gone."

Lovely and welcome ever,—the countless blos-
soms that make the glad feast of the vale of
Cashmere, the single rose of early spring-time,
that blooming

—"In her loneliness,
And the fairer for that oneness,"

or, the last rose in autumn, lingering on, when—

"No flower of its kindred,
Nor rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back its blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!"

Of the field flowers in season, the most delight-
ful for its intellectual beauty is the "woodbine
wild,"

"That loves to hang on barren boughs remote,
Her wreaths of flowery perfume."

One other flower, that blooms not in garden or
in field, we sometimes meet with now,—the
imperial water-lily,

—"Whose snowy vases hold
Each a sunny gift of gold."

The different aspects progressively presented by
this splendid flower is thus delineated in the
"Mirror of the Months:"—"The first, while it lies
unopened among its undulating leaves, like the
haleyon's egg within its floating nest; next,
when its snowy petals are but half expanded, and
you are almost tempted to wonder what beautiful
bird it is that is just taking its flight from so sweet
a birth-place; and lastly, when the whole flower
floats confessed, and spreading wide upon the
water its pointed petals, offers its whole heart to
the enamoured sun. Wordsworth says the lily
was,

"The old Egyptian emblematic mark
Of joy immortal, and of pure affection."

Besides her chosen garniture of flowers, another
and very attractive form in which summer bestows
her wealth—a form that is perhaps more univer-
sally appreciated by young and old—is displayed
in the plentiful supply of different fruits that fur-
nishes us our most delicious repasts; each and
every kind so exceedingly excellent, that it were
difficult to award pre-eminence to any. Cherries
are, by all juveniles, considered most particularly
charming.

"With thread so white, in tempting posies tied,
Scattering, like blooming maids, their glances round;
With pampered look draw little eyes aside,
And must be bought."

And luscious strawberries, half smothered in
cream, to grown-up children are more inviting
still, and must be bought. But the wholesome,
homely blackberry, that boasts not the shining,
smooth, plump beauty of the one, nor the exquisite
flavour of the other, has yet compensating qualities
that entitle it, better than either, to be regarded,
"par excellence," as the people's fruit. Sweet
and refreshing, of spontaneous growth, self-cul-
tured, thoroughly democratic in its tendencies,
growing on hedges, where the outside barbarians
may fearlessly pick, or lowly in fields where the
littlest child can reach, and growing in the woods
tangled up with all sorts of uncared-for bushes for
company.

To satisfy our vitiated epicurianism, the pro-
ductions of the vegetable world prove insufficient,
and therefore, fishing, gunning, and similar sports,
escape much of the condemnation due to their in

humanity. Angling has been specially lauded as a resource against ennui; happily there are comparatively few, and daily growing fewer, that appreciate the extreme agreeability ascribed to this time-honoured amusement. Walton, writing commendingly of Sir Henry Wooten, provost of Eton College, because he was a "dear lover and practiser" of his favourite art, quotes, as his experience, "that 'twas an employment for his idle time, which was not then idly spent, for angling was, after tedious study, a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of inquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness,"—and continues in praise of this wonderful panacea, that it begat "habits of peace and patience in those that practised it." The most singular mode of begetting habits of peace conceivable, for it seems, without exception, the meanest species of warfare that the lords of creation condescend to. Shooting the beautiful birds that unconsciously approach the remorseless marksman, has all its cruelty, but the deceptive lure, ingeniously contrived to "tempt the tenant of the brook," is additionally abominable.

Water excursions and water exercises at this time of the year are both delightful and invigorating. To bathe in the salt sea foam, "listening to the breakers' roar," inhaling the exhilarating sea breeze, affords the healthiest enjoyment attainable. Bathing, under any circumstances, cannot be too earnestly recommended.

"Even from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid."

Leigh Hunt, in his book of the "Months," remarks that, "The most beautiful aspects in which Venus has been painted or sculptured, have been connected with bathing; and, indeed, there is no one thing that so fully contributes to the three graces of health, beauty, and good temper;—to health, in putting the body into its best state; to beauty, in cleansing and tinting the skin; and to good temper, in rescuing the spirits from the irritability occasioned by those formidable personages, the nerves, which nothing else allays in so quick and entire a manner."

A knowledge of swimming, however important it has been demonstrated to be, is a part of education too much neglected. Little boys should learn to swim as early and as regularly as they learn to read, and for that matter, little girls too; for they occasionally fall into the water, and are quite frequently thrown in from upset pleasure-boats,—owing to unlucky squalls or unskilful navigation; and it would be decidedly advantageous if they could reach the shore by their own efforts, in place of biding the chance of being dragged in by some chivalrous rescuer of the other sex. Let swimming be but generally accredited as a ladylike accomplishment,—a finishing stroke not to be omitted in fashionable boarding-schools, &c.,—and for the one Hero we read of, waiting the adventurous Leander, we shall have countless heroines, mermaid-like, emulously performing marine miracles in their own right.

"Day of glory! welcome day!
Freedom's banners greet thy ray;
See! how cheerfully they play
With thy morning breeze,
On the rock where pilgrims kneeled,
On the heights where squadrons wheeled,
Where a tyrant's thunder pealed
O'er the trembling seas."

So commences Pierpont's ode for the Fourth of July; a day of so much interest to Americans, that it were unpardonable to omit mention of it in writing of the month when it occurs. Yet to recount the different modes of celebration, or to speak aught of the causes that led to the immortal Declaration, that is dutifully read by all patriots on this great national anniversary, were tedious as a twice-told tale.

Military processions, erst the one important feature, are fast going out of fashion. Our citizen-soldiers very reasonably and seasonably prefer picnics in the woods, where, in careless groups, they may talk o'er martial exploits beneath the spreading shade of patriarchal trees, to parading in stiff unbroken rows through the dusty streets of the city,—and think withal they serve their country as well.

But however difference of taste may regulate its demonstration on such occasions, there is no diminution of popular enthusiasm, no want of admiring veneration for the illustrious dead. The advocates of non-resistance, who believe implicitly in the powers of patient endurance, and moral suasion, to work out all desired changes, if they but exemplify through life the spirit of their professions, cannot fail to benefit themselves and others. Beautiful are the principles of peace, and happy that day of brotherhood when they may be universally accepted. But the time is yet far distant, when we, living in the midst of the advantages won by an armed resistance, the choicest blessings of the present bequeathed us by the stormy past, would deny the same stern vindication of their rights to the oppressed.

"If new and old, disastrous feud,
Must ever shock, like armed foes,
And this be true, till time shall close,
That principles are rained in blood;

"Not yet the wise of heart would cease
To hold his hope through shame and guilt,
But with his hand against the hilt,
Would pace the troubled land, like Peace;

"Not less, though dogs of faction bay,
Would serve his kind in deed and word,
Certain, if knowledge bring the sword,
That knowledge takes the sword away."

RETROSPECTION.

BY MRS. E. W. TOWNSEND.

THE old man raised his hoary head,
His face was full of thought:
The long passed time had come to him,
Had come—with what it brought!

Light kindled in his aged eyes;
Smiles moved his withered lips;
And from his spirit slowly passed
A long and dim eclipse.

Think you he feels the narrow space,
The gray walls close and dim?
No, he is bounding o'er the heath
With life in every limb.

He breathes the fresh pure morning air,
For frost has crisped the ground,
And with a clear and loud halloo
He calls his leaping hound.

And yet, before the rock and hill
An answering echo makes,
The wondrous texture of his dream
Another outline takes;

And manhood stamps his open brow—
First love! with all its bliss—
And ripe sweet lips are lifted up,
To meet his parting kiss.

A gentle hand lies warm in his—
Close to his side she clings—
Oh yes! the past has come to him,
Has come—with what it brings!

But even while the blissful thrill
Is trembling thro' his soul;
So real, it seems a living joy,
Onward the shadows roll.

And struggling in the race of life,
With lines upon his brow,
He meets the thousand cares and snares
Which throng around him now.

With broader views and higher aims,
For God, and brother man;
Defying sin, unmasking fraud,
As only brave men can;

Calmly he speaks the holy truth,
Upholds the glorious right—
Opposing with his single hand,
The force of lawless might.

Pride tempts him, and he heeds her not,
Sloth sings her lulling song;
But firmly he resists the power
Which custom lends to wrong.

Scorn points her finger at his path,
Malice with ready sneer,
Scans word and deed, and with her taunt
Besets his patient ear.

He tastes the bitter—feels the sting—
But in the darkest hour,
The stainless past comes back to him—
Comes back, with healing power.

Well may he smile—the good old man!
For while his daylight shone,
He bravely did the work of time
And made the past his own.

Soon will he close his weary eyes,
In life's declining sun,
But in his heart, before he dies,
His heaven hath begun.

Keep watch and ward on all thy ways;
For well the poet sings
Who says the past comes back to us,
Comes back—with what it brings!

JULIA.

A SKETCH OF ANCIENT ROME.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

"THOU art weary, perhaps," said the young Antonius to his companion, a pensive girl who languidly reclined upon one of the rich couches that lined the spacious apartment, "thou art weary, for thou seemest to have lost thy relish for the story of the old Greek; shall I amuse thee with one of the Idyls of Theocritus, or with the sterner music of some of our own poets? Or wilt thou leave this too-heavily scented atmosphere and this glare of artificial light, and seek with me our accustomed seat beside the fountain? The moon-

light is making a pavement of brightest mosaics beneath the avenue of limes and olives, such as the lapidary Sylvius might imitate in vain. And dost thou not hear the cool splash of the water? Come, my Julia, thou art drooping to-night;—the sweet air will revive thee;" and the youth pushed aside, as he spoke, the scroll from which he had been reading. The movement aroused the maiden from the revery into which she had fallen, and she started up, with an evident desire to disguise her abstraction.

"What! leaving me so soon, Antonius? I thought thou hadst never tired of thy noble old Grecian."

"Nay, sweet, thou art the weary one. I wager thee a dozen *oboli* thou hast not heard one word of that fine passage to which I have been directing thy attention. What aileth thee of late? Thou wert not wont to be an inattentive listener. And thou hast been so thoughtful, too. I fear my old rival, Clito, has been plying thee again. If so, or if thou hast any anxiety, confess it to me; it shall be 'sub rosa;'" and he playfully pointed, as he spoke, to the rose carved in the centre of the ceiling of the apartment, which, with the Romans, indicated silence, and was a sort of pledge, that whatever was uttered beneath it should be regarded as confidential.

"Nay, Antonius," said Julia, rising, "thy jealousy may slumber; Clito troubles me not. It is not the hour for supper yet, for Hesperus has just lighted his pharos,—so thy friend will not expect thee this hour."

"I did not think of going," rejoined the youth, "that was thine own fancy;—I was only asking thee to go to the garden. The dews will distil from the flowers an aroma far sweeter than these scented lamps are pouring forth. Come, thou shalt then tell me why thine eyes are less glad than they were wont to be;" and he wound his arm winningly around the slender waist of the maiden.

Julia raised her eyes trustingly towards her companion, and, having called a slave to throw her *stola* over her shoulders, they passed together from the lighted chamber, and were soon hid beneath the overhanging limes of the garden.

"Thou wilt smile, perhaps, Antonius," said Julia, as she sat down upon the edge of the great basin, in the centre of which marble dolphins were spouting innumerable columns of water, "thou wilt smile when I reveal the cause of my seeming disquiet, or haply chide me as a weak-minded girl. Thou rememberest our many conversations at my father's villa, and how nearly thou hadst won me over to the belief that our whole system of religion, while it answers an excellent end in acting as a check upon the vulgar, and should therefore be countenanced, is only a cunning fable, unworthy the credence of reasoning beings. Thou mayest remember how I told thee that thy Platonic theory was a cheerless one, because it removed us so far from the principle of all good, and gave us nothing to revere or worship. The obscurity and mysticism of the doctrines of the Academic sect puzzled me, and I could find nothing certain on which to repose my belief. With my thoughts much occupied with the subject of our discourse, I returned to the city again, and not long after, heard something of a new philosophy which has fastened itself strangely upon my mind. As I lay one evening in a dreamy revery, with my maidens

around me, my attention was suddenly fixed by the novelty of the conversation of two of them. They supposed me asleep, and freely spoke of the assemblies of those fanatics whom we call *Christians*, which, it seems, they had frequently found opportunities of attending. They were recapitulating the substance of what they had, the night before, heard from the lips of a teacher of the new sect. They spoke of the one God,—the Creator of all things,—a holy, just, all-wise, all-powerful Being, who had made man holy like himself; of the way in which man became unholy, disobedient; of the strange mode of rescue provided in order to restore him to his Creator's favour again,—nothing less than the sacrifice in his stead of one whom they called the Son of God. The earnestness with which they spoke touched me; for tears were on their cheeks as they pronounced the name Jesus. My curiosity was awakened; I told them that I had overheard their discourse, and constrained them to relate many more things to me in regard to this new doctrine. There was a strange fascination about it, which seemed irresistible. It appealed to my heart as well as to my head, and to my inward consciousness as no other philosophy had ever done. Again and again did they repeat to me, at my command, what they had learned, until, my interest becoming more aroused, I was induced to go disguised and sit as a listener at some of their assemblies."

"Thou!" exclaimed Antonius, starting up from the attitude of attention he had assumed: "thou, frequent with slaves and plebeians these treasonous meetings of the Nazarenes. My proud Julia thus lower her patrician blood! Away with it! Thou wert disgusted, I hope, and hast no inkling now after the levelling fanaticism."

"No, Antonius, I was not disgusted; never, never saw I anything so noble as the solemn, earnest, rapt manner of the gray-haired teacher, or heard I anything so imposing in its persuasive eloquence, as the words that fell from his lips. Our Seneca himself never gave utterance to a philosophy purer or more reasonable."

"And how comes it," interrupted Antonius, "that this astonishing eloquence has lain hid in this obscurity? This is not wont to be the case with true merit; and it seems thy orator has lived to hoary hairs. But I forget; thou art no frequenter of the forum, and how shouldst thou know what eloquence is?"

"But thou hast taught me the art of reasoning, Antonius, and I could not detect any sophistry in the discourse of the old man."

"And art thou ready to credit the novelties these accursed Christians put forth, because thy woman's wit could not unravel their sophistries? See, from beneath yon plane-tree the statue of the Stagyrite seems to frown upon thee, that thou settest thyself up to be wiser than he. Rely upon it, these doctrines will not bear sifting; I have never heard of them, except among the vulgar, who are not accustomed to give reasons for their belief; they obtain not among scholars and philosophers.—But I am forgetting my engagement with Plautus. I must leave thee now, but I will talk with thee on this subject again, and ease thy mind, which it delights me to find is, after all, no more heavily burdened."

It was a day of high festival at Rome, and the

magnificent city looked still more gorgeous in its holiday array. The porticoes were filled with groups of earnest talkers,—white-bearded senators and dignified patricians; the streets were lined with a noisy multitude,—young boys, who had not yet donned the *toga virilis*, priests in their robes of office, gambolling children, slaves hurrying hither and thither laden with delicacies for the supper of many a disciple of Apicius. The public gardens were filled with revellers; the statues were hung with garlands of flowers; the air rang with the sound of musical instruments. Here a group was gathered round a gaming-table, there another was watching some dice-players who sat upon the broad marble edge of a fountain; here a knot pressed round a band of Grecian dancing girls, there, some Roscius was calling forth peals of applause from his noisy auditors. The magnificent baths were emptying forth their voluptuous loungers, who, amid an atmosphere heavy with sweet perfumes, reclining upon silver seats inlaid with ivory and cushioned with the damask of Oriental looms, and beneath vaulted ceilings, rich in all the gorgeousness which Roman architects could devise, had been atoning for the exertion of the previous part of the day.

Rome was endeavouring to forget that its young Emperor, whose seeming humanity had, at his first accession to the throne, raised the hopes of the people so high, was likely to prove himself another Caligula. Great had been the rejoicing when to his stepfather, whose imbecility had rendered him successively the tool of his two most infamous wives, succeeded the apparently amiable and gentle youth, Nero. But his evil propensities were only lying dormant; and as soon as a theatre vast enough for their exercise presented itself, they were brought into full play. Accustomed as the Romans were to witness acts of barbarity in their Emperors, when the inhuman and unnatural son became the murderer of his mother,—cruel and hated as she was,—a thrill of horror ran through the public heart, and men trembled for the future which the parricidal deed presaged.

But the delight which Nero took in pleasures of a refining and softening nature, still held out a promise which the most desponding were fain to grasp. The apartments of the imperial palace echoed to the tones of his lyre; and when he showed himself in public, acting as his own charioteer,—as was his constant custom,—his delicate and almost girlish appearance aroused the enthusiasm of the multitude, and made them forget what was past.

The sun was still some hours high, as Antonius sauntered up and down a lofty and cool arcade, arm and arm with a friend with whom he was in earnest conversation. A sudden movement among the crowd that jostled through the thronged ways, and oft-repeated cries of "The Emperor! —the Emperor!" induced him to advance forward in order that he might see the cause of the excitement. At that moment, the imperial chariot, glittering with gold and jewels, appeared, guided by the Emperor himself, who dexterously managed the fiery and impatient horses. The multitude swept aside with the utmost speed, to leave an unimpeded way for the imperial cavalcade. An old blind man, confused by the noise, and not knowing whither he was going, had advanced with extended hands halfway across the paved

street, but a short distance before the advancing chariot. Antonius sprang forward to drag him back. "Let him alone!" cried the Emperor, who perceived his design; "let him alone; I will teach him to give way, since he does not choose to do it of his own accord." The hand of Antonius was on the old man's shoulder, but the plunge of the horses at that instant felled the latter to the earth. The chariot wheels passed over him, and left a mangled body to be picked up by the attendants behind.

There was horror depicted on the faces of the crowd, that closed together after the passing of the imperial chariot as the waves close behind the ploughing keel, but no execrations were uttered. Silence suddenly fell upon the hitherto noisy multitude; the spirit of festivity was interrupted, and men retired to their homes to brood unseen over the outrage that they had witnessed.

A more than usual quiet succeeded the festive day; and as the twilight deepened into darkness, Julia summoned into her private apartment her two most confidential servants.

"Think you there will be no risk, Glaucus, in my going with you to-night?" said she, turning to the freedman who had first entered.

"My mistress need fear none," he replied. "The *Via Servia* is so retired, that it is almost empty at night."

"Then attend me in half an hour; Marcia will have me in readiness by that time."

Glaucus withdrew, and the female slave began at once to loosen from the head of her mistress, the jewelled fillet that circled it, letting fall as she did so, a luxuriant mass of rich hair upon the fair shoulders from which the upper dress had been thrown aside.

The fire with which Julia's dark eyes had once gleamed was tempered now to an unwonted softness; the pride that had lurked formerly about the lines of her finely-cut lips seemed all gone; the consciousness of her beauty's power no longer betrayed itself. The maiden's spirit was undergoing a marvellous change;—it was no wonder that Antonius had of late remarked it.

Marcia proceeded to unclasp the sparkling armlets and necklace, and to unbind the rich zone about the slender waist of her young mistress. All marks of rank were carefully laid aside; and when Glaucus appeared, according to her command, she followed him beneath the carved archways and over the tessellated pavements of magnificent apartments, with as heavily a sandalled foot, and a dress in no respect different from that of the female slave beside her. They passed through a group of unquestioning servants in the inner court below, and threaded the mazes of the garden, until they reached a door in the high wall, through which they passed to a private street beyond. They hurried rapidly along, and were soon before a low-browed passage, which they entered. The ascent of several stairways brought them to a small apartment, partially filled by persons in the same plebeian garb as themselves. It was an assembly of Christians, met in "an upper chamber" for prayer. Julia knelt with the lowliest; she had been there often before, and had not listened in vain to the instructions of the aged teacher;—she had learned humility. She hung with an intensity of interest, such as she had never known before, upon the prayer that was poured forth

from the very soul of the venerable teacher, until, through the influence of its glowing fervency, she felt, when she arose from her knees, that she had been holding an audience with the Eternal. The simple hymn of praise which followed, sung with low and suppressed voices, touched her as never music of harp or viol had done,—so earnest was the devotion it breathed. And when the white-haired old man, bowed down with many years of toil and peril and persecution, but with an eye still flashing with his one absorbing theme, addressed the little audience with eloquent words of holy comfort and hope,—when he spoke, with the rapt ardour of one inspired, of "Christ, and him crucified,"—of his glorying in the cross of Christ,—of his readiness to be offered up, to seal with his own blood, if need be, his attachment to this most holy faith,—Julia felt as if she too were willing to become a martyr.

The speaker had drunk largely of the spirit of Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles, whose companion he had been in some of his sufferings and persecutions, and whose place he had assumed as teacher to the disciples in Rome, since the aged veteran himself was no longer able, by reason of the rigour of his imprisonment and chains, to teach "in his own hired house all that came unto him."

Suddenly the quiet of the assembly was interrupted by the tread of heavy footsteps without. In a moment more the door was thrown open, and two men entered, bearing between them a dead body. The females present shrank back with terror as they carried it past them, and laid it down in an open space in the centre of the chamber, where, having laid aside the covering of the face, they revealed the well-known features of an aged disciple who had often sat in their midst;—the old man who had, but a few hours before, perished under the wheels of the imperial chariot. The mangled corpse had been thrown aside hastily by the attendant guard, and it had not been known to the Christians that any of their number had been the victim, until accident discovered it to two of them, who had sought out the body, disrobed it of the bloody clothes, wrapped it for the grave, and now bore it to the place where they knew the brethren were assembled, that fitting obsequies might be performed before they should consign it to its humble tomb. Few present had heard anything of the transaction of the afternoon; no word of it had reached Julia's ear, and she listened with a thrill of horror to the recital. And when the narrator proceeded to say that the noble youth who had attempted to rescue the blind old man was Antonius Severus, Julia heard no more;—the idea that he too had been crushed beneath the chariot-wheels drove the blood with one bound back to her heart, and she sank swooning to the floor.

Her attendants speedily bore her away; and when with returning consciousness she was assured of her groundless fears regarding Antonius, she was able, though still pale with agitation, to return to her home. The sudden apparition of the ghastly face of the dead man had startled her most painfully, for she had a womanly dread of such sights, unbefitting her Roman blood, which had often been the jest of her young companions when compelled by them to be present at the gladiatorial spectacles.

She ascended to her chamber—one of the lof-

tiest apartments of the house—and was surprised to find it flooded with a ruddy glare of light. She parted the heavy drapery that fell over the window, and the glow of flames in several directions, met her eye. At first she thought them only the bonfires which were closing the day of festival; but as she gazed, tongues of flame mounted high into the air, and a confused and tumultuous swell of voices came borne by the night-wind to her ear. The conflagration was evidently spreading rapidly, and filled with alarm, Julia flew along the passages to the supper room, where she knew she would still find her father over his Falernian. Just as she reached the door, it was opened by Antonius, who came out, and hastily closing it behind him, advanced to meet her. As he did so, his eye fell upon her disturbed face and menial dress, which the bronze lamp suspended from the ceiling overhead, revealed. He gently put her from him again, and holding her at arm's-length, keenly surveyed her.

"Not cured yet of your liking for the fanatical Nazarenes!" he said reproachfully, as his hand still grasped her arm; "this will not do, Julia; you strangely forget your rank and dignity. If my expressed desire is not sufficient to deter you from exposing yourself in the public thoroughfares after night with no protection but that of slaves, for the sake, too, of attending unlawful assemblies, it would be well to ask yourself if it is no compromise of female propriety."

Julia shook off the hand that still held her arm, and drew her fine figure to its full height, until, even in her disguise, she looked queenly.

"Can Antonius for a moment allow himself to harbour the idea that Julia would ever do anything that could call in question her maidenly dignity? I had thought his confidence too perfect for that." The tears started to her eyes, and she turned away to hide them.

Antonius was possessed of a quick and somewhat dogmatical temperament, and he felt really angry to find that his wishes had been so little regarded; he was therefore about to pass on without a further word, had not Julia detained him.

She hurriedly communicated to him her alarm, and led him to an upper window that commanded a view of that part of the city where the flames were raging. The simultaneous fires at various points were as inexplicable to him as they had been to her, and it was evident to him, from the speed with which they spread, that great danger threatened the city. Leaving Julia to divest herself of the obnoxious garb she wore, he hastened back with the tidings to the supper-room, where the guests had risen from the couches, and were gathering their togas around them, preparatory to their departure. In a few moments they were all gone, and Antonius and Fluvius, the master of the house, were left alone amidst the luxurious tables and the trains of hurrying slaves. Fluvius sought with all haste an open balcony, where he found his daughter surrounded by a crowd of frightened attendants, while Antonius hastened away to ascertain the extent of the danger. A startling scene met the eyes of the gazers: lurid flames illuminated the whole sky, and clouds of murky smoke were gathering thickly above them. The street beneath was filled with flying crowds of women and children, and cries and exclamations of terror arose from them continually as they fled fearfully by. Slaves loaded with household utensils and

furniture went groaning past, and many vehicles, filled with whatever could be snatched from the doomed dwellings, thronged the thoroughfares. Hourly the light grew more brilliant, until it rivalled that of noonday; and more distracting and frightfully distinct became the sight to the occupants of the balcony. The roofs of the houses all around them were covered with persons gazing like themselves with bewilderment and awe upon the increasing conflagration.

With but little intermission, the night was passed by Julia and her father on the balcony; and as it grew towards morning, it became apparent from the roaring and crackling of the flames, that they were making progress towards them. For hours Julia had watched for the return of Antonius, and her anxious eye had sought in vain for his well-known figure among the living tide that swept through the street beneath.

"My child," said Fluvius, "we have been long enough idle spectators; it remains for us now to look to our safety; for unless the gods interfere the fires will reach us. Would Antonius were here, that he might conduct thee to the villa!"

"Ha! thy wish has brought him. See! there he comes!" exclaimed Julia; and the two descended together to meet him. After replying to their eager inquiries, he added that he feared there was foul influence at work, for that he himself had seen soldiers resisting all attempts to extinguish the destroying element, saying that they had authority for so doing.

"The gods forbid!" ejaculated Fluvius; "nevertheless, Antonius, I would have you bring hither your sister—she is the only one you have immediately dependent upon you for protection—and with her and Julia, proceed at once to the villa: their safety must be our first concern."

"We go not without you, father," interrupted Julia, throwing her arms at the same time round the neck of the old man.

"Nay, my child, I must remain here while my presence can be of any avail: what could these terrified menials do towards the preservation of my property? I will follow when I can do no service here."

Julia acquiesced: Antonius brought thither his sister, and in a short time the chariot was awaiting them in the court below.

It was with great difficulty that the charioteer could make his way through the obstructed streets, and it required his utmost skill to keep in check the impatient horses, frightened as they were by the roaring and flashing of the fires. They met with many delays in their slow progress towards the city gates, and encountered many sights which made them turn away, sick at heart. Frantic horses plunged madly about—children were wildly screaming for the parents from whom they had been separated—and distracted mothers, as wildly searching for their children.

The sun was just beginning to touch the turrets of one of the imperial palaces, near which they passed, when a strange sight caught the eye of Antonius. He grasped the arm of Julia, and in speechless indignation pointed to the open tower where stood the Emperor, arrayed in the habit of an actor, apparently reciting something with a tragic air, and accompanying himself on the harp, which he held in his hand. To their eyes he seemed the demon of the scene, gloating over the destruction going on around him.

Antonius felt a shudder pass over Julia's frame, and his own brows knit sternly as he said—"Talk of a just God in heaven! either there is no God, or he concerns not himself with the affairs of men, but leaves them to the government of chance. The blind old man who perished yesterday, I have been told, was a model of virtue, and a Christian; yet is he allowed to be crushed beneath the wheels of yonder wretch, who lives prosperously on, to riot as he now does on human agonies. Call you this justice?"

"But Christians believe in a judgment after death, where all these seeming contradictions will be righted," said Julia earnestly. "Before no fabled Rhadamanthus will yonder wicked prince be called on that day to stand, but before that holy and just Being, who will reward him and his victim each according to their several deeds."

With all the speed Antonius could make, it was several hours before he could return again to the city; the villa being some Roman miles distant, and the detentions in the thronged way being many. Fearful was the havoc the insatiable element had made during his absence. He passed near the house where he and his orphan sister had dwelt: it had been swept over by the flames, and everything combustible about it had been consumed. He sought the street in which Fluvius lived, but the flames were raging throughout and all around it so frightfully, that he was driven back, and all attempts to approach it were vain for many hours. Not until the close of the day, when the work of desolation in that part of the city had been completed, was it safe to enter into the midst of the smoking ruins.

During all this time, had Antonius been searching unsuccessfully for Fluvius among the maddened crowds that rushed distractedly through the streets; and now, over prostrate columns and broken architraves—over demolished porticoes and the dismembered wrecks of Rome's proudest works of art—he urged his difficult and dangerous way towards the desolated mansion, so late the abode of luxury, and the scene of the most generous hospitalities. The massive walls were standing uninjured, but begrimed with smoke, and the interior was an entire wreck. He thought to find his friend lingering about his ruined dwelling; but he sought in vain. Bands of plunderers were at work, picking up what the flames had failed to consume. The smouldering fire was still gleaming up fitfully, and he turned away to the garden, still light as day, notwithstanding the approaching night, from the conflagration raging beyond. The heavy foliage was shrivelled—the shrubbery trampled down by hundreds of feet—the statues thrown from their pedestals—the basin of the fountain emptied of its water and filled with blackened cinders.

He pursued his way, in the hope of finding Fluvius, or some of the household slaves who could give some tidings of him. Loud lamentations at length broke upon his ear, and following the sound, he soon discovered a group of the latter in a remote part of the garden. The cause of their grief was quickly explained: they had seen their master enter the house after the flames had seized upon it, to secure, as they supposed, some scrolls on which he set a high value, and which in his confusion he had forgotten, and they watched in vain for his return. They had rushed into the burning building to rescue him, but the suffocating

smoke had driven them back, and they could do nothing to save him. He had fallen a sacrifice, and his own beautiful home had proved to him a funeral pile.

For six days and nights, the flames raged throughout the distracted city; and not until open spaces were cleared, by the levelling of vast numbers of houses, was a stop put to their ravages. Multitudes perished beneath the falling walls: and the Campus Martius, and other public places, were filled with masses of wounded and terror-stricken people. Temples, palaces, the most magnificent monuments of art, and the spoils of many foreign conquests, were swallowed up in one common ruin; and when it was at last stayed, the imperial city had the appearance of having been sacked by a ruthless army. Murmurs rose wild and loud against the Emperor, whose wretched ambition of becoming the founder of a new city called after his own name, it was said, had led him to plan the destruction of the old one. Unwilling to be thus clamoured at, he cast about for others on whom he might fasten the fiendish act; and he was not long in selecting the innocent Christians—the professors of the "foreign superstition," as it was called—to whom the debased and ignorant populace were ready to impute all sorts of wickedness—as the perpetrators of the hated deed. And while he tried to stifle the discontents that were rife among the people, by ordering at once the rebuilding of the city on a scale of grandeur that should far outshine its former glory, with wily tact, this monster of cruelty turned the tide of vengeance against the Christians, and poured out upon them the utmost of his demoniacal fury. They were hunted down like wild beasts; they were tortured with every species and device of barbarity which the most ferocious ingenuity could invent; they were thrown as food to the animals in the amphitheatre; they were extended upon crosses; they were wrapped in garments saturated with tar and pitch, then bound to stakes and scattered through the public gardens, and even in those of the Emperor himself, and, when the darkness of night drew on, fire was applied to them, and by the light of these human torches were held the most fearful orgies! Every day witnessed new persecutions, and the infuriated populace and soldiery seemed determined not to give over their bloody work until not only every Christian, but all on whom the remotest suspicion had fastened, should be swept away.

Sick to the very soul—loathing the imperial family with all the horror that a virtuous nature could feel—his heart swelling with indignation against the venal Senate, who upheld all these inhuman excesses, Antonius strayed gloomily along the dismantled streets. He had forsaken the city on the night of the fatal day that had brought such desolation to the home and the heart of his beloved Julia, and had only occasionally returned to inquire into the fate of friends, and to render them assistance. The household of which he had been a member, had gone to their possessions in a distant province; and he came now to search after the missing Marcia—Julia's favourite attendant—who, it was feared, had perished in the general slaughter. On every side of him were evidences of the merciless persecution that was raging against the Christians: here, the crushed bones of one who had been torn to pieces by dogs; there,

the burnt stake and chain and smouldering ashes. The spirit of stern indignation rose high within him, as he thought of those whom he firmly believed to be innocent, thus inhumanly murdered; and he ground his teeth, and clenched his hand, internally flinging defiance in the face of the persecutors. Not that he himself had any sympathy with the Christians, beyond that which a generous humanity felt for the innocent and suffering victims of tyrannical power. His God was the indefinite *Providence* or *Fate* of the Stoics; and his religion he found in the writings of the philosophers, over which he pored while most of the youth of Rome were revelling in vice and voluptuousness.

While thus indulging a train of most bitter thought, he was suddenly startled by the conversation of a group of idle soldiers, near whom he happened to be passing.

—“But she is a patrician’s daughter,” said one.

“And what matters that,” rejoined a fierce-looking centurion, “if she be a Christian? The imperial edict is, to spare none.”

“How know you that she is a Christian?” asked the other.

“Her female slave would not deny the charge, even when perishing by torture, and that is proof enough. Why look ye, fellows! They say no man in Rome had a rarer taste in wines than the old Flavius; and I warrant ye, his villa is well stored with Massic and Lesbian fit for Bacchus himself. Let us to the work to-night, and, when we have done, we will drag out the dusty amphoræ which have not seen the light for many a year.”

The coarse ribaldry which followed fell, too, on the ear of Antonius, and his first impulse was to draw his dagger, and plunge it into the heart of the wretch who spoke; but a second thought restrained him, and gathering his toga close about his stately figure, he strode away. A few moments later, he was pursuing his way to the villa, whither his fleet-footed steed soon brought him.

Julia’s heart had been crushed by the blow which deprived her of her father; and but for the mysterious support—mysterious and inexplicable to Antonius—which she appeared to derive from the exercise of her new religion, it had seemed to him that she would altogether have sunk beneath it. He shrunk from being the bearer of such tidings as he had now to communicate, but there was no time allowed for delay. He sought the apartment occupied by Julia and his sister, where he found the latter doing all that kindness could prompt to soothe her companion’s silent sorrow. Julia was lying with closed eyes upon one of the silken couches, pale, and touchingly lovely in her subduing grief. She was only made aware of the presence of Antonius, by his lifting her passive hand to his lips, when she started up with an expression of interest, which her face had not worn for many days, and asked for news of Marcia. Fain would Antonius have concealed the truth, but her inquiries were too searching for evasion. When she learned that her fears had been more than realized,—that her devoted attendant who had been to her as a sister in the new faith, and an instructor, had fallen a victim to her steadfastness in that faith—she sank back again with a groan of anguish upon the cushions.

Antonius knew not how to comfort her, and did not attempt it—he could only kneel at her

side, and regard her with silent compassion. He hesitated long before he could bring himself to add to her already accumulated sorrows, by telling her of the conversation he had overheard, and of his absorbing anxieties for her safety; but time was not to be wasted, and as gently as possible, he broke the startling intelligence.

“But,” he added, after he had finished the recital, “if thou wilt but assure them that thou art no *professor* of this Nazarene creed, and consent to kiss the image of the Emperor—a mere form, which thy safety requires thou shouldst do, even though thy heart detest him—then these rioters can have no pretext for proceeding to any violence, and they dare not. But cling to this foreign religion, my Julia, and nothing can save thee from their fury but flight; for suspicion has fixed itself upon thee, and my arm is powerless to arrest the wretches, who can show as their warrant the edict of the Emperor. Renounce this faith, it cannot be the true one, since its author has not power to shield its professors from destruction, as thy poor Marcia is proof, but perished herself ignominiously. Think of the dishonour to thy patrician birth, of thy life, my Julia, of thy life, of its preciousness to me, and renounce—renounce it!”

There was intense earnestness and energy in the tones and gestures of Antonius, as he still knelt at Julia’s side, and clasped her delicate hands between his own. The fearful words seemed at first to have stunned her, and she lay as if deprived of life, pale and motionless as the Parian statues that stood in niches around the apartment. Her eyes were closed, and her lips compressed, and he could only see that a terrible struggle was going on in that young bosom. For some moments he gazed thus: at length she slowly raised herself, and with an air solemn and fervid as the inspiration of a Pythoness, exclaimed,—

“Can I, dare I renounce the inmost convictions of my soul? Thou who art searching through all philosophies after truth, wilt *thou* counsel renunciation, when my heart tells me I have found it? What were my life worth, purchased at such a cost as this? No, no, I cannot perjure myself before my God, not for the sake of my own life, nor even, Antonius, for *thee*!”

A lofty heroism breathed through every line of her fine Roman face as she spoke; and Antonius, whose confidence in the strength of human principle had long been giving way, felt a sudden glow of admiration warm his bosom as he looked upon that noble brow, and read in the depths of those lustrous eyes a determination which danger or even death could not shake.

“Could *my* philosophy enable me to do this?” murmured he to himself; “would even Seneca be thus firm to principle?”

Julia continued, “I will fly to Etruria: on the banks of the Arnus there is a small estate cultivated by one of my father’s freed-men. Thither will I flee with one or two faithful attendants, until this fearful persecution be stayed.”

Antonius interrupted her: “Nay, thou shalt not brave the perils of such a flight alone. Besides, what would it avail for us to remain behind? The ruffian tools of the Emperor would wreak their vengeance for thy escape on this beautiful villa, encouraged to do so by thy flight, which they would regard as positive proof that thou art what they suspect thee to be—a Christian. Wilt

thou consent to go, Antonia?" he asked, turning to his sister, who all the while had sat by in silence. A warm flush overspread the cheek of the young girl; to flee as if she were a Christian, she did not like—for as yet she knew nothing of the sect beyond its association with the vulgar plebeians.

"It is not as a Christian I would fly," said Antonius, who understood her feeling. "Julia *must* go; I am her only protector now, and Rome is such a scene of riot, debauchery, and murder, that I would not take thee thither, or go myself again, until something more human wears the imperial purple. Yes, let us all seek together those quiet shades, where fire and sword shall not penetrate. There shall our nuptials be, my Julia."

"And there," exclaimed Julia, with sudden enthusiasm, throwing one arm round Antonius, and the other round his sister, "there we will examine together the new religion, and compare it with the old philosophies; and with the aid of the sacred scrolls which mine own hand has copied, we will seek and find the truth after which Socrates and Plato, and all our wise men have groped so long."

Within a few hours the little party had gathered together what silver and gold and valuable things could be carried with them, had bidden farewell with aching hearts to the beautiful villa, the scene of so much happiness to them all, and were leagues on their way towards their place of refuge.

Julia's hopes were realized; Antonius became a Christian. The overwhelming arguments of the Apostle of the Gentiles, who had perished a martyr to his faith in the same barbarous persecution from which Julia had fled, and whose letter to the Roman believers had been the companion of her flight, could not be resisted by a mind so clear, and so open to conviction as his. He turned from the dialogues of Plato, to find infinitely more than the "*Phædo*" could teach, in the pure and powerful reasonings of Paul. Peace long brooded over the home of the exiles, and before the second persecution of the Christians burst forth under the cruel Diocletian, God, in his mercy, had gathered them all to that home from which they should no more go out for ever.

THE ADIRONDACK PASS.*

BY CHAMPION RUSSELL.

FAR away from human dwelling,
In the wild and wintry North;
Where is heard the first loud breathing
Of the storm-wind rushing forth;
High above the hemlock forest
Lifts a rock its gloomy head,
Gray and hoary—
Crowned with glory
Such as years and thought have shed
On some tall and mantled sage,
Worshipped by a lower Age.

* The Adirondack, or Indian Pass, is a narrow defile in the Adirondack Mountains, Essex County, New York. On one side of the ravine there rises a perpendicular precipice, thirteen hundred feet high; on the other, broken and jagged rocks stretch up to nearly an equal altitude. Its utter loneliness, combined with its stupendous features, render it an object of great interest to all seekers after the sublime in our natural scenery.

At its base a stream is flowing,
From whose banks new cliffs arise,
And still reaching to each other,
Point, ascending, to the skies.
From the caverns dark and mossy,
Bounds each cold and living spring—
Ever bounding,
Aye resounding,
Chiming with the echo's ring;
As the hunter's gay halloo
Swells the mountain gorges through.

Walk with me the narrow valley,
Gaze with wonder-stricken eye
At these walls of primal granite,
Built against the upper sky.
Though the fierce north wind is raging,
Though it sweeps the cedared height,
Yet the lonely
Giant only
Laughs with scorning at its might;
And a soft and whispering breeze
Seems to rest 'mid sleeping trees.

For the sight grows dim with looking;
And the fainting senses reel,
And forget their just proportions
In the stunning awe they feel.
Form and tone and artist-dogmas
In the march are left behind,
And an ocean
Of emotion
Flows o'er all the nerveless mind;
Flows, nor ebbs, till memory's hands
Heap its shores with recent sands.

In the dark ravine at sunset,
I have seen the twilight fall;
I have seen the first slant sunbeams
Light each black and ruined wall.
I have heard the gray wolf's moanings
Swelling from his dreary cave,
While the clanging
Arch o'erhanging
Melancholy echo gave.
And athwart those cliffs at night
Oft has glared my camp-fire light.

But if you would read them rightly—
Those twin guardians of the pass—
Go when noon is in the heavens,
And when hushed is every blast.
When the forest sleeps in stillness,
And the stream alone is heard,
Lightly falling,
Gaily calling
To the sweet-voiced summer bird,
Go with heart and mind at rest,
Or with sorrow-laden breast,

And, a priest at Nature's altar,
She will meet thee in her truth;
And within thy jaded fancies
Stir the freshness of thy youth.
She will give thee inspiration,
Free the genius of thy heart,
Promptings lowly,
Wishes holy,
To thy being will impart;
And in after time will shed
Joyful memories o'er thy head.

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

I.

LA NAPOULE is indeed only a little place on the gulf of Cannes, yet everybody in all Provence knows it. It lies in evergreen shades, high palms, and dark orange trees. That alone would not make it famous. But they say that there grow the richest grape-clusters, the sweetest roses, and the loveliest maidens. I don't know—nevertheless, believe it. It is a pity that La Napoule is so little, and it is impossible to produce enough rich clusters, sweet roses, and beautiful girls; otherwise we should have some from thence into our own country. If, since the building of La Napoule all its women have been beauties, without doubt the little Mariette must have been a wonder of wonders, because the Chronicle speaks of her. They called her indeed, only the *little* Mariette; yet she was not smaller than a child of seventeen years and over would wish to be, whose forehead reached to the lips of a full-grown man.

The Chronicle of La Napoule had good reason to speak of Mariette. I, in the place of the Chronicle, would have done so too. For Mariette, who had hitherto lived with her mother Manon at Avignon, when she came back into her birthplace, turned it almost round;—in reality, not the houses, but the people and their heads, and if not the heads of *all* the people, particularly of such whose heads and hearts are always in great danger in the vicinity of two soul-speaking eyes. In such a case it is no joke. Mother Manon would have done better, had she remained in Avignon. But she had a little property in La Napoule; she had an estate with a vineyard and a neat little house in the shadow of a rock between olive trees and African acacias; so she was no poor widow. In her habitation she was as rich and happy, as if she had been Countess of Provence, or the like. So much the worse for the good people of La Napoule. They had never seen such a mischief, nor read in Homer how a pretty woman brought all Greece and Asia Minor into armour and discord.

Scarcely had Mariette dwelt fourteen days in the cottage between the olive trees and African acacias, before each La Napoulen knew that Mariette lived there, and that in all Provence there lived no fairer maiden than in that house.

When she went through the town, tripping lightly, like a disguised angel, in her fluttering petticoat, pale green bodice, an orange-flower or a rose-bud in her bosom, and flowers and ribbons waving in the gray hat that shaded her beautiful face, the grave old people became talkative, and the young men dumb, and, right and left, a little window—a door—opened in succession. "Good morning;" or "Good evening, Mariette," they said. And she nodded, laughing, right and left.

When Mariette came into the church, all hearts (namely, those of the young men!) left heaven, all eyes the saints, and the devout finger got confused in the pearls of the rosary. That actually must have caused great vexation, especially to the pious. At this time, no doubt all the young maidens of La Napoule became singularly devout, for it vexed them the most; and they could hardly be blamed for it. Since Mariette's arrival more than one bridegroom had become cool, and more than one suitor forsaken his beloved. There was a great deal of quarrelling and scolding, and many

tears, *good* lectures, and refusals. They spoke no more of weddings, only of separations. They gave back love-pledges, rings, and ribbons. The old folks mixed in the quarrels of their children. Discord and strife ran from house to house. It was a pity! "It is all Mariette's fault," said the pious maidens; so said their mothers, so said their fathers; and at last all, even the young men.

But Mariette, veiled in her modesty and innocence, like the bursting crimson of a rose-bud in the dark green of its calyx, did not guess all this great misery, and remained friendly towards all. That quieted first the young men, and they said, "Why should you trouble the sweet, harmless child? She is without blame!" Then the mothers said so, then the fathers, and at last all, even the pious maidens. For whoever spoke with Mariette, could not help but love her. And before six months had passed, everybody had talked with her, and everybody loved her. But she did not know that she was so beloved; and before, she did not know that they hated her. Does the dim violet, often trodden in the grass, know how dear it is?

Now each one wished to atone for his injustice toward Mariette. Pity heightened the tenderness of their good will. And Mariette found herself greeted more kindly, she laughed more cheerfully, she joined more heartily in the country songs and dances.

II.

But all men have not the sweet gift of sympathy; some are stony-hearted like Pharaoh. This, doubtless, arises from the natural depravity of man since the fall; or, perhaps, because the baptism of these bad ones was not rightly administered.

A memorable example of such hardness was given by young Colin, the richest farmer and householder in La Napoule, through whose vine and olive gardens, citron and orange groves, one could scarcely run in a day. One thing proved the natural corruption of his heart; that he was nearly twenty-seven years old, and had never asked why a maiden was made? But all the people, especially womankind of a certain age, in which they easily forgive sin, considered Colin the best youth under the sun. His face, his gay, easy manners, his glance, his laugh, had the luck, people said, to please; so that if it had only been necessary to cry to heaven for his sins, he would have obtained absolution. But the opinion of such judges it is not well to trust. Thus while old and young at Napoule had become reconciled to the innocent Mariette; and treated her kindly, Colin was the only one who remained without compassion for the dear child. If the conversation turned on Mariette, he was dumb as a fish. If he met her in the street, he was red and white with anger, and shot a consuming glance after her.

When, in the evening, the young people gathered on the sea-coast by the old ruined castle, for cheerful games, or the country dance, or to begin an alternating song, Colin was not wanting. But after Mariette came, the spiteful Colin was quiet, and would not sing any more for all the gold in the world. Pity for his charming voice! everybody liked to hear him, and he was unsurpassable in songs. All the maidens liked to see the bad Colin, and he was friendly with all. He had, they said, a roguish look, which the girls feared and loved; and when he laughed, one should have

had him painted! But naturally, the often offended Mariette did not see this at all. And there she had a perfect right. Whether he laughed or not, it was the same to her. Of his roguish look she didn't like to hear, and there again she had a right. When he related stories, and he knew many, and all listened, she teased her neighbours, and threw, first at Peter and then at Paul, plucked leaves, and laughed and chattered, and would not hear Colin. That vexed his proud heart; he often broke off the story, and went away gloomy. Revenge is sweet. The daughter of Frau Manon might well have triumphed but Mariette was too good a child and her heart was too tender. When he was silent it made her sorry. If he was sad, she could not laugh. If he went away, she did not stay long; and when she got to the house, she wept brighter tears of repentance than Magdalene, and yet had not sinned half so much.

III.

The Pastor of La Napoule, Father Jerome, a grayheaded man of seventy, had all the virtues of a saint, and only one fault,—that, on account of his age, he was very deaf. But for all that, he preached so much the more instructively to the ears of his baptized children and his penitents, and they heard him gladly. He only preached on two subjects, as if all religion dwelt therein. One was, "Little children, love one another," the other, "Little children, the dispensations of Heaven are wonderful." Yet truly, therein lay so much faith, love, and hope, that one, if necessary, would become truly contented with it. The "little children" loved each other very dutifully, and hoped in the dispensations of Providence. Only Colin, with his hard heart, would know nothing about it. Even when he seemed to be friendly, he had bad intentions.

The Napoulens go to the yearly fair in the town of Vence. They have a merry life, and if they get little gold, yet they have many goods. Mariette went also to the fair with Mother Manon; Colin was there also. He bought many nick-nacks and kickshaws for his friends, but for Mariette not a sou's worth. And yet he was everywhere at her heels. But he spoke not to her, nor she to him. One could see he meditated evil.

Mother Manon stood before a shop, and said, "Oh Mariette, see this beautiful pitcher! A queen need not be ashamed to put it to her lips. Only see, the rim is of shining gold, and the flowers thereon bloom no brighter in the garden, and yet they are only painted. And in the middle is Paradise! Only look, Mariette, how the apples laugh from the trees! one really longs for them. And Adam cannot resist, as the sly Eve offers him one to his cost. And see how charmingly the lamb frolics with the proud tiger, and the snow-white dove with gold-green neck stands before the vulture as if he would caress him."

Mariette could not see it enough.

"Had I such a pitcher, mother," said she, "it would be much too beautiful to drink out of; I would put my flowers in it, and always look into Paradise. We are in the market of Vence, but when I see the picture, it is to me as though we were in Paradise."

So said Mariette, and called all her friends to gaze at the pitcher, and soon by the friends female, stood the friends male, and at last, almost half the population of La Napoule, before the won-

derful pitcher. And truly beautiful it was, the costly, transparent porcelain, with golden handle and glowing colours. Timidly they asked the shopman, "Sir, how much is it?" And he answered, "It is worth a hundred livres among brothers." Then they were all silent and walked off.

When no more from La Napoule stood at the shop, Colin came secretly, put down a hundred livres on the counter for the shopman, put the pitcher in a box full of cotton, and carried it off. Nobody knew his wicked plan.

Near La Napoule, on his homeward way, as it grew dusk, he met the old Jacques, the judge's servant, as he came from the fields. Jacques was a good old man, but rather simple.

"I will give thee some drink-money, Jacques," said Colin, "if thou wilt carry this box to Manon's house and leave it there. And if any one should notice thee, and ask, 'From whom comes this box?' say, 'A stranger gave it to me.' But do not mention my name, or I shall be for ever angry with thee."

Jacques promised, took the drink-money and the box, and went toward the cottage amid the olive trees and African acacias.

IV.

Before he got there, his master, the Judge Hautmartin, met him and said, "Jacques, what art thou carrying?"

"A box for Mother Manon. But, sir, I dare not say from whom."

"Why not?"

"Because Mr. Colin would be for ever angry with me."

"It is well that thou canst keep a secret. But it is very late. Give me the box; in the morning I shall go to Frau Manon. I will carry the box and not tell that it comes from Colin. It will save thee a walk, and give me good employment."

Jacques gave the box to his master, for he was accustomed to obey him in all things without gainsaying. The Judge carried it into his chamber and looked at it by the light with great curiosity. Upon the cover was written neatly in red chalk: "To the lovely and beloved Mariette." Herr Hautmartin knew very well that this was only some jest of Colin's, and that a bad trick lurked behind it. So he opened the box carefully: a rat or a mouse might be concealed therein! But when he beheld the wonderful pitcher that he had himself seen at Vence, he was frightened! For Herr Hautmartin was a man well skilled in justice, as well as in injustice, and knew that the thoughts and deeds of men's hearts are evil from their youth up. He saw immediately that Colin wished to bring Mariette into trouble with this pitcher; that when it was in her hands, he would give out that it was a present from some lover in the city, and that all good people must avoid Mariette. Thereupon Herr Hautmartin, the judge, decided that he would put down this suspicion, by confessing that he was the giver thereof himself. Besides, he loved Mariette, and would gladly have witnessed that she had more closely observed towards him the command of the gray Father Jerome, "Little children, love one another." Herr Hautmartin was, it is true, a little child of fifty years, and Mariette thought that the advice was past application to him. On the contrary, Mother Manon found the Judge to be an understanding little child, who had money and reputation in Napoule from one end of the town to the other. And when

the Judge spoke of matrimony, and Mariette ran away in fear, Mother Manon remained sitting, and feared not, before the tall, honoured man. And one must grant, that in his whole body there was no fault. Although Colin would fain have been the handsomest man in the town, the Herr Judge had the advantage over him in two things, namely, his great years, and a great, great nose! Yes, this nose, that went before the Judge like a yeoman of the guard, to announce his approach, was truly an elephant among human noses. With this elephant, his good intentions, and the pitcher, the Judge went the following morning to the house amid the olive trees and African acacias.

"For the beautiful Mariette," said he, "nothing is too costly to me. Yesterday you admired the pitcher at Vence. Permit me, sweet Mariette, to lay that, and my loving heart at your feet."

Manon and Mariette were enraptured and astonished when they saw the pitcher. Manon's eyes sparkled, but Mariette was beside herself, and said, "I wish to take neither your pitcher, nor your heart."

Then Mother Manon got angry, and said, "But I take pitcher and heart too. Oh, thou fool, how long wilt thou scorn thy good luck? For whom waitest thou? Will a Count of Provence make thee his bride, that thou despisest the Judge of La Napoule? I know better how to care for thee. Herr Hautmartin, I count on having the honour to call you my son-in-law."

Then Mariette went out and wept bitterly, and hated the beautiful pitcher with all her heart. But the Judge struck himself with his flat hand across the nose, and spake wisely: "Mother Manon, do not over-hurry things. The little dove will be entirely submissive when she learns to know me better. I am not impatient. I understand womankind, and before a quarter of a year passes, I will steal into Mariette's heart."

"His nose is too big for that!" whispered Mariette, who, behind the door, heard and secretly laughed. In truth, a quarter of a year had passed, and Herr Hautmartin had not with the tip of his nose pierced into her heart.

V.

But during this quarter of a year, Mariette had other affairs. The pitcher made her much vexation and trouble, and moreover, something besides. Fourteen days long they talked of nothing but the pitcher in La Napoule. And everybody said, "It is a present from the Judge," and the wedding is already agreed on. But when Mariette solemnly assured her companions that she would sooner her body should lie in an abyss of the sea, than marry the Judge, the maidens went away angry, and teased her, saying, "Ah, how happily she will rest in the shadow of his nose!" This was vexation first!

Then Mother Manon went on the cruel principle of forcing Mariette to carry the pitcher to the spring at the rock every morning, to fill it with fresh flowers. She hoped thereby to accustom Mariette to the pitcher and the heart of the giver. But it only led her to hate gift and giver. And the labour at the spring was a real punishment to her. Vexation second!

Then when she came in the morning to the spring, twice in the week lay upon a ledge of the rock the most beautiful flowers, beautifully arranged, ready to make the pride of the pitcher. And

round the flower-stalks a strip of paper was wrapped, and on it was written: "Dear Mariette!" Now some one, the little maiden knew, must do it for her, since in the world now, there are no magicians or fairies. Consequently the flowers and the sweet speech came from Herr Hautmartin. Mariette would never smell them, merely because the living breath from the Judge's nose had breathed over them. She indeed took the flowers, because they were better than field-flowers, but she tore the paper into a thousand pieces, and strewed them on the place where the flowers were accustomed to lie. But this did not vex the Judge Hautmartin at all, whose love was as great in its place, as his nose in its place. Vexation third!

But at last she discovered, in conversation with Herr Hautmartin, that he was not the giver of the flowers. Who could it be now? Mariette was astonished at the unexpected revelation. From that time she took the flowers carefully from the rock, smelt them, but—who put them there? Mariette, like all young girls—else they are not worth anything—was very curious. She guessed this and that young man in La Napoule. Yet she did not stop at guessing. She waked and watched late in the night—she rose earlier—but she spied out nothing. And yet twice in the week, in the morning, lay the magic flowers on the rock, and wound round them the strip of paper, ever with the quiet sigh on it, "Dear Mariette!" This would have made the most indifferent curious. But curiosity becomes at last a burning pain. Vexation fourth!

VI.

Now on a Sunday, Father Jerome had preached again on this subject: "The dispensations of heaven are wonderful." And the little Mariette thought, would that it might ordain that I should discover the invisible flower-bringer! Father Jerome was not wrong. On a summer's night, when it had become very warm, the little Mariette was awake early, and could not go to sleep again. She sprang up lightly from her couch, as the first morning-red shone into the window of her little chamber over the waves of the sea, and the shining island. She dressed herself, and went out to wash face, breast, and arms in the cool spring; she took her hat, with a desire to wander an hour by the sea. She knew there a retired place for a bath. But in order to get to the retired place, she must go over the rocks behind the house, and then downward among the pomegranate trees and the palms. This time Mariette did not get by. For under the slimmest and youngest of the palm trees, there lay in sweet sleep a slender young man,—near him a nosegay of most beautiful flowers. Also; there was a white paper there, on which, probably, a sigh was left. How could Mariette go by? She stood fixed, and trembled for fear in all her limbs. She would go back again to the cottage. Scarcely had she gone two steps, when she looked again at the sleeper, and remained stationary. Yet so far off she could not see his face. Now or never she must discover the secret. She tripped lightly nearer the palm tree. But he appeared to move. Then she ran back toward the cottage. Yet his motion was only Mariette's timid fancy. Again she took the path to the palm. But perhaps he feigned sleep. Quickly she hastened toward the house. But who would fly for a mere perhaps?

She trod with a bold heart the way to the palm. By these fluctuations of her timid and irresolute soul between fear and curiosity, by these hither-and-thither trippings between the cottage and the palm trees, by degrees her little steps had come nearer to the sleeper, while at once curiosity conquered fear.

"Why should he affect me? The path carries me by him. Whether he sleeps or wakes, I will certainly go past." So said Manon's daughter. But she did not go by, she remained standing, for now the face of the flower-bestower is sufficiently in sight to be certain of the whole affair. Still he sleeps on; he cannot have had a sound sleep for four weeks. And who was it? Now who else should it be but that arrant villain, Colin?

There! it was he who, out of his old enmity to the good maiden, had brought on her so much vexation with the pitcher, and had got her into this vexatious affair with Herr Hautmartin; it was he who came here and teased her with flowers to provoke her curiosity. Why? He hated Mariette. In all companies he behaved towards the poor child in an unaccountable manner. He avoided her when he could; when he could not, he distressed the innocent little one. Towards all the maidens of La Napoule he was friendly, talkative, pleasant, all but Mariette. Only think! he had never asked her for a dance, and she danced enchantingly! Now, there he lay, caught, entrapped. Revenge awoke in Mariette's breast. What disgrace could she do him? She took the bunch of flowers, untied them, and revengefully scattered his present, in just anger, all over the sleeper. Only the paper on which was the sigh, "Dear Mariette!" she took, held, and then thrust hastily into her bosom. She would keep this proof of his handwriting for a future occasion. Mariette was sly. Now, she must go. But her revenge seems not yet satisfied. She could not go from the place without punishing Colin's wickedness with something similar. She tore from her hat the violet-coloured silk ribbon, and threw it lightly round the sleeper's arm, and round the tree, and tied Colin, with three knots, fast to the palm. When he awoke, how astonished he would be! how his curiosity would be aroused to know who had played him the trick! It would be impossible for him to guess. So much the better. It served him right. Mariette was only too merciful towards him. She seemed to repent her work as soon as she had finished it. Her breast heaved. I really believe that tears came into her eyes as she looked with too much compassion on the transgressor. Slowly she went back from the pomegranate trees over the rocks, often looking round; slowly up the rocks, often looking down at the palm tree. Then she hastened to the calling Mother Manon.

VII.

But that same day, Colin played a new trick. What did he do? He would openly mortify the poor Mariette. Ah, she had not thought that everybody in La Napoule knew her violet-coloured ribbon! Colin knew that too well. He twisted it proudly round his hat, and wore it before all the world for a show, like a trophy. And everybody said, "He had it from Mariette." And all the maidens said, angrily, "The wretch!" And all the young men who liked to see Mariette said also, "The wretch!"

"How, Mother Manon!" shrieked the Judge, as

he came to Manon, and shrieked so loud that it echoed wonderfully through his nose, "How! did you suffer her? Did my bride present the young farmer, Colin, with her hat-ribbon? It is high time that we should celebrate our wedding. When it is past, then I shall have a right to speak."

"You have the right," answered Mother Manon. "If affairs stand so, the wedding must be soon."

"But, Mother Manon, your daughter refuses her consent."

"Only prepare the wedding-feast."

"But she will not look favourably on me, and when I seat myself by her, the little wild thing jumps up and runs away."

"Herr Judge, only prepare the wedding-feast."

"But if Mariette resists?"

"We will take her by surprise. We will go to Father Jerome. On Monday morning, when it is early and quiet, the ceremony shall be performed. We will persuade him to that. I am the mother. You, the first magistrate of La Napoule. He will submit. But Mariette must not know anything about it. On Monday early, I will send her to Father Jerome, all alone, on an errand, so that she will suspect nothing. Then the pastor shall appeal to her heart. Half an hour afterwards, we will come along. Then immediately to the altar. And even if Mariette says No, what difference will that make? The old man cannot hear. But till then, do not let Mariette or La Napoule know of it."

So they both rested. Mariette did not dream of the destiny that awaited her. She thought only of Colin's unkindness, who had made her the talk of all the people in the place. Oh, how she repented her thoughtlessness about the hat-ribbon, and yet, in her heart, she forgave the wicked wight his sin. Mariette was much too good. She said to her mother, to all her companions, "Colin has found my lost hat-ribbon. I did not give it to him. He only wants to tease me with it. You know that Colin has always been unkind to me, and has always tried to vex me." Ah! the poor child! she knew not what new villany the malicious man meditated.

VIII.

Very early, Mariette went to the spring with the pitcher. No flowers as yet lay on the rock. It was too early; the sun had scarcely come out of the sea. Footsteps rustled. Colin made his appearance; flowers in his hand. Mariette blushed. Colin stammered, "Good morning, Mariette." But the greeting came not from his heart, he could scarcely bring it from his lips.

"Why dost thou so openly wear my ribbon, Colin?" said Mariette, and set her pitcher on the rock. "I did not give it to thee."

"Thou gavest it not to me, dear Mariette?" asked he, and was white from inward rage.

Mariette was ashamed of her falsehood, cast down her eyelids, and said, after a while, "Well, I gave it to thee; but thou shouldst not have worn it as a show. Give it back to me."

He slowly unbound it; his vexation was so great that he could not conceal the tears in his eyes, or the sighs in his breast. "Dear Mariette, let me have the ribbon," said he gently.

"No!" answered she.

Then his anger changed to despair. He glanced to Heaven with a sigh, then sadly at Mariette, who

quietly and modestly stood by the spring, with downcast eyes and drooping arms. He wound the violet-blue ribbon round the flower-stalks, saying, "Take all then!" and threw the bouquet so spitefully against the beautiful pitcher on the rock, that it fell upon the ground and broke. Glad of the mischief, he went away.

All this, Mother Manon, leaning from the window, had heard and seen. But when the pitcher broke she lost hearing and seeing. She had no command of her tongue from astonishment. And as she pressed with violence against the closed window, to call after the wretch, she forced the window out from the crumbling stone, so that it fell with a great noise on the ground, and was shattered to atoms. So many misfortunes would have made any other woman lose her mind. But Manon soon recovered herself.

"Lucky! that I was the witness of his deed!" said she. "He must go before the Judge. He shall outweigh window and pitcher with his gold."

But when Mariette brought in the remnants of the broken pitcher—when Manon saw Paradise Lost, the good Adam without a head, and only Eve's leg remaining, the serpent triumphing unhurt, and the tiger uninjured, while the lamb had all vanished except his tail, as if the tiger had swallowed him, then broke forth Mother Manon, crying, into curses against Colin, and said, "One may see that throw came from the hand of the devil."

IX.

And so she took the pitcher in one hand, Mariette in the other, and went at nine o'clock to Herr Hautmartin, where he was accustomed to sit in court. Then she broke out into loud complaints, and showed the broken pitcher, and the lost Paradise. Mariette wept bitterly. The Judge, when he saw the broken pitcher, and the beautiful bride-elect in tears, scolded in such righteous anger against Colin, that his nose grew violet-blue, like Mariette's famous ribbon. He sent his constable to fetch the rascal. Colin came, deeply troubled. Mother Manon repeated her complaint, with much eloquence, before Judge, constable, and clerk. But Colin heard not. He approached Mariette, and whispered to her, "Forgive me, dear Mariette, as I forgive thee. I broke, inadvertently, thy pitcher; but thou hast broken my heart."

"What does the whisperer there?" with judge-like dignity said Herr Hautmartin. "Hear your accusation, and justify yourself."

"I will not excuse myself. I broke the pitcher, though not wilfully," said Colin.

"I believe so, indeed," sobbed Mariette. "I am as much to blame as he, for I vexed him and made him angry. He threw me the flowers and the ribbon heedlessly. He could not help it."

"What do I hear?" shrieked Mother Manon. "Will the maiden be his justifier? Herr Judge, speak! He has broken the pitcher, that he does not deny; and I, on his account, the window: if he denies that, he can go and see it."

"That you cannot deny, Herr Colin," said the Judge; "so do you pay for the pitcher three hundred livres, for so much it is worth, and for—"

"No," said Colin, "it is not worth so much. I bought it at the fair at Vence for Mariette, for one hundred livres."

"You bought it, Herr Shameless!" cried the Judge, and all his face became like Mariette's hat-

band. Yet he would not, and could not, say any more; he naturally feared investigation into the affair.

But Colin was angry at the speech, and said, "I sent this pitcher to Mariette on the evening of the fair, by your own servant, Jacques. Jacques is there at the door. He is a witness. Jacques, speak; did I not give thee a box to carry to Mother Manon?"

Herr Hautmartin would have interposed. But the simple Jacques said, "Only bethink you, Herr Judge, you took Colin's box from me, and carried what was in it to Mother Manon. The box lies there under your papers."

Then the constable forced out the half-witted Jacques, and though Herr Colin would have had him in, no one would call him back.

"Very well, Herr Judge," pursued Colin; "but this trick shall be your last one in La Napoule. I know more than by this thing, that you would ingratiate yourself with Frau Manon and Mariette with my property. When you aim at me, you would do well to ride over to Grasse for the Bailiff." With that went Colin away.

Herr Hautmartin was very much puzzled in the business, and did not know what to do in his perplexity. Frau Manon shook her head. The thing looked dark and suspicious. "Who will pay for the broken pitcher?" asked she.

"To me," said Mariette, with glowing face, "to me it is already fully paid for!"

X.

The same day Colin rode to Grasse for the Bailiff, and came back the next morning early. But Herr Hautmartin only laughed and talked Mother Manon out of all her suspicions, and swore he would have his nose cut off, if Colin was not made to pay the three hundred livres for the broken pitcher. And he went also with Frau Manon to Father Jerome about the wedding, and urged him well to place before Mariette her duty not to refuse the marriage against the will of her mother, as a dutiful daughter. That the good old man promised, although he only understood half that they bawled into his ear.

But Mariette took the broken pitcher to her sleeping-room, and now first truly loved it, and it was to her as if Paradise had been brought into her heart ever since it had been shattered out of the pitcher.

So when Monday morning came, Mother Manon spake to her daughter: "Dress thyself up, and carry this myrtle crown to Father Jerome; he wants it for a bride." Mariette dressed herself in her Sunday clothes, took without suspicion the myrtle crown and carried it to Father Jerome. On the way she met Colin, who greeted her gently and tremblingly, and when she told him where she was carrying the wreath, Colin said, "I am going that way, too, for I must carry to the pastor the money from the church-tithes."—And as they both went along, he, trembling, took her hand, and they both trembled as if they had committed some great crime against each other.

"Hast thou forgiven me?" anxiously whispered Colin. "Ah, Mariette, what have I done to thee, that thou art so cruel to me?"

But she could say nothing, only, "Be quiet, Colin! Thou shalt have the ribbon back again, and I will preserve thy pitcher. I hope it is indeed from thee?"

"Mariette, canst thou doubt? All that I have I would fain give thee. Wilt thou in future be as friendly to me, as to others?"

She answered not: but as they went into the pastor's house, she looked at him sideways, and when she saw his beautiful eyes wet, she whispered, "Dear Colin!" Then he bent and kissed her hand. At that moment the door of a room opened, and Father Jerome with his venerable form stood before them. The young people felt dizzy, and would certainly have fallen, had they not leaned on each other. I do not know whether it was the effect of the hand-kiss, or fear of the old man.

Mariette handed to him the myrtle crown. He laid it on her head and said, "Children, love one another!" and touchingly and affectingly entreated the maiden to love Colin. For the old pastor had either, owing to his deafness, wrongly heard the bridegroom's name, or owing to his failing memory, forgotten it, and thought that Colin must be the bridegroom. Under this exhortation of the old man, Mariette's heart melted, and amid tears and weeping she said, "Ah, I have loved him for a long time, but he hates me."

"I hate thee, Mariette!" said Colin. "My soul has lived only in thee since thou camest to La Napoule. Oh, Mariette, how could I hope or think that thou didst love me? Did not all La Napoule seek thee?"

"Why didst thou flee from me, Colin, and associate with all my companions before me?"

"Oh, Mariette, I went in fear and trembling, with sorrow and love; when I saw thee, I had not courage to be near thee, and yet, if I was not with thee, I was unhappy."

While they spoke together thus, the pastor thought they were quarrelling; so he laid his arm around both, drew them together, and said, "Little children, love one another!" Then Mariette sank on Colin's breast, and Colin put both arms around her, and both faces shone with quiet rapture. They forgot the pastor, the whole world. Colin's lips touched Mariette's sweet mouth. It was only a kiss, but yet a kiss of annihilation. Both were lost in each other: both had so lost their presence of mind, that, without knowing it, they followed the delighted Father Jerome into the church, and before the altar.

"Mariette!" sighed he.

"Colin!" sighed she.

In the church prayed many worshippers, but with astonishment they became witnesses of Colin and Mariette's marriage. Many ran out before the end of the ceremony, to publish right and left through La Napoule, "Colin and Mariette are married!" When the ceremony was over Father Jerome rejoiced heartily that it had turned out so well, and that the parties had offered so little resistance. He led them into the parsonage.

XI.

Soon came Mother Manon, breathless. She had waited long at her house for the arrival of the bridegroom;—he did not come. At the last stroke of the clock, her anxiety troubled her, and made her set out on the way to Herr Hautmartin's. But a new surprise awaited her. She learned that the Bailiff, with all the deputies, had taken into custody all the deeds, bonds, and registers of the Judge, and had committed Herr Hautmartin at the same time. "That godless Colin has done this!" was her thought. Now she hastened to the parsonage,

to inform Father Jerome of the postponement of the wedding. She came in smiling, proud of her work, towards the good old man, with his hands on the newly married pair. Now, in good earnest Frau Manon lost thought and speech, as she saw what had taken place. But Colin had never in his whole life had thought and speech more than at present. He told of his love, and the broken pitcher, and the falsehood of the Judge, and how he had unmasked his injustice at Grasse to the deputies. Then he asked Mother Manon's blessing, since it was neither his nor Mariette's fault that things had so turned out without it.

Father Jerome for a long time did not understand it, but when he got a full conception of the marriage by mistake, he raised his hands devoutly, and said with upward gaze, "Wonderful are the dispensations of Providence!" Colin and Mariette kissed his hands. Mother Manon, out of mere veneration for heaven, gave the newly married pair her blessing, but they noticed between them, that her head seemed as if it were turned.

Frau Manon became very happy in her son-in-law when she learned that he was rich, and especially when Herr Hautmartin, made prisoner, was carried off with his nose to Grasse.

The broken pitcher is preserved in the family to this day, as a memento and holy relic.

THE INNOCENT YOUNG MAID.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CLAUDIUS.

My mother, she tells me:

"Nature has given thee
Lips to speak with, my daughter, my own;
And so thou must use them for speaking alone."

But *why are they red*, then?

White lips would have answered for speaking as well.

And why has she said, then,
"Only for speaking?" Oh, who can tell
A poor little innocent girl like me,
For what, but to speak with, my mouth can be?

THE CRUEL CARPENTER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

LAY, loved one! thy hand on this heart of mine!
Ah, hear'st thou that knocking within the shrine?
A cruel Carpenter dwells there, and he
Is busily making a coffin for me!

There's hammering and pounding by day and by night:

All sleep from my eyelids long since took flight.
Ah, master Carpenter, work thou fast,
That so I may slumber in peace at last.

THE RABBIT ON THE WALL.

BY MARIA J. E. BROWNE.

"He loved a picture."

CHAPTER I.

THE fireside—ay, the fireside of the poor, the humble, the obscure, the lowly—is it not the stage whereon we played those life-dreams, into which are crowded blessed scenes of pure and innocent happiness? Is it not the place where in the warm and mellow soil of the childish heart, germs of vir-

the take root, and sparks of genius kindle into a quenchless flame? Spring there not up from the hearthstone of poverty, gleams of light, which flash skyward, and, meteor-like, leave a train of dazzling and wondrous brightness along their track?—a train that shall burn on and on, so long as the glorious monuments of immortal genius stand uncrumbling and untottering—so long as an instinctive recognition, reverence, and worship of the beautiful, remains unblotted from that strange panoramic register, the human soul!

Every department of art wherein genius erects her laboratory—sculpture and painting, music, poetry, and sciences, down to these wonder-working almost animate practical inventions, which are the crowning glory of modern days, bear me witness! Strange it may be, but it is also true that genius becomes stifled and suffocated in the atmosphere of voluptuousness—it languishes too often under the sunshine of prosperity, sinking into self-abasement when its wing might scale the very heavens—but it strengthens, and thrives, and unfolds into the manly proportions of a Hercules, capable of gigantic labours, when its sinews are developed by many a long and fierce grapple with adversity; for it comes off conqueror and more than conqueror, in the battle, and then mounts upward higher and still higher, towards its yet unrealized conceptions of the glorious and the sublime!

Thaddeus M'Calloran, an easy, indolent and kind-hearted native of the "ould country," was drawn unluckily into the tide of emigration, which early set toward America. He had a thatched cottage in Ireland, to shelter his wife, and his brood of little M'Callorans, and his aged father and mother; he had a "praty patch" before the cottage, and a wonderfully large and productive one it was, and he was so strong, and so good-natured, he never lacked a plenty of employment, vastly more than he was willing to engage, from the neighbouring land-owners. A very happy family were the M'Calloran's, before the emigration fever seized the husband and father. Thaddeus was willing to labour moderately from morning till night, to fill the hungry mouths which so frequently, and ever to his pride and joy, numerically increased around his board. Bridget minded the house and the children, and being moreover as "smart" as her husband was indolent, and skilful in the spinning of linen, every moment she could spare from other cares, found her fingers busy in drawing out warp or woof, for some of those exquisite fabrics, which, while they minister to the luxury of the affluent, pay but a meagre and beggarly percentage into the hand of the producer.

Thaddeus and Bridget were poor, sometimes very poor; but their parents had been poor before them. Luxury was an abstraction they had no idea of. They were accustomed sometimes to a plenty, and anon to a scarcity, of coarse, plain food, and they had but little ambition to contend with—a truth which might be predicated of most of our depressed brethren of the Emerald Isle—they lived on from day to day, borrowing no superfluous anxieties or alarms from the stores of ill success or misfortune, that might peradventure be garnered up in the future; still the emigration mania spread into the neighbourhood, and finally seized Thaddeus with its most violent and defiant symptoms.

Bridget M'Calloran expostulated and fretted about being torn from her home, and exposed with

her innocent childher and the ould folk, to all the terrors, and horrors, and dangers of a journey over the big waters; she knew "every soul of them would be drowned in the depths of the sea, and the rest would starve;" she hated "Ameriky" and all the world but "blessed ould Ireland," and she repeatedly declared her resolution to remain behind "for betther, for worser, if Thaddy persisted in so wild and dangerous a scheme." The old father and mother wept bitter tears, at the thought that the sods of their native soil could not cover their mouldering dust; but Thaddy was immovable. America, in his eyes, had become the El Dorado, and thitherward he was determined to set his own face, and the unwilling faces of his family. The excited imagination of other adventurers as innocent of experience as himself, had inflamed his dormant fancy, for once in his life, and he assured his own ready credulity, and the skepticism of his reluctant helpmate, that money was vastly plenty in America, that according to the accounts of those who had heard from there, it all but grew on the bushes, and could be had for the picking up, that work was abundant at all times and seasons, and some said it had been known to do itself! Indeed, to his vision afar off on the other side of the waters, it glowed like the very Ophir, in whose streams Midas himself had bathed, turning their sands into gold.

"And is it mad ye are, Thaddy M'Calloran?" said the tearful and heartsick Bridget, when her husband proudly informed her that the passage was really engaged for the whole family, in the steerage of the packet ship Cytherea, and that within a given time all must be ready to go on board. "Is it mad ye are, to dhrag us all away from home, and grave to death the heart of the ould mither that bare ye, to say nothing of your own wife and little ones? Sure you ought to have more heart for them that wants to lay their ould bones in blissed soil, if ye care nought for your own flesh and blood!" taunted Biddy, while tears poured over her cheeks. But Biddy found that for this time, expostulation and tears were alike unavailing. Thaddy was bent on going to "Ameriky" to try his fortunes there, and to see if his fine family of boys might not turn out presidents yet, and Kathleen, the only daughter of all the seven, might not, in blooming maidenhood, take the eye of some distinguished nobleman (his idea of our social organization was somewhat vague and chimerical), and become perhaps a peeress!—richer and finer than any of her ancestors had been; and would not Biddy M'Calloran be proud to be mother to a peeress? No motives and no discouragements moved him—America was the goal, and nothing but America could satisfy him.

The cottage was deserted, the movables including the grandparents and the seven children, were deposited on board the Cytherea, and she drew up her anchor, unfurled her white wings, and put out to sea, while a chorus of groans and sobbings burst from the mothers and daughters in the steerage, which wailed above the jarring and oaths and tumults on deck, like the funeral song of hope and all that promised happiness.

The voyage was finally accomplished, but not till sorrowful experiences indeed had been penned in the M'Calloran history. Winds were boisterous and contrary, and drove the good ship far from her course. This was, however, only the beginning of sorrows. A mortal sickness broke out

in the swarming steerage, caused by the fetid and pestilent atmosphere, and the fraternization of filth of every variety and description of loathsomeness. It prostrated every child of the M'Calloran family, and three rosy-cheeked boys, after a few days of acute and mortal suffering, closed their young eyes, and the sad parents saw the dear and cherished little bodies sink, to rise no more, down, down, into the cold and fathomless ocean-depths. O what pangs and agonizing regrets wrung the maternal heart of poor Biddy, as she hushed their dying wail in her arms, and pressed her parched and feverish lips to the pestilence infected-cheeks of her expiring children! Thaddeus was stupefied by the stroke, and by the remorseful self-reproaches which distracted his weak brain, and made him weep and sigh most piously; and while Biddy, with the dauntless and untiring energy of a true mother, tenderly and softly soothed the death agonies of her children, in their convulsive conflict with the king of terrors, her husband could only stand by her side, and groan, and wish himself back again in what now seemed to his repentance indeed a Paradise, the turf-walled cottage home in "blessed Ireland!"

When the third child had been sent to his long, slumber in an ocean grave, the most imminent danger seemed to hang over the eldest boy—an open-browed, dark-haired child, the pride and favourite of his mother. Poor Biddy felt that her cup of bitterness would be drained to the dregs, if this first-born son, her best beloved, should be removed from her sight; and as she wiped the cold dew from his forehead, and moistened his burning lip, it seemed that the desperation of maternal love would chain him to life. Death stood on one side of his miserable couch, with the fatal arrow all ready to twang from the curved bow: the mother with her prevailing faith and conquering prayer upon the other, and the destroying angel was bidden to "stay now his hand,"—for Biddy prayed with a wild and almost frenzied earnestness—to the Saints, the "Virgin, and her Blessed Child," to be sure—for only thus had Biddy been taught the holy religion of Jesus, and she knew no other way into the Holy of Holies, unto the mercy-seat. The gracious heart of the Father who watcheth the fall of the sparrow, and listeneth to the moan of the young raven, and whose ears are ever open to our cry, read the sincere purpose of her soul, and for the sake of the "Blessed Babe of Bethlehem," the boy was given from the very grasp of death, back into the bosom of his mother.

At last with languid steps, and aching hearts, and withered hopes, the emigrants trod upon a stranger shore. Their provisions were all exhausted, their money was nearly all spent. The grandparents seemed to look longingly at the "Potter's Field," as having left behind them everything that made life dear or valuable. The surviving children were meagre, and pale, and feeble—the hearts of the parents were full to the very brim of hopelessness and sorrow. But something must be done—a shelter of some kind, if it were only a shed, must be provided—food and employment must be obtained; for in this land of boasted plenty—this land flowing with milk and honey—"this land where money could be had for the picking up"—alas! the delusion!—Biddy M'Calloran was resolved her remaining little ones should not starve.

A single room in a crazy old building in New

York was procured, and they crowded into a hive already swarming with their disappointed and discontented countrymen. In the lapse of a few weeks the M'Calloran family was diminished by the decease of the grandparents, and near them, like a fresh bud, laid to wither beside a hoar and moss-grown trunk, they buried still another boy. This latter loss, however, was soon made up to them in the advent of a fat and chubby child, whose enjoyment, when out of the mother's arms, seemed perfect while engaged in examining his own wonderful little hands, so round, and soft, and plump, and dimpled.

With the birth of this boy, things seemed to take a more prosperous turn. Thaddeus, to be sure, had left all of the mushroom energy that had so suddenly sprung up before his emigration entirely behind; but he was still a very kind and docile husband, and a very fond and devoted father. Biddy resolved herself into a "Committee of Ways and Means," and her invention, like the invention of women in general, steadily kept pace with every novel emergency. She could find work for Thaddy when he could find none for himself—she could take washing and ironing for the gentle folks—alas! the swift whizzing of her dear wheel was silent—there was no spinning to be done in the land of her unwilling adoption. She could find "turns," and "jobs" and "chores" for Johnny and Kathleen. A very thrifty and notable dame was Bridget M'Calloran, by and by, when the keen edge of her sorrow and disappointment had been kindly time-blunted; and though her brow more frequently than of yore contracted frowningly, and her voice was sometimes elevated to a higher key than would be admissible in drawing-rooms, she managed to keep her house—if the plan of their abode might be dignified with the name—her husband, and her children, "in very nate and tidy thrim." They were abundantly patched, to be sure, with all sorts of colours, but never ragged or filthy; and if Bridget scolded and fretted, and "twitted" unwisely, she was, nevertheless, an excellent wife, a faithful mother, and a model in many things to her proverbially negligent countrywomen.

CHAPTER II.

"Come now, Biddy darlint," said Thaddy one evening when he came in from loitering in the streets, for he had found no work that day, though his wife had had no lack of washing and ironing—enough to make her feel worn and weary, for it was a sultry and suffocating evening in midsummer—and besides, the children had been unusually mischievous and troublesome, and Biddy's patience had ebbed down almost to the low-water mark. She was not, indeed, so even-tempered and gentle as she used to be in the deserted home in the "ould country," and when Thaddy came in this evening, he found things in a good deal of confusion. Mrs. M'Calloran was scolding boisterously—Kathleen was pouting and snivelling, and covering her summarily boxed ears with her hands—little Mike, with tearful eyes and an angry countenance, was rubbing off the smart which had not ceased to burn and tingle ever since a measure of salutary discipline had been administered by the strong, horny hands of his mother, in return for his snatching the candlestick from the baby—the baby was kicking and screaming out his resentment, although the snatched candlestick had been

restored—John had sought quiet in a corner, and with an earnest and thoughtful face, he was looking delightedly at an old torn picture-book, which he had the good fortune to pick up in the street.

"Come, Biddy, darlint," soothed Thaddy, "whether had'nt ye better give over your scoulding the childers a bit, and be aisy for a leetle! no good will happen for scoulding so much."

"An I reckon ye would be afther having as much scoulding yerself, Thaddy," retorted the irritated Mrs. McCalloran, "was ye tied up to the childers from morning to night, as their mither is, with all their mouths to fill besides! Why don't ye contrive something to plase 'em and keep 'em quiet, when niver a bit of nothing else have ye to do?"

"That's what I will, sure," returned Thaddy, sitting down on a chair, and summoning the children smilingly about him. "Come, Kathleen, and my little Mike, we'll have some sport that will dry up your tears and make ye look smiling and happy again."

The children were in a moment by his side, and he began the performance of some simple games and pranks, which very soon made Kathleen forget her red and stinging ears, and Mike the maltreatment he had suffered, in the childish heartiness of their merriment. The cloud passed away from Biddy's face, by and by, and she took up the baby in her arms, and sat down beside her husband, that baby too might join in the frolic and forget the grievances he had endured in the temporary loss of his most untoward plaything. But Johnny was too deeply absorbed in his old tattered worn-out picture-book, to be attracted even by the gleeful shouts that rung out from the circle so happily clustered together; at last, however, when he had looked it through and through, with ever-increasing admiration, he laid it aside, and with his bright face sparkling with pleasure, he drew into the group.

"I wish you could make pictures, father," at length he said.

"I can, sure, my son," replied Thaddy, "an' its picters that ye're afther wanting—anything to plase ye, darlint."

The children all fixed their wondering eyes upon him, as he took the candle from the table and placed it with the air of a magician in Kathleen's hands, that shadows might be cast more favourably on the opposite wall. They watched in amazement, the mysterious interlocking and hooking together of his fingers.

"Now look on the wall yonder," he said, "and let's see which of ye all will tell me first what kind of a crather ye see there!"

The children opened their eyes very wide and round, to take in the form and dimensions of the wonderful beast that was to be somehow inexplicably connected with the strange linking of their father's fingers. Ah! there it comes! A head, and eyes, and ears, and legs, just like some animal. But what is it?

"O, there's a rabbit on the wall!" shouted Johnny, clapping his hands. "How could ye make him, father?"

"A rabbit on the wall!" repeated Kathleen and Mike; and then they all united in a chorus of glad laughter, in which the baby sympathetically joined, screaming and crowing with a hearty enthusiasm, that won a loving smile to the face of his mother, and warned her to fold her arms more securely

about him, to save him from the danger of a sudden bound into the air, in the very excess of his simple enjoyment.

"What makes it, father? What?" earnestly inquired Johnny, as the rabbit still lay in bold relief on the wall.

"Nothing, sure, only the candle a shtraming through the fingers," replied his father. "Ye can do it yourself, boy—hook your fingers together, so, and hold 'em up 'twixt the light and the wall, and ye'll have a baste of yer own."

Johnny's education in casting shadows was more delightful to him than any lessons he had ever learned; all the remainder of the evening, till long after the eyes of the other children were fast locked in slumber, the fascinated boy amused himself by removing the light from place to place, to throw the shadow of everything in the room on the walls. He was astonished and puzzled with the different dimensions and shapes of the shadows, according to their different distances and positions, in relation to his little flickering luminary. Breathlessly inquisitive, Johnny sought of the ignorance of his parents the elucidation of the mystery; his mind had been suddenly quickened into vigorous action, and he was not enlightened with his father's explanation, drawn, to be sure, from the best stores of his philosophy—"that it was always so, and that there was niver a bit of rason for it, only it did so." The awakened intellect of the boy panted to know the laws and the principles which governed those changes; he wondered if anybody could render a more satisfactory explanation than his father had done; he wondered if there were any books in the world that told about shadows, and if there were, how ardently he longed to be a scholar, that he might lay up in his own heart such treasures of knowledge.

It was not until after repeated admonitions from his mother that Johnny McCalloran could be persuaded to bed; and then the inner chambers of his fancy were all hung about with shapes, and pictures, and faces, and varying shadows, which changed and flitted marvellously. There was a glow of light and beauty within, of which he had sometimes seen ill-defined and misunderstood glimpses before, when objects of beauty or sublimity had met his vision; but now the inner imagery seemed substantial, and he feared to open his eyes upon the darkness of his garret, lest the blessed sights should vanish irrecoverably away.

His dreams were but a continuation of his waking fancies; he saw over again, with renewed wonder, the rabbit on the wall, and, under his enchanted gaze, it seemed to unfold into a living, breathing, moving thing. Was it not the inexplicable, but spontaneous outbursting of an impulse, which, though vastly remote in its relationship, might yet claim kindred with the impulse which brought Pygmalion to the feet of his peerless Galatea, with a prayer that a form so divinely beautiful as the marble he had chiselled, might no longer be passionless and dead, but waken into the perfection of an actual existence?

From this hour, this battle-hour of his genius, as it were, the soul of the Irish boy seemed to rise above his condition, and to tabernacle within itself. The simple and puerile engagements of the childish mind lost all charm for him—he forgot the "chores" his mother required him to do at home—he forgot the tasks his teachers required

him to learn at school—and yet, somehow, he became, in a little while, both intelligent and ambitious beyond the measure of his years. He mastered the spelling book with incredible facility, and then he trod disdainfully the simple and rudimentary pathway which children are required to tread. His mind thirsted and clamoured for the inbreaking of a stronger and clearer light; but his parents were very poor and ignorant, and in the lowest social position; yes, and his teachers were poor and ignorant too, and he was left to pine under an inward famine, because nobody understood or could compound the nutriment which would have given him vigour. There were “immortal longings” in him—longings whose unfolding and maturing his poverty and low station seemed likely effectually to smother; but in the depths of his soul, a heaven-lit flame struggled to burn—a flame which must be self-consuming, or burst its way out into an element from which it could derive support and strength, and the quickening of a new inspiration.

John was very happy when he came in undisputed possession of a slate and pencil, all his own. Long before had he perfected himself in “charcoal sketches,” with the wall, the hearth, the pavement, for a canvass. Now, he would sit hour after hour, throwing upon his slate, singularly natural and graceful outlines of almost everything within the range of his vision. The faces of his parents, brothers, and sister, in their many varying expressions—the cat, the table, the tea-kettle, the chairs—fancy scenes, both serious and comic—groupings, rude and undirected by scientific principles, to be sure, but strangely perfect and original. The unequivocal exponents of a latent genius they were, and they seemed to rub off from the point of his pencil, and to take form and comeliness at his will.

His parents called him a “strange and techy child,” and his mother, fondly as she doated on him, began to chide him as an idle and useless boy—good for very little or nothing, when the family were for ever in such need. His father, who was himself a worshipper of ease and idleness, had, nevertheless, a strong anxiety that John should be useful, and by his industry fill up the vacancies in the family treasury, left by his own constitutional indolence. Thaddy not unfrequently threatened to demolish the offending slate, peremptorily forbade so much good-for-nothing scribbling, and reproved his son with a severity which brought a new light into the eye of the child, and summoned to his high and open forehead a fierce and angry knitting, before which his father sometimes involuntarily quailed, but whose true import he was too simple and ignorant to read or to interpret. Within him was an embryo spirit full of lofty thought, undefined and impalpable purposes—spectral purposes they were, with only a shadowy and vague delineation, confused and mystic to his own, as well as to the apprehension of his parents. Pity but that some “John Williamson,” with Quaker solemnity, might have stood up in kind vindication of the inspiration with which the Irish child seemed endowed, arguing to the dark and insensitive, but superstitious minds of his parents, that “God hath bestowed on the youth a genius, and can we believe that Omnipotence bestows his gifts, but for great purposes? What God has given, who shall dare to throw away? Let us not estimate Almighty Wisdom by

our notions: be assured we see an impulse of the Divine hand, operating toward some high and beneficent end!”—perhaps a kind of reverence might have been aroused for their gifted son; but John was the son of poor, unknown, degraded Irish emigrants, and the demands of the corporeal, the gnawings of appetite, were far more clamorous and imperative than the irrepressible aspirations of the spiritual. That was a matter wholly intangible by gross understandings; they did fully realize that the body must be fed, or starve; they knew nothing of a kindred, but a loftier truth, that the mind, with its marvellous hungerings and thirstings, must be nourished too, or it will starve.

They, naturally enough, lost all forbearance for John's idle propensities, as they imagined them, and hired him out, at a good chance, to clean gutters and watch swine;—low and loathsome drudgery, from which the high soul of the boy recoiled and revolted, and, by and by, after storms of hard words between father and son, and an unmerciful whipping for his obstinacy and rebellion, John's share of the potatoes was left to increase the rations of the other hungry mouths—John's straw pallet in the garret—the dearest place in the house to him, for it had been turned into an incipient studio—was untenanted, and he had disappeared, nobody knew whither.

At first they passionately cursed their ungrateful child for his desertion, just as his labour began to be productive, and the possession of him a benefit—and then came a not unnatural transition of feeling, and they grieved over his absence and unknown fate, more bitterly than they would have grieved to lay him peacefully at rest in the burial-place.

CHAPTER III.

The years which followed,—years in which no tidings came of the runaway son—were years of wretchedness indeed to the M'Calloran family. Thaddeus became confirmed in his habits of indolence—he contracted, moreover, vicious and ruinous appetites—wasted Biddy's laboriously gained pittance at the tippling houses—swaggered, and swore, and rioted in the streets—raved, quarrelled, or slept, at home—a miserable, loathsome, bloated victim of intemperance. With such a fire kindled at the root of domestic happiness, no wonder Biddy grew negligent, and irritable, and violent, under the abuse she endured, and the sufferings and burdens she was forced to bear. Biddy M'Calloran was born with a gentle heart—drunkenness was a vice she abhorred and could by no means pardon, especially when it took the bread from the mouths of her children, and turned her home, low and poor as it was at best, into a haunt for a foul imbruted creature, who was her torment rather than her helpmate. She hated everything in life, except the swarm of meagre, squalid, tattered children, that kept continually increasing around her—a scarcity of everything else, there were children enough—and she prayed passionately to the saints, that she might die, only that her eyes longed for one more sight of her “swate and darling Johnny, an' he were yet above ground.”

Darkness had thus settled heavily about the household of the emigrant; when one morning in the midst of a noisy altercation between Thaddeus and Biddy for the possession of a sixpence, the last they could command, a stranger suddenly

halted before the door. Hostilities were suspended to look at him, for he stood long and silently gazing at the combatants, as if he were rivetted to the ground whereon his feet rested. He was a young man of commanding appearance, and his whole figure exhibited those grand and manly proportions, which might serve as a model for the chiselling of an Adam in Paradise. His hair was dark and swept carelessly back from a very white forehead—his eyes were blue, and wore a strangely spiritual expression—and the lower part of his fine face was concealed by a profuse growth of black whiskers. The children, boys and girls of all sizes, from a lad of fourteen or fifteen, down to a "toddling babby," had taken to flight, or been ejected from the door in the warmth of the contention within, and there they were, fraternizing harmoniously with boon companions—the swine that were lolling and grunting in the sunshine. Instinctively, they gathered about their naked legs the fragments of their rent garments, and then stole timidly up to the stranger, to stare in his face with eyes and mouths inquisitively open. The pigs, and dogs, and cats, and poultry in the immediate neighbourhood, seemed drawn by the same magnetism, and ranged themselves in an indiscriminate cluster about him—the swine and dogs erecting their lean noses inquiringly and ruffling their filth-laden bristles—the poultry expressing their sense of the advent of a stranger by stealthy upward glances, and a chorus of continuous cacklings. The visitor kicked a few of the lower animals aside, to open for himself a pathway to the door, and then laying his large white hand on the head of the eldest boy, he said,

"Can you tell me who lives here, my boy? What is your name?"

"Tommy McCalloran," replied the lad, thrusting his fingers into his mouth.

"And are these your father and mother?"

"Why don't ye beg something of the gentleman, Tommy?" interposed Mrs. McCalloran. "Plase, yer honour, we are all starving—all starving," she emphasized, "for the reason that Thaddy McCalloran there, is such a lazy dhrunken baste of a husband."

Thaddy fixed his stupid eyes on his wife, and was about to retort, when the stranger stepped within the door and inquired of Biddy, without noticing her husband,

"Are these *all* your children?"

"No, yer honour, not all. Kathleen is away off in the country at sarvice, and she spends all her gains in finery, the hussy, instead of helping her poor mither a bit," replied Biddy. And then in a lower voice she added, "There *was* our swate Johnny—our darling eldest boy—the child of his mither's heart. But something bewitched him, like, and he took to ways we didn't understand, and now he's gone—ah! more'n twelve long years! I reckon he's among the saints in heaven!" The long sealed fountain of tears burst open, and the mother wept.

There was a sudden retreat of the blood from the stranger's cheek and lip—an expression of marked agony swept swiftly across his face, and he wiped the perspiration from his forehead. The mother resumed her family history in a moment.

"We laid little Mike, the darlint, in the churchyard yonder, where ye see the blessed cross—and we buried three boys in the big waters when

we came from the ould country. Alack-a-day," she continued, dashing off the streaming tears from her cheeks with her rough and brawny hand, "we were happy in Ireland, but sure we're wretched enough here—Ameriky may be a good country for them that belongs here, but it's sure a wretched place for the like of us!"

"You seem to be wretched," replied the visitor kindly; "what can be done for you?"

"I can bear anything but that my innocent childers should starve," said Biddy, casting a frowning glance at her husband; "it was only a wee morsel I could give them for breakfast, and niver a bit have I tasted myself!"

"Should you be thankful to have all their wants supplied, and would *he* be a man again?" said the stranger, pointing his long finger at Thaddy, who by this time had melted into a fit of silly weeping. "I love your country, and I can do you good—will you promise me, Thaddy McCalloran, to be a sober man, and a kind husband and father, if I furnish your table with food, and your children with clothing!"

The whole family stared at the visitor with mute surprise, and overawed by his vehemence, Thaddy uttered an audible "Yes!"

"Then I promise, that before the sunsetting, this miserable and grief-worn woman with her children shall be decently apparelled, and there shall be no want of food in your hovel. Besides," he added, taking some mysterious-looking little printed papers from his pocket, and handing them to Biddy—"I came to invite you to an entertainment to-night, at — Hall. Will you keep sober and bring Biddy before eight o'clock?"

By this time the inside of the Irish hovel was quite a scene of excitement. Hostilities had entirely ceased between the husband and wife, and the children had summoned boldness to approach the stranger, and by actual examination, discover if he were really "live flesh and blood," or a spirit. They investigated his hat, his boots, his broadcloth, his gloves, and his seals—they pulled his handkerchief from his pocket, and quarrelled for his cane. Astonishment had brought Thaddy back into a somewhat more rational condition, and he was ready to make a thousand promises, if so many had been required of him.

The visitor departed, but he was true to his word. Before night the whole family were tidily washed and clad, and had become the envy of all their ragged and less fortunate neighbours; and such a dinner—such a plentiful dinner, as that day came to their heretofore scanty and miserable board—surely never had the young McCallorans dreamed of so many luxuries. Biddy's eyes overflowed with tears, and she declared their benefactor could be none other than St. Patrick himself, come down from heaven to visit them.

The evening came, and after a variety of bribes and some more decided "suasion," Tommy was induced to mind all the younger children, while their father and mother went away. With lighter hearts than they had carried in their bosoms, since they came to America, the Irish emigrant and his elated wife walked peaceably, even lovingly, through the streets, till they reached the entrance of — Hall. A gentleman at the door received their tickets, and politely ushered them into a room, so lofty and so large, and so splendidly illuminated with dazzling gas-lights, that they were bewildered with surprise and curious wonder. Amidst

all the throng that densely crowded the room, gazing admiringly at an array of exquisitely delineated landscapes, solitary figures, and groupings of human beings, so perfect, one might almost fancy they were living and breathing on the canvass, the stranger who had visited the McCallorans in the morning, spied the shrinking and diffident pair, and made his way through the crowd of beauty and fashion to their side. Cordially shaking hands with them as if they had been old acquaintances, he expressed the satisfaction he felt that they had kept their word to him, and then he tried to relieve their embarrassment and confusion, by leading them from picture to picture, and explaining one after another, with an enthusiasm which absorbed their attention and excited their amazement, far more than the wonderful genius embodied in the scenes to which he sought to attract them. He managed to keep them engaged till nearly all the visitors had arrived, and then he led them to a picture which had been concealed by drapery, and placing them before it, he stepped a few paces aside to watch the working of their countenances as they gazed, while large drops of perspiration gathered on his forehead.

The painting represented a family group, consisting of a mild and happy-looking father and mother, surrounded by four joyous children. The fingers of the father were curiously interlocked, and the eldest boy was gazing with rapt earnestness on the shadow which fell from his father's fingers, and took the form of a rabbit on the opposite wall.

Thaddeus and Bridget stared intently at the vision. O how the scroll of memory suddenly sundered its clasps, and unrolled itself far back into the pages of the past! Bridget drew her hand across her eyes, as if she would clear away the mists from her dizzy recollection, and then sinking down under the weight of her emotion, she said, softly,

"There is yer own self, when ye were my swateheart, in the days when we were young and happy, Thaddy McCalloran, and there is our swate Johnny, and there is—yes, there is the very baste that bewitched him! and there is my little dead Mike! D'ye see them, Thaddy? Are they spirits? O, I must clasp them?"

Before her husband had time to reply, she was folded to the stranger's heart.

"You are my mother!" he said, with quivering voice. "O, how I loved, and still love my mother! You do not recognise in me, your runaway John, and yet I am the same. Dear mother, dear father, the child whose genius was wakened into life by that rabbit on our cottage wall, who broke from your control, because he was forced away by his unconquerable aspirations, who has been as dead to you these many years, now stands before you, and God has given him the will and the means to make all your future life calm and happy! Look at me, mother—am I not your son?"

The recognition at the royal court of the Pharaoh's could not have been tenderer or more melting; and, in the course of a few days, John McCalloran, the artist, seated himself, with his polished and graceful manners, amidst the rude and uncultivated group with whom he claimed consanguinity, in the neat and comfortable home which he had provided for them. He related to

his parents, in simple language, how he stole on board a vessel bound to London—how he obtained, after a while, some menial employment in a picture gallery—how he worshipped the power which could throw such lifelike and glowing things upon inanimate canvass—how he felt the same unquenchable genius flashing up in his own bosom—how many strange and sad vicissitudes he had encountered and conquered—how he served an Irish gentlewoman for his daily bread—how she discovered and fostered his genius, and with munificent generosity sent him to Italy, where the peerless chisellings of Praxiteles and Phidias, Canova and Michael Angelo, and the immortal productions of Raphael's inspired pencil, had been his study—how the beautiful pictures they had seen were the creations of his own artistic skill—how the scene of the rabbit on the wall, years ago enacted within their humble cottage, had burned itself vividly into his memory, and haunted him till he could no longer forbear throwing it upon the canvass—and how he had money enough to make them all happy, if they were virtuous. The parents forgave the runaway boy the years of sorrow and anxiety his absence had caused, and wept over him showers of tears—tears of pride and joy, and unutterable affection! Yes, and with the influx of such new happiness, the demons of vice and discontent flapped their dusky wings and flew away, and the Irish home became the abode of virtue, prosperity, and peace.

I N K.

BY THE REV. SIDNEY DYER.

O THOU dark reservoir! to thee
Poet and sage have bowed the knee,
And with thy ebon flood have sought
To bind the airy wings of thought.
And when, obedient to his will,
Thou tricklest from the Poet's quill,
Mysteriously thy drops of night
Gleam with the purest rays of light.

With thee he paints the gorgeous ray,
Which melts along the verge of day,
Or, mellowed down to softer light,
The moon and crinkling waves at night;
Another touch, and every star,
Like glimpse of angels distant far,
From out thy midnight bursts, to shine—
Mysterious Ink, what power is thine!

The fairest flowers beneath thy trace
Glow on the eye with richer grace,
And o'er the landscape's brightest scene,
Thy spirit sheds a fresher green.
The varied hues of autumn's hour
Blush deeper tints beneath thy power,
And Winter's crystal robe of snow
Receives new lustre from thy flow.

The Poet, doomed to beg for bread,
Without a place to rest his head,
Yet all the while he drew from thee
The wealth of Immortality!
The proudest kings have passed away,
Their rock-hewn tombs have met decay,
But brightest on the rolls of fame
Still shines that beggar Poet's name.

The Bard, with eyes of rayless sight
From out thy darkness drew the light;

on
d,
ic-
er
ng
ne
yn
es
ne
ad
ad
re
s,
al
en
ad
—
go
ed
m
on
to
s.
of
ad
le
h
of
d
le



LEIGH HUNT.

And while the earth was all unseen,
He pierced the skies with vision keen,
And caught the strains which angels sing;
The world look on most wondering
To see thee flow, as to their eyes
The Bard restores "Lost Paradise."

Let Avarice dig for golden ore,
Or 'neath the wave for pearls explore;
Ambition seek for high renown,
And wade through blood to grasp a crown;
But while I have the power to fill
From thy dark fount my "gray goose quill,"
I'll seek my honour, wealth, in thee,
And live content with destiny.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE claim of Leigh Hunt to be enrolled and cherished among the elect, the poets of the world, may rest, had he written nothing else, upon those brief lines, which a high authority has declared, "will live a thousand years," and if a thousand years, then for ever; and which we make haste to quote, assured that, enriched with such a gem, the present article, slight as it may be, will possess a positive value.

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
And to the presence in the room, he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the
Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerly still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had
blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

The sentiment of this pure poem is an ancient and world-wide truth. The two great commandments are mingled into one; and then was language ever more musical? How delicious to the ear, the discord in the fourth line! How mysterious and indefinable the angelic presence! How complete its vanishing! How grand its reappearance! How the returning light floods and awakens the soul, and leaves it bathed in an exceeding peace! The poet, to whom such a vision has been accorded, may well afford to look upon life, with all its struggles and sorrows, with a loving and benignant spirit. So long as we have known them, we have felt that the writer of these lines, amidst all the miserable jangle of politics with which his name has been associated, still dwelt apart; and however in the necessary scramble for bread, he may have come in collision with the world, he was fed all the while upon angels food.

We sat down with the intention of attempting a regular magazine article. But we shall do no

such thing. We don't know how. We have only a word or two to say in a rambling sort of way. Leigh Hunt has long been one of our favourites. We know that there is a peculiarity in his poetry, which looks like affectation. Its simplicity is oftentimes too simple. Still he has attractions that we miss in many of higher name. We fancy that, some hundred years hence, he will be quoted as one of the choicest of the old poets. Has the reader ever read his "Song and Chorus of the Flowers?" We have never met with it anywhere but in the *Book of Gems* for 1838. How it teems and overflows with richness! It is itself a wilderness of flowers, and the sight is dazzled, and all one's sense intoxicated with perfumes.

His prose is not so striking. The "Indicator" cannot be ranked with Elia. Still, he has said many good things in prose. When we meet them, we wish he had put them in verse, and sung them to us. They furnish subjects for versifiers.

He was born in 1784, and is now, of course, 67 years old, and his hair, it is said, is white as snow; so that the print on page five cannot presume to give us any idea of him as he is. He belongs in part to this side of the water. His mother was an American, a Shewell of Philadelphia. His father was a Tory in the Revolution, and suffered for his loyalty. But for his history, let our reader consult his autobiography, published last year by the Harpers.

We should like to see a handsome edition of his poems published here in Philadelphia, where it should be. And if he could derive some advantage from it, it would be all the better.

NEW ENGLAND SUPERSTITIONS.

HEADLESS JACK.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

Two centuries ago, the belief in witches and witchcraft was common in New England. Those notions passed away. Faith in ghosts and supernatural sights was more enduring. Forewarnings of death, and fortune-telling, are still popular in some sections of the country. Haunted houses are still to be found, and a few old nursery tales, reinforced by works of the character of the "Flying Dutchman," and some of Dickens's Christmas tales, tend to perpetuate these superstitions. Stories of the olden time, whose issues would rival the terrors of Bluebeard, or the catastrophes of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, are still associated with some of the most romantic spots in creation. The following is an attempt to chronicle a legend, and, at the same time, to represent the disastrous effects of allowing superstitious belief to retain, perhaps I should rather say regain, its destructive ascendancy over the human mind.

Thirty years ago, in one of the most picturesque towns in New England, stood a venerable family mansion. It was a large old-fashioned house, or rather pile of irregular buildings, with wings and gables thrown up at different times, and perhaps by different proprietors, with more attention to present convenience than to orders of architecture or *toute ensemble*, and dating back to the ante-revolutionary era. Huge stone chimneys peered from the spreading roofs, which, with the rear of the building, were of a sombre red, while all those portions with a front exposure were of a sombre

white, and, in later times, furnished with blinds of a sombre green.

The interior was even more sombre than the exterior; for, beside the general gloom of the spacious rooms, from which every ray of sunlight was carefully excluded, the ministering spirits of the place were half a dozen sombre old maids, with coal-black hair and coal-black eyes, demure as death, or their own superannuated watch-dog. The highroad ran along a narrow defile in front of the house. A rugged hill rose in the rear, whose shelving sides and gray summit were covered with an irregular growth of whortleberry, white birch, dwarfed oak, and shrubbery of various species. Far below the house, on the other side of the turnpike, and quite at the base of the hill, ran a river of considerable size, dashing noisily over the irregular fragments of rock, with which its bed was thickly strewn, while in the door-yard of the mansion stood a brace of aged pines, through the tops of which the night-winds sighed wailingly, reminding the passer-by of scenes of anguish and fear.

It was a "haunted house."

In it, it was said, in fearful undertones, there was a closet which had never been opened since the death of its possessor. In a certain chamber, at a certain season of the year, on a certain night—whether before Christmas or after, tradition did not certainly decide—voices were wont to be heard, tones of expostulation, strugglings, and throttled breathings, ominous silence, muttered curses, and solitary footsteps. True, the family residing there heard nothing of all this, and some who had visited them, and lived there for months together, averred that they had never heard anything strange, yet the multitude not only believed the tale, but the still more improbable tradition with which it was uniformly connected. The circumstances narrated, were as follows:—

Mr. G., the once wealthy proprietor of an estate, that, in its day, was a model of elegance and taste, had owned slaves, until they were freed by the gradual action of the emancipation laws of the state in which he resided. "Old Jack," once a useful and favourite domestic, was a superannuated survivor of most of his fellows, and had now become, in his age and helplessness, decidedly burdensome to his penurious master. During the cold New England winters, Jack was sent to the garret to sleep, where, with scanty covering and the severity of the season, it is no wonder if rheumatisms thickened upon him, and rendered him not only daily more and more helpless, but increasingly troublesome. Perhaps the griping landlord of the extensive domain was not without the hope that some lucky frost would put an end to old Jack, and thus free him from a burden and expense so entirely useless. But death, if he ever intended to kill the poor old negro in that way, was, to the hard-hearted G. at least, perplexingly slow in executing his mission. Jack, though he slept cold enough, was frost proof, and adhered to life, miserable as it was, with a tenacity worthy of better days, and fuller communion with life's benefits.

One unusually severe night, when the winds were howling portentously through the old pines, and whirling eddies of snow against the closely shuttered windows, a bright fire blazed within the parlour grate at a late hour in the evening, and combined, with the half-consumed candles on

the workstand, to throw into every nook of the well-furnished room, a brightness and warmth that contrasted cheerfully with the chill and darkness of the howling, dreary night without.

Two persons sat there alone. They were old G. and his wife. The former reposed his slippered feet on the top of the brightly polished fender, and dozed over the last number of "The Courant," one of the few periodicals published in the state in the times of which we write. His was a stout-built, athletic frame, though past the prime of life. In his countenance reigned repulsiveness, violence, moroseness and tyranny, heightened by the perpetual stimulus of the habitual use of brandies, wines, and other intoxicating mixtures, so prevalent at that day. The well-loaded sideboard displayed its glittering array of excipients, on the evening of which we speak, and a pitcher of domestic cider, that stood on the workstand at his right, had shared equally with the paper which he held in his hand, in the attentions of the savage G. Whether he was waking or sleeping, it was difficult to tell.

The falling of a brand roused his wife, who sat quietly at work, on the opposite side of the little table. Laying down her knitting, she took up the glittering tongs, and laid together the scattered fragments of the fire, which, as if grateful for her attentions, returned a glow of warmth and brightness that thrilled her whole system with pleasure as she resumed her seat. A chilly sensation succeeded almost instantly, however, as a loud blast without reminded her of the horrors of the night, and then her thoughts wandered instinctively over the various parts of the great house of which she was mistress. Her eye fell on the doors of the comfortable apartments in which her children nestled in beds of down, and dreamed pleasant dreams, totally unconscious of the elemental war raging without. She thought of her domestics in the chambers, comfortably cared for, or capable of making provision for themselves. Association led her to the garret, and she thought of Jack. His comfortless condition rose upon her imagination, and affected her heart. He had been a faithful servant in other days, and deserved not such treatment now. Aware of the tyrannical and overbearing temper of her spouse, she had not hitherto ventured to speak in his behalf, but at this point, duty seemed to urge her to raise the voice of remonstrance. After a pause, she said, timidly,

"My dear, are you not afraid Jack will freeze to death in that cold garret, this stormy night?"

"And what if he does?" growled old G., partially rousing from his torpor at the sound of her voice. "How can I help it? The old fool has slept there these forty winters, and if he chooses to freeze, after having had so long to get used to the temperature, it is his business, and not mine."

"But, Mr. G.," resumed his wife, mildly, "the garret, you know, is getting old as well as Jack. When he was younger, our house newer, and the garret tighter, he could bid defiance to winds and snows; but he is old now, and the winds whistle about his gray head through many a chink and cranny, rent by time. Besides, several panes of glass are wanting to the window, at the head of his bed, and the roof is getting open and leaky about the chimney, next which he lies."

"I wish the town would make provision for its poor," returned the husband, petulantly. "I see no reason why I should be saddled with the main-

tenance of a worthless wretch, who does nothing but eat, and sleep, and fret, and complain, and make doctor's bills. Jack has not earned the salt in his porridge these five years, and my purse has been perpetually drained for liniments for his villanous rheums."

"You know, my dear, that the emancipation laws have devolved on us the exclusive charge of his maintenance," returned his wife.

"A curse on the emancipation laws and their rascally framers," thundered old G., with rising wrath. "They have taken out of my hands the services and labours of useful servants, and have entailed upon me the support of the worn-out and good-for-nothing. A dozen good strong-limbed young negroes on the place, would do something toward the support of these old, lazy, worn-out, good-for-nothing drudges."

"But, my love, has not Jack paid for himself by the services of former years? Has he not been a faithful domestic, and should he be allowed to suffer in his old age?"

"Paid for himself! curse him, no! There's not one in a thousand of the woolly tribe that earns his living. All they think of, is to fill themselves, and care not how much waste they make. They are an actual expense all their lives, and fall like a dead weight on the estate in old age. I shall go mad if this lasts much longer."

"You ought, however, to listen to the dictates of humanity, it seems to me," replied Mrs. G., with a boldness of tone that startled her even more than the voice of old G. as he roared in reply.

"By heavens! it has come to a pretty pass if a woman is to assume the reins and teach me how to manage my affairs. Dictates of humanity! What have the dictates of humanity to do with an old, worn out, soulless 'nigger,' who is eating me out of house and home, and putting never a penny into my pocket in return!"

Mrs. G. said no more, but sat silently quailing before the storm she had unintentionally raised, while her raging better half rose and strode about the room, under the sway of his volcanic passions, his teeth set, and eyes flashing, as if wrought up to the execution of some fearful deed. Becoming suddenly calmer, he stepped to the sideboard, poured out and tossed off half a tumbler of brandy, and continued in tones that to his trembling wife had lost nothing of their terribleness,

"Yes, he will die, I fear! Give me a light, Mrs. G. I'll attend to his case; he shall repose like a prince!" and seizing a candle he stalked out of the parlour with a malicious scowl upon his excited features, from which his terrified companion augured anything but good to the subject of her well-meant interposition. She would not have dared to follow, had her failing strength allowed, and she could only listen with dreadful apprehension to the retiring footsteps of her passionate spouse, as he mounted rapidly to the top of the house. In ten minutes' time, old Jack was roused from his slumbers—if he had been asleep,—hurried, half naked, from his dreary garret, conducted under the spur of the commands of his capricious lord, to the parlour chamber,—furnished with the massive mahogany furniture of the last age—and here compelled to imbed his aged limbs in the fine linen and mountain of down, overhung with tapestry, fringed with purple and gold, which constituted what was

then technically termed "the best bed," the pride of the lady of every well-furnished family mansion in New England. This much, Mrs. G. made out from below, and her spirits rallied again under the conviction that her benevolent intentions had thus ludicrously been more than realized in the case of suffering Jack. And, woman-like, she cared but little for the temporary derangement of the shrine of household hospitality, could she thereby serve the calls of humanity, though she could not help smiling involuntarily at the cruel caricature thus enacted at her expense. In ten minutes more she was rejoined by her brutal spouse.

"There!" said he, as he entered the parlour and replaced the light upon the work-table, with a hand still trembling with passion, "if the shivering old dolt does not sleep soundly to-night, it will be no fault of yours, Mrs. G., who have furnished him with such comfortable lodgings, and no fault of mine, who have taken the liberty to give him the sole occupancy."

And after another long pull at the contents of one of the elegant ornaments of the sideboard, he retired to bed, where even the fumes of his favourite beverage did not save him from restless slumbers; and more than once was his timid companion startled from the state of troubled, dreamy wakefulness in which she passed the night, by awful curses muttered between his grinding teeth. It was a fearful night!

Next morning the old negro was found stone dead by the astonished domestics, enveloped in the snowy coverings of the crimson tapestried couch in the great chamber. Mrs. G. turned pale at the intelligence, but suppressed her emotions, whatever they were, and said nothing. She preserved a strict silence in regard to the matter to the day of her death. Old G. made light of it. "He was sorry," he said, "the old fool was so ungrateful as to die just as he had been made as comfortable as a President."

There were no external marks of violence on the person of the old negro. It was no sign of strangulation that he was black in the face. The limbs presented the composure of quiet sleep, the whites of the eye were conspicuous as usual, and the huge under-jaw, stiffened in the position in which it seemed to have fallen in the mortal agony, betrayed a monstrous cavity, which, however well it might formerly have been stockaded, presented now no special temptation to the dentist or dealer in ivory.

The impression among the "people of colour" was, that old G. strangled Jack in Mrs. G.'s best bed, in the midst of the tapestried chamber; and thenceforth the tapestried chamber became an object of terrible and mysterious curiosity and perpetual dread. It availed nought that next morning old G., with his own hands, nailed together a rough box, tumbled into it rudely the stiffened limbs of his ancient domestic, harnessed a span of fiery horses, covered them with strings of bells, laid the rough coffin athwart the sleigh, mounted it like a riding-box, and drove with merry jingling and furious speed through town, and privately sold the body of the old slave to the sexton, to be resold to the resurrectionist. If anything, his levity served to strengthen the suspicions already afloat.

He died a few months after, and his secret, if he had any, died with him. The most tangible

evidence of the horrid deed, which under-current rumour laid to his charge, was the mysterious intimation that on the anniversary of the night of old Jack's princely lodgment, particularly if Boreas remembered to send a storm on the occasion, sounds of struggling, throttlings and death were distinctly to be heard in the tapestried chamber; and there is no telling now but that if old G. had lived long enough, he might have been taken up and executed upon the testimony of these supernatural visitants.

Forty rods below the house, as the ghost must needs appear out of doors as well as in, is a narrow defile in the highroad, between masses of rock piled high on either side, dimly shaded by day and veiled from starlight at night by huge overspreading sycamores, whose branches, interlocking above, form a beautiful natural arcade. This really romantic spot was a favourite resort for old Jack while he lived, and here it was fitting certainly that he should make his visits from the land of shades.

Some said he was headless.

This would add to the terrors of the tale, but would ill comport with the rumoured mode of his exit, unless indeed the old fellow had taken a fancy, at a certain stage of proceedings, to roam hither from the dissecting-table.

Anyhow, it used to be considered by all the lads in the parish, a feat, as essential as it was daring, to wait upon the girls who lived in that direction, quite through the "rocky pass," even at the risk of encountering the ghost of "Headless Jack." It was convenient to go in crowds, whenever parties of pleasure were located in that direction.

But woe betide the luckless wight that chance compelled to venture through the pass with a damsel, however lovely or beloved, if he had before him the terrible prospect of being obliged to come back alone. True, he said "good evening" with a fine voice, and marched across "the chips" with the air of a Buena Vista hero; but as soon as darkness had cleverly concealed his retiring form from the lingering gaze of his dulcinea, fear set spurs into every available muscle, and he shot through "rocky pass" like a locomotive through a mountain tunnel, nearly dead with fright, lest "Headless Jack" should trip his heels, or interpose between him and the ghost-laying spell of society and home.

Then, to burst open the door, and rush in upon the family, with a heart palpitating in double quick time, a face pale as a barrel of chalk, with every particular hair standing on end, and panting for dear life,—while father,—mother,—brothers,—sisters,—aunts,—and cousins cry out—all in a breath, "What is the matter?"—how exceedingly awkward to assume an air of indifference, and pant out, "O, nothing!—running a little—out of breath—been down street—(what a whopper!) Who would go up stairs to bed without a light after such an adventure? Who would fail to terrify the whole family with a screech or two in a fit of nightmare, in which "Headless Jack" figured conspicuously? Who could help feeling a little pale at breakfast next morning, and secretly, though devoutly, wishing all the girls in Texas or purgatory?

Well would it have been if this had been the only evil effect of this luckless belief. It is ours to chronicle a more disastrous result of a faith

once common, but now rapidly passing to its place among the omens and dreams and preternatural visitations of a former age. We will do it as briefly as possible.

It was at the close of a winter day in 18—; the ground was still bare after the "Christmas thaw." A fête upon a small scale had been given in a neighbourhood a mile distant from our village, and at its conclusion, George B., and the beautiful Ellen S., were returning homeward at a late hour. The sky was overcast, and fitful gusts sougled heavily through the pines as the pair approached the haunted dwelling of old G. It was near the reported time of the annual visitation of Jack, and the anxious glance of Ellen toward the rickety blinds of the once tapestried chamber, revealed her fears lest this might be the night in which the ghost would make his appearance. The sighings of the wind sounded in her ear like human wailings, and she clung closely to George as she fancied that a light flashed upon her vision from one of the upper windows of the dark and silent mansion. George, who did not partake of the fears of his companion, mistook these indications of fear for those of affection, and returned the embrace of the shrinking girl with interest. Much depends in matters of belief upon mothers, and the training of Ellen and George had been perfectly antipodes. The mother of the former weakly believed the nursery and colonial traditions of former days; the parent of the latter was a strong-minded woman, who, if her convictions were not thoroughly settled upon these points, had the good sense and strength of purpose to repress her feelings, and to educate her children to the fear of no apparitions worse than the terrors of an evil conscience. Ellen was not unaware of the difference in their styles of thinking, and she gathered courage from the consciousness of the presence of such a companion. Nevertheless, she suddenly changed the whole tenor of their conversation, which had hitherto ran on indifferent topics, by asking in a tone of earnest inquiry,

"Do you believe in ghosts, George?"

"Not I, indeed," said George, just now beginning to comprehend the evident agitation of his fair companion; "but you do, El, and as this is the right time of year, and this the right place, I should not wonder if we were to tilt with old headless woolly-head before we get through the pass yonder." And the youth laughed at the conceit till the precipices rang again. The retiring echoes only increased the fears of his timid charge, and she added,

"Don't, George, treat the subject so lightly; I confess myself a believer, and think that I have good grounds for my faith."

"I suppose," said George, suppressing the sneer which certainly would have tinged his expression, had he been replying to a male companion, "you believe the stories about old Frank Drake, the fortune-teller, who consulted a dried frog hanging in the chimney-corner, concerning the destinies of all the love-lorn maids, young and old, in town, and whose fiddle, it was said, played jigs in his great chest, for an hour after the old necromancer had breathed his last, while nobody present dared to raise the lid and look in; so that to this hour, it is uncertain whether the company were indebted to Drake, or the devil, for the music with which the old cheat danced into the presence of his Satanic majesty."

"O, George," returned Ellen, "do talk more seriously about these matters. I have been brought up to believe them and almost to place them on a level with the truths of the Bible."

"And I have been brought up," said George, "to regard them as the relics of the superstitions of a bygone age. Nevertheless, for your sake, I will treat the subject a little more seriously, though one can hardly repress a smile, at least I cannot, Ellen, while I listen to old aunt Lucy E., telling about a light flashing across the front door-yard, the night before she received news of the death of her mother; old Jonathan D., who dropped dead in a fit, being followed all the way from the wood, where he been chopping all day, by an image of himself in a carter's frock with an axe on his shoulder,—and granny W. watching at the bedside of her niece; how, while the girl was quietly sleeping, the bed-clothes appearing to slide off on to the floor with a great rustling, the bustling old lady lighted a candle and found them all in their places and undisturbed; from that hour she gave her niece up to die! With such tales as these, Ellen, I could fill a volume; but who believes them?"

"There may be more truth in them than you are willing to admit, George," said Ellen; "it is certain that aunt H.'s brindle cow lowed three times under the chamber window, the day before her little Henry was taken with fever, and that a strange dog howled dreadfully in our doorway on the very night that the mail brought a letter sealed with black from the widow of my dear cousin Edward, who left this world so suddenly."

"Pshaw!" said George in spite of himself, "such tales are of a piece with the story of 'Headless Jack,' and the 'red woollen night-cap.'"

"What of the red woollen night-cap?" interrupted Ellen, "I don't remember to have heard of it."

"If you had, you never would have forgotten it. It is of the same character with all other tales of ghosts and haunted houses. You have seen the old gray house at the base of the large hill, a little to the east of the village. It is tenanted, whenever it can be rented at all, by worthless families, who can get no other shelter. Well—that too, like the proud mansion we have just passed, is a 'haunted house.' It was owned, during the revolutionary war, by a tavern-keeping doctor. A traveller who put up with him at night, and who was reputed to have brought a large sum of money from a privateering expedition, was nowhere to be found when morning came. The suspicion of foul play fastened upon the landlord, and ever since his death, those who occupy the premises aver that once during the year, at a certain hour of the night, the doors all fly open, the ghost of the old doctor, with a red woollen night-cap on his head, and a butcher-knife in one hand and a dim candle in the other, passes from one chamber to another, and directly after is heard a tumbling sound, as of a body tumbling heavily down stairs."

At this point in the narrative, to which Ellen was listening with more absorbing interest than George was aware of—an interest not at all abated by the ill-concealed sarcasm that dwelt on his tones, or his avowed infidelity respecting the whole matter—both were suddenly startled by an apparition, a few rods ahead, slowly evolving its tall white form from one of the many angles of the "rocky pass," and crossing the road delibe-

ately a few rods in front of the approaching couple. Whether the terror-stricken girl suppressed any audible expression of fear through instinctive deference to her sceptical attendant, or whether fright had palsied the organs of utterance, it is certain that she only murmured, "Headless Jack!" and sank fainting into the arms of her protector.

"Headless DEVIL!" imprecated George, as he received and bore up from the cold ground, his precious burden. "It is nothing, I assure you, Ellen, it is nothing—a white horse, or some villain with a sheet wrapped about him."

He spoke to unheeding ears. Ellen was senseless. With the speed of thought, George gently laid her head on her own soft muff, and buttoning his fur collared and seven-caped great coat more closely about him, he hastily loosened a handful of small boulders from the frozen road, with which the soil of New England is so thickly strewn, and leaped the fence, in frantic pursuit of the object that had excited the terrors of his half dead companion. On it glided, just about so far ahead of him, until, after crossing a narrow strip of meadow land, he stood on the borders of the river, and found that his ghostship had prudently put the whole bed of the broad and shallow stream between himself and his vindictive pursuer. The stones he threw after the apparition plashed idly in the noisy currents of the opposite shore, and George, stooping to fill his hat with water, flew back to bathe the temples and neck of the recovering Ellen with the icy fluid.

For the remainder of the way, he almost carried his lovely charge in his arms, till at the door of her father's house, he paused to say,

"For our credit's sake, dear Ellen, say nothing about this miserable affair. I am convinced it is nothing—nothing, Ellen, I assure you, but some natural phenomenon that might be easily explained, or some rascally trick."

Whether convinced or not, Ellen promised to be silent, and entered the parlour where the various members of the family sat anxiously awaiting her arrival.

"How pale!" ejaculated the father, as his eye wandered, with paternal solicitude, over the fair features of Ellen, as she sunk into a chair without removing hat, peltisse, or glove.

"How pale!" repeated mother and sisters, as they gathered about and took away, one after another, her various articles of over-dress.

Ellen complained only of fatigue, and begging permission to retire immediately, left the room, leaning on the arm of a sister near her own age.

"Tell me, El," said the cheerful girl, in the effort to rally the spirits of Ellen, which, it was plain to perceive, were oppressed with some unusual burden, "tell me what is the matter; did George propose to-night? or has he slighted you, or what is it that has put your feelings in such a flutter?"

"Dear Su," said Ellen, "don't tease me, I cannot gratify your curiosity to-night."

"You are ill, indeed you are," said Su, with affectionate earnestness, as they reached their spacious chamber, "let me call mamma."

"O no—no, not for the world," cried Ellen, "it is only fatigue, I assure you. I shall be well by morning, and it would only trouble ma; she would be broke of her rest for the night, if I were to complain."

The sisters retired, and were shortly asleep.

Fearful was the shriek which brought the terrified Su to her feet with a single bound, ere she was well awake. Another followed, and the trembling mother rushed into the room, with a night-lamp in her hand. Ellen was sitting up in bed, her eyes glaring wildly, though she was evidently in a somnambulistic state.

"It is he!" she shrieked again.

"Who?" cried Su, almost as much alarmed as her sister.

"Headless Jack!" murmured Ellen, in the same suppressed tone that had fallen on the ear of George on the evening previous.

A dash of cold water, administered by her father, restored the distracted girl to her senses, and she wondered at first why the whole family had gathered at her bedside.

"You raved," said her father.

"Of what?" said Ellen.

"Of Headless Jack," he replied.

The scene of the preceding evening flashed upon her memory, and she came near fainting again, but she rallied, and, remembering her promise to George, said,

"It was only a dream. I am better now; let me repose again. I need it, and, dear mother, you need it. I am fatigued. I shall be better in the morning."

Yielding at length to her entreaties, all retired, but to sleepless pillows.

Ellen was not at breakfast. High fever had succeeded to the excitements of the night. She was decidedly ill all day. The physician called several times. The mind of his patient was wandering. He came again at dusk. On account of the excited state of Ellen's nerves, he had enjoined that she should be left alone. He himself sat in an adjoining room conversing in low tones with the anxious mother. Unperceived by either, the invalid girl had arisen from the couch on which she had tossed restlessly the whole day, and had reached the centre of her apartment with tottering steps, when, through the open door, communicating with the adjoining chamber, she caught a view of her own form, robed in purest white, and, as it appeared to her excited imagination, starting out distinctly only a few feet from her, in the gathering shades of evening. It was only her image reflected from a tall pier-glass. A loud scream, and a heavy fall, brought the physician and mother to the room instantly.

Ellen was in strong convulsions—the subject of irremediable hysteria. Fit followed fit, in spite of all the remedies proposed by a council of physicians, or suggested by the anxious solicitude of a distracted household. A little after midnight, she sank into a state of stupor, from which she never revived. Once only, when daylight appeared, when her breathing was stertorous, and her eyes were fixed upon the wall toward which her face was turned, did she roll up her lustrous black eyes and fix them for a moment upon the distracted features of George, as he leaned over her and breathed his name into her dying ear. The next moment his manly tears were scalding the pallid features of death!

The old woman said she had "seen her spirit." The sudden decampment, immediately after her death, of a fellow who had meanly, but unsuccessfully, endeavoured to win her affections from her affianced lover, confirmed him in the opinion that she perished, the victim of cruel superstition, and a wicked trick.

A GUESS AT THE STRASBURG ENIGMA.

BY ERNESTINE FITZGERALD.

From Ellsworth's brilliant sounding rhymes
May Nature's belles ring holy chimes:
Maternal love essays betimes.

A babe was listening to a watch:
Such music-toy as parents fond
Oft wind, the infant ear to catch,
Till the whole being doth respond,
Thrilled with the gush of melody—
"Oh, mother! tell the mystery!"

"The mystery leads deep, my child!
A simple plaything yet to thee,
Which many an hour has sweetly wiled—
Yet of deep myth it holds a key.
But sister Alice listens well—
For her I'll touch the Babel-bell.

"And thou canst see what makes the beats,
Where wheel is interlocked with wheel:
A double spring that plate admits,
From the fine texture of the steel;
So that the pretty golden toy
Makes music to thine ear, thou boy!

"But when thou art a man, full-grown,
And enterest on the world's wide stage,
Where the great organ's sounding tone
Will, with a mighty force, engage,
Then thou wilt learn the shades as well,
That wait the moulding of the bell.

"The shape that suits the ringer's part,
Who makes himself the censor bold
Of all the nicest shades of art,—
(Taught by the ringing of the gold,—)
This thou wilt then, my nursling, see,
For earnest truth I speak to thee.

"So when thy great cathedral soul,—
As yonder Strasburg's wondrous tower,
From silver bell hath rung the knoll
Of the dead past, with thrilling power,—
A babe again thou com'st to me,
The riddle will be solved to thee.

"My babe, a pastor, just and true!
With sandalled foot, mid winter's sheen,
Feeding God's lambs with hand so true
That in the work no hand is seen
Of man—who doth a Babel dare—
To fill with mockeries heaven's pure air!

"A little hand, hid in a shroud
Of veiling mist and mystery,
Pointing, where mid a higher cloud,
Such star as hung o'er Galilee,
Shines down upon the darkened land:
Such hand alone points out THE HAND.

"These wondrous wrecks! they move the soul
With sympathy sublime:
They are the bells whose funeral knoll
Is through the Ages rung by Time:
From out the false to ring the true!
What glorious work, my child, to do!"

First Prize Story.

THE ESTRANGED HEARTS.

A TALE OF MARRIED LIFE.

BY CLARA MORETON.

CHAPTER I.

"The precocious germs of vanity and of the love of pleasure, choke the precious but more tardy seeds of devoted affections. In the midst of the bustle of the world, marriage itself does not produce the effect it should. Maternity arrives scarcely desired, and seems sometimes only the forced interruption to many pleasures. We believe that such unnatural feelings do not last; but what a loss of happy moments, of sweet sentiments; and what hopes of future wisdom are thus in danger of being thrown to the winds!"

MADAME NECKER DE SAUSSURE.

"In men, we various ruling passions find;
In women, two almost divide the kind:
Those, only fixed, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway."

POPE.

"AND you are really expecting to go, Maggie?"

"To be sure I am; you didn't for a moment think that I was going to be such a fool as to stay at home, did you?" was the unrefined and hasty answer.

Howard Dorrance's proud lip curled, as he replied,

"I confess that I have been so foolish as to think that you would for once yield your wishes to mine. You know very well how much I disapprove of fancy parties, Mrs. Dorrance, and had you any regard for me and my opinions, you would have spared me the pain of requesting you to desist from any farther preparations, for I shall not accompany you."

Margaret Dorrance's eyes flashed, but looking up at her husband, she met a glance as resolute as her own. She had never yet openly defied him; and there was something now in that stern unswerving gaze, which checked the words that were already trembling on her lips. With a violent effort, she suppressed the passionate emotions of her heart, and answered, with a calmness that surprised herself still more than her husband,

"Very well, sir, it will be as you say, of course."

There was a long pause. Mr. Dorrance had not met the opposition that he expected, and his heart was softened by the compliance which he never for a moment doubted that his wife had given to his request. He moved his chair nearer to her, and his deep low voice expressed much tenderness, as he said,

"I wish, Margaret, that we were better suited to each other."

"I wish we were," she answered, laconically.

For a moment, he was chilled; but, influenced by the kind and gentle thoughts that now held their sway in his bosom, he continued,

"Were I convinced that it would eventually bring you true happiness, my wife, to indulge in the gaiety for which you have so much inclination, I would not seek to deprive you of any portion of it. I would, for your sake, renounce the home pleasures in which I alone find enjoyment; but, Margaret, such constant dissipation as your tastes would lead you into, would not only deprive you of that greatest blessing which God can give—the blessing of health—but your moral nature would become blighted, and the best affections of your heart would wither in the glare and heat of fashionable life. I have seen but too

often the effects which it produces, and I would shield the wife of my bosom from them. Will you not, love, place your hand in mine as on our wedding-night, and promise again to 'love, honour, and obey?'"

For a moment, but only for a moment, had Margaret Dorrance relented. That unfortunate word "obey," again aroused the evil within, which her husband's earnest tones had so nearly quelled.

She drew the hand he essayed to clasp rudely from him.

"You preach well," she said, "but no eloquence can disguise to me your motives. Remember, Howard Dorrance, you are ten years older than myself, and, consequently, you have had ten more years of gaiety. I married you at sixteen—foolish school-girl that I was, to throw away liberty and happiness with a breath—now, at twenty, you would immure me, nun-like, if you could; but I insist upon six more years of experience. Perhaps by that time, the world's pleasures will pall with me, as they have with you, and then I will stay at home and abuse them to your heart's content; but now, you ask too much of me."

A wintry coldness settled on Mr. Dorrance's face, as he listened to his wife's unkind and heartless answer.

"You spoke of my motives, Margaret," he said, "as though they were other than I professed; what did you mean by that?"

"Why plainly this, if you will have me expose them. It is your jealousy of me, and of the attention which I receive, and the admiration which is paid me at parties, which makes you so selfishly desire to keep me from them."

"Margaret!"

"What?"

There was no answer, and she continued.

"Don't look at me in that way, I beg of you; if you have anything to say, say it out."

"Margaret! you cannot mean what you say! Jealousy! Selfishness! It was for your happiness full as much as my own, that I have so earnestly sought to give you a distaste for the amusements of fashionable life. I see that *my* love, *my* happiness is nothing to you: everything is to be sacrificed on the shrine of vanity. Ah, Margaret, if you were foolish in *throwing away* your liberty while still a *school-girl*, I was doubly so in committing my happiness into the hands of one."

"I agree with you entirely, Mr. Dorrance; and I wonder that you ever thought of *me*, when that prim old maid, Miss Helen Graham, was so exactly suited to you, and came near dying for you, every one said. She was the very one for you, for she detests parties as much as you can, and is always preaching to me about domestic happiness, and such *fol de rol*. It is a pity that you didn't fancy her, isn't it?"

Mr. Dorrance's face reddened. He turned away, and paced the room hurriedly.

His wife continued, "They say that before I came home from school, you were very attentive to her; now, seriously, don't you think she was better suited to you than I?"

Mr. Dorrance paused beside his wife, and meeting her up-turned gaze, he answered calmly, "Yes, Margaret, I do."

Nothing daunted by the serious tone in which this was said, and fully convinced that there had never been any idol save herself, on the throne of her husband's heart, and that at any moment she

could resume her power, she continued her *badinage*.

"And now, if you had only taken compassion on her, and married her—"

"I wish to God I had!" broke from Mr. Dorrance's lips; and his wife read truly in his now sad, pale face, that with no idle meaning had those words been wrung from his heart.

In a moment she was subdued; she spoke no more tauntingly, for the feelings which tender words had failed to awaken, sprang up in all their strength at the first breath of that passion of which she had so unjustly accused her husband.

From that night, Margaret Dorrance harboured a new guest in her bosom—from that night, she felt in her heart the truth of this Scripture passage, "Love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame."

CHAPTER II.

"Vain tears are very apt to breed pride."

Frivolous and heartless as Margaret Dorrance may have appeared in the preceding chapter, she was not wholly so. Gladly would she have thrown her arms around her husband's neck, acknowledging to him that of all the unkind things she had said in anger, she had not meant one, could she have been sure that he, with truthfulness, could have said the same.

Often had he forgiven her impulsive words, and she doubted not he would again; but pride kept her from seeking him. She had educed emotions from his breast, which the dust of Time could never bury from her sight; and daily, the knowledge of them grew more and more bitter to her. In assumed levity, she disguised the workings of her heart; and the studied coldness with which her husband treated her, convinced her but the more fully that she had forfeited the love, which, when she possessed, she had valued too lightly.

At length she ceased to reproach herself. If she had done wrong in not studying her husband's happiness more, she had in other respects done better by him, than he by her; she had given him a whole heart in exchange for a divided one. Thus thinking, she determined upon a course of conduct that should awaken in him the jealousy he had disclaimed.

"If he has one spark of love left for me, he shall learn what jealousy is," she thought, as, on the evening of the fancy party, her maid arranged her in the becoming Spanish dress she had selected.

Her long tresses, which were of a glossy purplish black, were folded over high up on her head, and fastened with an immense and elegantly carved comb of the rarest shell. Her velvet dress was relieved by a fall of fine lace around her exquisitely turned throat, and fastened with a single ruby. Jewels glittered on her arms and her fingers, and radiantly beautiful she looked, as, standing before the Psyche-glass, she directed her maid in arranging the heavy black lace veil, which, resting on her head, fell in careless folds almost to her feet.

But Mrs. Dorrance was apparently dissatisfied, for she glanced from her mirror to the toilet-table, where a profusion of ornaments was scattered in open caskets and cases. Her eyes fell upon her superb bouquet: seizing it, she tore out a crim-

son japonica, and removing the jewel which had looped back the veil from her face, she replaced it with the flower.

It was all that was needed. Her dress was now perfect, and wonderfully becoming.

With her large dark eyes, and their heavy sweeping fringe, and her rich, but transparently clear complexion, she well represented the nation whose costume she had chosen.

A carriage rattled over the stones, and drew up in front of their mansion.

Mrs. Dorrance parted the curtains, and glanced out. She saw a young man alight, and ascend the steps.

"It is all right, Matty," said she; "throw my cloak around me, and tell Mr. Dorrance when he comes home not to wait up for me."

"Mr. Dorrance is in the library, marm; he came in before the clock struck nine."

"Very well; I will pass through as I go out; and, Matty, you will sit up for me. I would rather have you than Richard. You know you can sit with the children after the other servants have gone to bed."

Matty yawned; and after her mistress left the room, she muttered to herself of the hardship it was to work all day and sit up all night; but when she went into the room adjoining, where the children were sleeping, the frown upon her face was chased away by a smile, for she loved the dear little ones fondly. Drawing a low chair near their couch, she leaned her head upon a pillow, and was soon sleeping as soundly as they.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Dorrance descended to the library, and paused beside the door. Her heart beat quickly; she trembled at the thought of bearing her husband's displeasure, yet she dared not leave the house without his knowledge. Summoning all her courage, she entered the room.

"I am sorry that you are not going with me this evening, Howard, but I looked in to say that you need feel no anxiety about me; your friend, Mr. Graham, is my courtier." Her tones were kind; but there was an air of embarrassment unusual to her, that showed her conscience was not perfectly at ease.

Mr. Dorrance looked sternly upon his wife as he answered, "I did not expect this. You told me you would not go to-night."

"No, I did not. I said from the first that I should positively go. You said *you* would not accompany me, and I answered you that of course *that* would be as you said."

"You misled me in that answer, Mrs. Dorrance, and I presume, intentionally."

Her face crimsoned; but her husband continued, "I think you will live to regret the step you have taken to-night; I shall not molest you hereafter."

Closing the door impatiently, she swept from the room without answering.

He heard the sound of their merry voices, as laughing and chatting they passed out—the carriage rattled off, and Howard Dorrance leaned back in his chair, and in solitude and silence brooded over the bitter emotions of his heart.

The present tortured him; the future,—he dared not imagine that; and so he fell to thinking of the past.

What was there in that to bring a deeper gloom to his brow—a deeper sadness to his eyes?

There were memories of wrong and injustice which he had done another—a most cruel wrong.

From that sin was he now gathering its blighted fruit.

Heavier and heavier sank his heart within him, as he recalled, step by step, the infatuation which had lured him on to break his vows to the noble-minded being whom he first had wooed. His breast heaved tremulously, and his strong frame shivered with the storm of thought that swept through him.

"Yes, yes," he muttered, as he arose, and with a heavy step paced the floor, "yes, yes, I deserve it all! My punishment is just! How gladly would I now exchange the wild and passionate worship which I bore Margaret, for the calm love that once beat within my heart for another. But it is too late! too late!"

He paused beside a crayon sketch of his wife which hung upon the wall; and now his lip quivered with tenderness as he continued,

"Ah, Margaret, how carefully would I have guarded you from unhappiness! how fondly would I have cherished you through all trials and all changes!—God grant you may never need the love which you have sacrificed to your vanity."

He gazed long upon it, noting the faultless oval of her face—the perfect regularity of her classical features—the fascinating expression of her full hazel eyes, and murmuring, "*She is beautiful!*" he turned away.

And now his heart grew cold and dead within him, as he recalled the temptations to which she would be exposed, in the alienation that must necessarily follow the course of conduct which she had chosen to pursue.

He thought of the homage which she would command from the world—the flattery which she would receive, and which no woman can listen to without inhaling its taint; and the reflection smote upon his heart, that his wife, now only frivolous and thoughtless, might become—oh, it was too horrible to imagine!

He resolved that he would make one more effort to save her from that vortex of fashion and folly, which too often plunges in shame and degradation those who have madly trusted to its whirl. He would plead with her for the sake of their children—for his sake; for, as he recalled their bridal days, he could not smother the conviction that beneath all her frivolity and worldliness, there smouldered a flame which might yet spring up to warmth and beauty.

Almost unconsciously, as he thought of his children, he turned his steps to their room. He opened their door. A night-lamp burned dimly upon the mantel, but its rays were strong enough to reveal to him the sleeping babes upon the couch. Babes they still were; for little Harry, the eldest, was scarce three years old, and Ida's second summer was but now approaching.

Mr. Dorrance bent over them, tracing in his boy's fine countenance the features of his wife; while lightly round the plump and dimpled face of baby Ida, fell curls that would have matched his own in boyhood.

As he looked upon them, so beautiful in their dependent and helpless infancy, he questioned whether all his words might not prove powerless, when even "the profound joys of maternity" had failed to give his wife a fondness for home pleasures.

And now, unfortunately, another change came over him.

"I will not stoop to plead," he said. "In marrying, she assumed the duties of a wife and mother. I will hereafter be responsible for her fulfilling them properly. My name shall not be disgraced, nor shall these children receive a heritage of shame. I have tried kindness in vain, and will now see what a husband's authority can accomplish."

In this mood, he returned to the library; he drew his chair up to his writing-desk, and unlocking a drawer, lifted from it, one by one, the souvenirs of the past, that long had lain there hidden and undisturbed.

There were packages of letters, sketches of heads, unfinished landscapes, and beneath all lay a garland of gay-coloured autumn leaves. The scrap of paper which labelled it, bore the words, "From Helen, Egerton woods, Oct. 18th."

Before him rose the noble old forest, where he first had met one whose tastes and inclinations exactly accorded with his own. He recalled the graceful flow of her conversation, the innate dignity of her manners, the loveliness of her truthful countenance, as first it impressed itself upon him then; and, more than all, the well-balanced mind, and the mature judgment, which had afterwards been developed to him, as day after day he lingered by her side. He felt the flush that mounted to his temples, as in contradistinction to such a being, another vision rose before him,—that of the petted, spoiled, vain beauty, who had left her home that night, little dreaming how dangerous would prove the solitude to her husband.

Arousing from this reverie, he opened a folded paper. It contained a pale-blue withered flower, and a sprig of myrtle-leaf, and the words, in his own handwriting, "Woodlawn, May 20th, Helen."

Ay, he remembered that evening well; and this emblem of constancy, how it smote him now! "Forget-me-not!" the flower spoke as plainly as words could have done, and his heart answered, "By those hours of tenderness, those days of joy, thou art not forgotten! Oh, Margaret, save me from these memories!"

And now, unfolding a sheet of tissue paper, he lifted from it a long tress of soft brown hair, which fell from his fingers in spiral curls as he gazed upon it. There was no writing within. He needed none, for his eyes filled with tears as he looked upon it. Carefully he refolded and closed the paper, almost reverentially he pressed the package to his lips, and then, with a deep sigh, he leaned his head upon his hands, and mused for hours.

The clock struck one—two—still his wife came not, and with impatience added to displeasure, he went down into the parlours, and for another weary hour paced the long rooms to and fro. Not a sound fell upon his ear, save the low ticking of the French clock in the boudoir, and, now and then, the distant rumbling of carriages.

He stood in the centre of the suite of rooms, and looked around him. This home that he had fitted up so luxuriously for his young bride—the drawing-room, with its gorgeous carpet of woven roses, its lofty windows, curtained with satin and heavily-wrought lace, its antique and richly-carved furniture, and all the exquisite ornaments that art could furnish, or wealth buy—the music-room, with its splendid instrument, its rare old paintings, and its marble statuary—the little boudoir for her own especial use, with its windows of stained glass and rose-coloured drapery, its languor-inviting lounges, and its mirror-lined walls—why could

she not be satisfied within such precincts to live for him, even as he had hoped to live for her?

He pressed his hand to his head; it was throbbing painfully, and hot with fever. Drawing aside the curtains of one of the front windows, which extended to the floor, he raised it, slid back the bolt of the Venetian shutters, and stepped out upon the balcony.

The cool air refreshed him; and now he heard the whirl of an approaching carriage. Nearer and nearer it came, and hastily reclosing the shutters, and dropping the window, he stood listening.

On, on the carriage rolled, stopping beside the door, and now there was a quick ring, which Mr. Dorrance answered in person. It was well he did, for Matty's slumber was unbroken. He held the door open, standing in the shade of it, so that he was not observed. He heard Mr. Graham say to his wife, in a low familiar tone,

"I am glad, my dear Mrs. Dorrance, that you have resolved to appear more frequently in the society which you so adorn. Will you hereafter honour me with any commands that you may have? for, I can assure you, that I am but too happy to be entirely at your service."

Mr. Dorrance did not wait for his wife's reply, but stepping forward into the light, he met them face to face. He forgot his usual courtesy, his studied self-possession, as, drawing his wife's hand rudely from the arm on which it rested, he said,

"I will excuse you, Mr. Graham, from all future attentions towards my wife; she will not go into society hereafter, without my protection."

It was so sudden, so unexpected, that both stood speechless. The next moment, Mr. Dorrance had closed the door upon Mr. Graham, without even exchanging the civilities of parting. And now his wife's dark eyes flashed vehemently, as breaking from his grasp, she entered the drawing-room, and threw herself upon a velvet fauteuil. Her small foot beat the rich carpet nervously, and the soft colour of her cheeks deepened, until they glowed like the heart of the crimson rose which her white fingers were now fiercely tearing to pieces.

As her husband followed, she turned her head disdainfully from him. Each time that he essayed to speak, she answered him with scornful taunting words, until at length stung to madness, he seized her arm, burying his nails in the flesh.

"Good God, Margaret! will you have no mercy upon me? do you not see that you are making a fiend of me?"

She did not scream, although her arm quivered with pain; she did not seek to shake him off as before; she rather exulted in the idea that he had added personal violence to the mortification he had inflicted upon her, by his ungentlemanly treatment of Mr. Graham, so she smiled coldly, and answered, mockingly,

"Your own evil passions, sir, have converted you into the fiend which you allow you are, and which I cannot dispute—no, nor even doubt," she added, as glancing at her arm, which he had now released, she saw a drop of blood trickling down its polished surface. Around it she wound her fine cambric handkerchief, and rising, would have left the room.

Mr. Dorrance stood between her and the door.

"Margaret, you maddened me," he said. "I did not know that I was so violent—listen to me—we must have an understanding."

"I understand you now thoroughly," she answered; "let me pass."

"No, I will not. You must first promise me that—"

"Must!" hissed Margaret, "must! I shall promise you nothing." Then subduing herself, she added, with more dignity, "When you are over your passion, and can treat me properly, I will listen to you—not before."

"You will listen to me *now*," said Mr. Dorrance determinedly, and clasping her hands, he held them firmly between his own.

"I will not; I will not listen to one word. Let me go; let me go, Howard Dorrance. I will not bear this. You are a brute! I hate you! Oh, heavens! I wish I never had married," and, exhausted by the effort she had made to free herself, she sank back upon the fauteuil, and burst into an hysterical fit of weeping.

But her tears were not salutary. They arose from wounded pride, from mortified vanity, from excess of passion; and when her husband, subdued by them into a calmer state, sat down near her and tried to soothe her, she waved him from her with her hand, sobbing out,

"Go away, go away. I wish I were dead, and then I should be out of reach of your tyranny."

Mr. Dorrance answered not a word, but went straight from the room to his chamber.

And now, throwing herself across the fauteuil, Margaret buried her face in its soft cushions, and, for a few moments, gave way to the most violent emotions. There were no self-accusations mingled with her bitter upbraidings of her husband's conduct. She was the injured one, and she resolved that her husband should confess it, and sue for pardon before she would restore him to favour. What had she done? Nothing. But he! no words were sufficient to express the measure of his condemnation. A noise startled her. She looked up. Her comb had fallen from her head, bearing with it the heavy veil, and now her rich black tresses fell in masses over her opera cloak, contrasting strongly with its snowy whiteness. She flung back her hair from her temples, which were throbbing painfully; she pressed her small jewelled hands over them, and rising slowly, while her cloak fell to her feet, she caught the reflection of her symmetrical and richly robed form in the mirror opposite. Fascinated by her own wild, gleaming beauty, she drew nearer, crushing, as she did so, her fallen bouquet.

Alas! thus destructively was she trampling down her life's flowers.

"Me!" she said, still looking on her image in the glass. "Is it possible that Howard Dorrance has treated *me* so shamefully? How many times before I was his wife did he promise to study only *my* wishes; and now, because I persevered in the accomplishment of *one* desire, he has vented his passion thus insultingly upon me! paid no regard to my feelings even before another; adding abuse to insult!" and she glanced down upon her arm.

The sound which had before startled her, was repeated. A window-shutter creaked; it might have been the wind; but terrified, she stole from the room, across the hall, and into the library back. The light was still burning there, and the first thing her eyes fell upon was the open drawer, which her husband had forgotten to close. She lifted the gay wreath, and read the name and date. It dropped from her trembling hands, and

hurriedly she looked through the other mementoes. Once she thought to tear open a package of letters, but she dared not do that; the ribbon that fastened them was sealed. At length she came to the long curl of chestnut hair, and now her face blanched, and her lips grew pallid. Wrenching it apart, she would have thrown it upon the coals; but suddenly the expression of her countenance changed, a smile of triumph flitted from her eyes, and she replaced it carefully in the paper; as she did so, she looked towards the door. It was ajar, and the blood crept chillily through her, from head to foot, as she met Edward Graham's eyes bent upon her. With his finger upon his lips, he approached her with noiseless footsteps.

"Do not be frightened. I will explain to you in a moment how I came here. There, sit down; you will be ill; you look so now, with your white face and pale lips. My dear Mrs. Dorrance, let me tell you how I worship you, that I may have some excuse for intruding upon you as I have done."

Margaret's voice was hoarse as she answered, "No, you must tell me nothing; what would he say, if he were to find you here? Go—go, I beg of you. I tremble to think of it."

"I will go, if my absence will relieve you any. Oh, Margaret, if I dared to plead with you to go with me! Why will you stay to subject yourself to such treatment as I have witnessed this night? Dear Margaret, will you not let me protect you from him?"

Mrs. Dorrance's mind was pre-occupied? She evidently did not understand his meaning, for she answered calmly,

"You are very kind. I am sorry that you have shared his anger with me; but you must excuse him for my sake. I never saw him so rude before. As for me, I could have forgiven and forgotten all, had it not been for this," and she pointed to the table; "see there, Mr. Graham, he does not love me; he never has; there lie the hoarded mementoes of a deeper love. Tell me, for you must know, was my husband ever your sister's professed lover?"

Edward Graham's thin lips were compressed tightly, and his gray eyes glittered with a steel-like brilliancy, as he answered,

"Yes, Mrs. Dorrance, when he first saw you, he was Helen's betrothed."

"I will be revenged upon him," she said quickly, while her eyes flashed with their fire.

A half-suppressed smile wreathed Graham's lips as she spoke; and when she arose, and taking a pair of scissors from a work-basket near, and approaching him, asked permission to cut a lock of hair from his head, he could not restrain the exultant glow which lit up his features.

She laid the hair idly upon the table, as she would had it been a feather or a scentless flower, and then he saw that, in his eager haste, he had gleaned hope for the advancement of his purpose, where there had been none for him.

"I must beg you, as the friend of my husband," here Graham's eyes resumed their steel-like glittering, but the unconscious Margaret continued, "not to expose our unhappiness. I know not how much you have seen, nor how you saw it, for I thought the door closed upon you, as I came into the house."

"I will explain to you," interrupted Graham. "When your husband shut me out so rudely, I

observed that one of the drawing-room shutters had been but slightly closed, and still remained unfastened. I sent the hackman off, and, stationing myself upon the balcony, I watched, fearing that Howard might have been to some club-meeting, and returned under the influence of wine, and that you might suffer from his violence. I could not account for the change in his manners in any other way. I saw all, and after he had left the room, I would have come to you, but at each attempt to open the shutter wider, I saw that I alarmed you. When you went out into the hall, I crept carefully and quickly in, and divining that you had gone to the library, I followed you. You know the rest."

"How imprudent!" was the exclamation that escaped Margaret's lips.

A frown darkened Graham's brow. "I am nothing to you, Mrs. Dorrance," he said impatiently; "you do not even seem to consider me a friend."

"How can you say so, Mr. Graham?" and she extended her hand. "I have always thought well of you; but you must see how imprudent you have been to-night—what a position you have placed me in if my husband should appear now. I wish he would though! I wish he would!" she added eagerly, "I would not explain one word to him; he should suffer what he deserves to suffer!"

"Thought well of me!" repeated Edward Graham, "you have thought well of me, you say; Margaret Dorrance, if your whole heart was freighted with love for another, if his voice was the only music that your ears cared to listen to, his smile your only sunlight, would you be satisfied that that one should only think *well of you* in return?"

Mrs. Dorrance's large eyes first dilated with surprise, then dropped beneath the steady and burning gaze that met her own.

"Mr. Graham," she said, "I am a wife, and I cannot listen to such words; I beg you to leave me now. Had I ever dreamed that your kindness to me arose from other feelings than those of friendship, I should never have met it as I always have."

He did not turn his eyes from her, as he answered,

"Yes, you are a wife—an unloved wife these papers bespeak you—your own heart tells you that it is so. Margaret, listen to me; you said but now that you would have revenge—you cannot love one who so tyrannizes over you, while his heart is devoted to another—you cannot love—"

"I do, I do love him," broke out Mrs. Dorrance, "I love him but too well; but he shall never know it; I will convince him to the contrary," and she sighed heavily as she thought that by that evening's conduct, and by her harsh and hasty words, she had already, perhaps, too well convinced him.

She crossed the library to the door, and opening it, said,

"I would have you go this moment;" and as he approached, she added, "if you ever wish me to consider you in the light of a friend again, do not speak another word to me of love. I will bury the past within my own bosom, and trust you will give me the same promise."

He did not answer; but he raised her hand to his lips, and in another moment left, cursing in

his heart the precipitate haste which would now place her upon her guard towards him. The front door swung to heavily after him; and Mrs. Dorrance went down to the drawing-room, and bolted the shutters which she thought Richard had so carelessly left unfastened.

And now falling back upon the same fauteuil where she had thrown herself an hour before in such a storm of passion, she gave herself up to reflection. She saw the dangers to which she had exposed herself, and she no longer wondered that her husband would have shielded her from the world and its temptations. And now, her conscience once awakened from its slumber, failed not to accuse her of her errors. The veil was stripped away which self-love had thrown over all, and humbled at the sight, she would have gone to her husband with penitent confessions, had it not been for the relics of the past which the open drawer had revealed to her.

"I cannot doubt that he *has* loved me," she said to herself, as she recalled many incidents of their married life, "I cannot doubt it, and it is *I* who have driven him back to memories of his first love. But he wronged me in concealing *that* from me; had I known his heart had once been another's, I should have been more careful of it; but I was too confident of my own power. Now, if I should tell him that I had done wrong, that I saw my errors, how he would exult over me, always holding up his first love as a sort of bugbear to frighten me into submission. No, he shall not do that. I will adhere to my first purpose; he shall think that *I too* have mementoes."

So fostering a spirit of revenge, she put out the lights, and went back to the library.

Taking a slip of paper from her own writing-desk, she wrote upon it, "Edward. Midnight.—*Amor et constantia.*" Then enclosing the lock of hair which she had severed from Graham's head, she laid it in her unlocked drawer.

She went up to her children's bed-chamber, and, after awakening Matty, she stole softly into her own room for her night dress. What was her surprise to find her husband still up, when she had supposed him asleep long ago. He was standing beside the mantel, and his face was as white and rigid as the marble upon which he leaned. Her heart accused her; but she would not listen to its better promptings.

"He is the one to make the first concessions," she said to herself, but she waited in vain for them. He saw her gather her things together and leave the room, without making the slightest motion to detain her.

There was no sleep for either that night; both were conscious of error; each imagined the other guilty of a wrong.

Howard Dorrance had been aroused from the revery in which he had indulged, after leaving his wife, by hearing the shutting of the front door. Hastening to the window, fearing that his wife, in her impetuosity, was fleeing from him, he had seen Edward Graham leave the house. Struck with surprise, and supposing, of course, that his wife must have admitted him, he had tortured himself with suspicions, until his brain was in a whirl.

Thus were two hearts, each fondly loving the other, (one from the faults of education, incapable of making the sacrifices which love required—the other, forgetting to make allowances for the ten-

dency of that education,) now still farther separated by a whirlpool of pride, jealousy, and passion.

CHAPTER III.

"Her vengeful pride, a kind of madness grown;
She hugged her wrongs; her sorrow was her throne!"
BULWER.

"So pr'ythee come—our fête will be
But half a fête if wanting thee!"

POPE.

In the weeks that followed, Margaret Dorrance had ample time to regret her obstinacy. The breach that separated her from her husband seemed daily to widen. He gave her no opportunity for explanations; but treated her with studied coldness whenever they met. Her apartment he had ceased to share, since that fatal night.

She felt now how much easier it would have been to have yielded to his wishes—even to have renounced all society—than to bear the penalty which her perverseness had brought upon her.

Often had she been upon the point of throwing herself at his feet, and begging for a return of his love; but then pride would hold her back with its iron grasp.

Oh, how truly has it been said that "pride is to be conquered as a man would conquer an enemy." Few there are that realize how it plants the thistle and the thorn in the garden of the affections—how it turns the heart to a desert, and unseals the Marah, which with its surging flood sweeps away all holy affections.

Margaret felt but too truly that the difference which had separated her from her husband, had also removed her farther from her God. She could not call upon Him as before, when, looking upon her children and her husband, she had acknowledged His goodness and mercy to her, in giving her such blessings. Now, with the selfishness of an impenitent heart, she accused him of injustice; and recalling the gloomy doctrines which had been early impressed upon her memory by the pious mother, who was now no more, she thought if she was fated to be an unloved wife, she would at least learn to bear it with stoicism.

Thus day after day, she wandered farther from the kingdom of Heaven; the thorns of earth wounding her, the bitter waters of her heart overwhelming her, and pride only strengthening her to endurance.

At length came an invitation to a party, given by one of her oldest and most intimate friends.

Margaret had neither inclination to go, nor spirit to prepare herself; but Emily Walton would take no refusal. Tableaux were not then out of date, and she was preparing to have them on a large scale. No one but Margaret came up to her ideas of a Rebecca, and so she coaxed Mrs. Dorrance into yielding her reluctant consent.

The day preceding arrived, and all the morning Margaret had been oppressed with an unaccountable sadness. She went into the nursery to divert her mind with her children.

Ida was asleep, but Harry had just been brought in by his nurse from a walk, and his attention was engrossed by a new toy.

"Come hither, Harry," said Mrs. Dorrance; "come sit in mamma's lap."

"No, me unt, me done wan to, me sit in me own lap."

"Oh, Harry's a naughty boy to speak so to mamma! Well, never mind; when poor mamma

dies, and is buried up in the cold ground, then little Harry will feel bad."

The tender-hearted fellow dropped his toy, and burst into a sob, the big tears rolled down his cheeks, his breast heaved, and he said reproachfully,

"Ou no do right to talk so to me; done ou see how bad ou make me feel?"

His mother was ready to clasp him to her heart, when suddenly his whole countenance changed. Resuming his former independent tone, and at the same time picking up his toy, he said,

"Well, me done care; *me* never mind: when ou die, me papa get me *new* mamma very quick."

Margaret was so vexed at this sudden turn that she felt like shaking the boy; but controlling herself, she left him to the nurse, who was mightily pleased at the spirit evinced by his answer.

And thus every little event of that day seemed to have a tendency to depress her more and more; and when the hour approached that Mrs. Walton had promised to send her husband for her, she stood shivering, although beside a glowing fire, feeling that she would be willing to die, could she but once more rest her head upon her own husband's breast.

She had ordered her own carriage that night, and, at the appointed hour, it was punctually at the door.

Mr. Walton had not come. Oh, the relief, if she should not be obliged to go!

Once more she went to her boudoir—the darling little room, where she had passed so many happy hours with her husband, he reading aloud to her their favourite books; while she, pillowed upon a lounge, listened, wondering if ever human voice had equalled his in its richly modulated tones.

Now, she stood there alone. Alone! and oh, so wretched! Whichever way she turned, the lofty mirrors reflected back a pale face, with eyes that tears had robbed of half their brilliancy.

How strange it seemed!

Her dress of amber satin, with its bertha of costly lace—the delicate-coloured wreath of natural jessamine flowers that encircled her head as a coronet—the embroidered demi-skirt of lace, looped up with green sprays, and jessamine buds; so much taste evidenced, so much luxury scattered around, and withal, such worlds of misery looking out from the depths of those hopeless eyes.

The door-bell rang. The servant who answered it, ushered a gentleman into the drawing-room.

Mrs. Dorrance advancing met Edward Graham.

"Mr. Graham! To what accident am I indebted for this unexpected call?"

"Mrs. Walton commissioned me last evening to call for you to-night, Mrs. Dorrance. Her husband, she said, would be unavoidably detained?"

Mrs. Dorrance's lips smiled; but her eyes changed not from their dim sorrow, as she answered,

"As Emily has not kept her part of the compact, I am released from mine. I shall not go to-night, Mr. Graham, and am sorry to have given you all this trouble. I will not detain you one moment longer."

"But, Mrs. Dorrance, your friend made me promise that I would not return without you; indeed you must go; your absence would cast a damper over the whole party."

"I am not vain enough to believe *that*, Mr.

Graham," she answered, with something of scorn in her manner.

"I did not say it with any intention of flattering you, Mrs. Dorrance; it will most assuredly be so, for Mrs. Walton is relying upon you to personate several characters, and without you, the whole series must of course fall through."

"I cannot help it, Mr. Graham. As Emily did not send her husband for me as she promised, I am released from attendance. You need not urge it, for even did I wish to go, you know my husband has objected to my receiving attentions from you."

"But, Mrs. Dorrance, your husband has taken off that interdict," interrupted Mr. Graham, eagerly, and, as he spoke, he glanced through the suite of rooms, for they both remained standing in the centre of the drawing-room. His voice might have been a semi-tone lower, as he continued:

"I met him to-day, and asked his consent to wait upon you this evening: he replied promptly, that he had no objections. I hope now you will not consider yourself justified in disappointing your friends."

Mrs. Dorrance could not account for the sudden suspicion which entered her mind that Mr. Graham had not spoken the truth. To be sure, she had ceased to regard him as a friend, since the night he had endeavoured to persuade her to forgetfulness of her duties as a wife; and associating him with the first cause of her alienation from her husband, it was no wonder that she felt a fear of his trying to separate them still farther. She fixed her eyes earnestly upon him.

"Mr. Graham, is that strictly true?"

"Upon my honour it is. What reason have you to doubt my word, Mrs. Dorrance?"

"I thought it possible," she replied, "that this might be one of the occasions for falsehood, for which fashionable life grants free and full absolution; but if it is as you say, I will not disappoint Emily; it would not be right, I suppose, for me to do so."

She prepared herself to go out to the carriage.

"You are not deceiving me?" she said.

Mr. Graham opened the door. As he followed Mrs. Dorrance into the hall, his quick eye caught a glimpse of her husband just coming out of the library. He answered, in a raised tone,

"I told you, Mrs. Dorrance, exactly what your husband said."

They were gone. Margaret had not seen the one imploring, despairing look that was cast after her. She had not a dream of the tempest of agony with which a "full grown heart," freighted with love for her, was battling throughout that weary night.

Could she but have divined it, how joyously would she have retraced her steps! with what explanations of, and concessions for, the past—with what promises for the future, would she have dispelled that momentarily increasing storm.

"False-hearted, crafty, subtle, as I believe him to be, yet has he told her all, and she has chosen to go. Now, as I said, so shall it be though it break my heart-strings."

These were the only words that escaped his lips.

And what had he said?

It was true that Edward Graham had met him, and asked his consent to wait upon his wife; but

he had told him that it was to a theatrical exhibition. It was true that Mr. Dorrance had answered he should make no objections, but he had also added, "If she consents to go with you to-night, she shall return to my house no more."

The party was over. In all her characters, Margaret had seemed to excel herself. As Corinne, the whole company looked upon her with breathless astonishment, wondering to see such depth of expression, where before they had noted only mere regularity of feature and brilliancy of complexion. Whispered words of admiration followed her everywhere when the tableaux ceased; but heartsick and weary of all—the yearning for her husband's presence creeping into her breast more and more, to the utter extinction of all other emotions, she welcomed with eager joy the announcement that her carriage was in waiting.

Mr. Graham was of course her escort. He was very much animated, and profuse of praise of the parts she had so well sustained. She answered him only in monosyllables. Indeed, her mind was so preoccupied with thoughts of her husband, resolving that she would that night confess all her wretchedness to him, that she did not even observe the direction which the carriage was taking.

At length they stopped. The footman flinging open the door, said, "Shall I ring the bell, sir?"

Margaret glanced up to the house. It was her father's dwelling.

"What does this mean?" she said quickly, "drive back to my own residence—what are you thinking of, Richard?"

"Of my master's orders, madam; he directed us to leave you here."

There was an insolent tone in the footman's voice which was very galling; but collecting herself Mrs. Dorrance replied with dignity,

"You know my father is in Europe, Richard—there is no one here but his housekeeper—I am sure, there is some misunderstanding. Tell William to drive back, and then if your master still insists, I will make no objections."

"We can't do it, indeed, we can't, Mrs. Dorrance," answered Richard with more gentleness. "Mr. Dorrance told both Bill and me, that he would turn us out of his service, if we failed to obey him."

Mrs. Dorrance threw herself back in the carriage.

"My God! what is there left for me to do! my heart is broken!"

Mr. Graham bent his head, and whispered a few words in her ear.

She sprang from his side, as if he had been a serpent, and rushing up the lofty marble steps, rang the bell, peal after peal, with her own delicately-gloved hands.

The shutters were closed all the way up, but now one in the second story opened, and a voice called out,

"What in goodness' name is wanting at this time of night?"

"It is I! I! do you not know me?—Margaret, Margaret Dorrance. I beseech you, Mrs. Brown, let me in quickly; I shall die if you do not."

The moments that elapsed before the door was opened, seemed to her an age, as she stood there

with her opera cloak fluttering out in the wind, and the cold night air striking full upon her unprotected arms and breast.

Edward Graham had followed her, and now he said humbly,

"Before we part, Mrs. Dorrance, say that you forgive me."

She stamped her foot in frenzy as she answered, "Go ask forgiveness of God—you need it: He may forgive you, but I never will."

The door opened, and closed after her as she went in. The carriage rattled off, and Edward Graham turned from the steps—his hypocritical, remorseless heart too utterly lost to all good emotions to feel other than disappointment at the thwarting of his designs.

CHAPTER IV.

"The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's slender tie
On earthly bliss—it breaks at every breeze."
YOUNG.

Morning found Howard Dorrance still in his library—his haggard face and bloodshot eyes too well attesting the strength of the storm that had spent its fury upon him, throughout those long night watches.

He had kept his word, but in so doing he had wrenched his heart until every beat was but a throb of pain.

The conviction, which in his morbid reveries had fastened itself upon him, that in his wife's unfaithfulness, he was to receive the punishment of his broken vows to Helen Graham, seemed to have crowded from his mind all thoughts of a possibility of his having in any way misjudged her.

Even had his conscience accused him of too great severity, could he not find occasion to justify himself in her coldness?—in the marks of favour which she had given to his hated rival?—in the choice which she had made but the night before, in defiance of him?

As the morning hours wore on, a letter was brought him: a servant in the hall awaited an answer.

He broke the seal. It was from his wife.

Upon its pages he read such protestations of innocence, such burning words of changeless love for him, such adjurations for mercy, that his heart melted into forgiveness for the errors she confessed. He wrote hastily his answer, promising to be with her immediately; he folded the sheet; he looked in vain amidst his own papers for an envelope, and rising went to the drawer of his wife's writing desk. The first thing his eyes fell upon was the enclosed lock of hair. He could see what it was through the thin paper, and seizing it, he opened it with the fond hope that he might find it his own, so earnestly had she assured him that to him alone had her heart's love been given. He read, "Edward—midnight. *Amor et constantia.*"

Staggering back, his face grew pallid, and his teeth ground fiercely together.

He threw the note he had written in reply, upon the coals; he took an envelope from his wife's drawer, and enclosing in it the letter she had written to him, directed and sent it back to her by the servant.

He was weak no longer, his heart was troubled with no more vain yearnings. The woman who could call upon God to witness her innocence

of any other love save that she bore her husband, while her breast was filled with a guilty passion for another, she who could thus mingle treachery and deceit, could no longer hold any claim upon his heart. He would have spurned her from him as if she had been a worm, had she thrown herself in his way. Yea, he thanked God that he was strong now,—that his weakness was all over. He had done with picking flowers by the wayside, he had now to make himself a path through thorns and briars, and manfully would he toil on over them. If they lacerated him, none should know it; if he grew weary and faint, he would heed it not. On, on, pausing not even to look back into the past, until toil-worn he should welcome the only refuge from ceaseless sorrow which the world can give—the grave.

Such were his thoughts. That very day he wrote a letter to his aunt Egerton, the only relative which death had spared him, begging her to leave Woodlawn, her place upon the Hudson, and come to his city home to take charge of his children, while he should travel in Europe.

She had not visited him since his marriage, nor had he taken his young wife to her home; for a coldness had sprung up between his aunt and himself, on account of his treatment of Helen Graham, who was her devoted friend. It was at her place that he had first met her. But now he wrote so humbly, acknowledging his sin, and telling her of the severe punishment which had been visited upon him for it, that Mrs. Egerton could not refuse his request.

There was nothing to keep her at her own home, except her attachment to the beautiful spot; for she had no family, having been left a widow but a few months after her marriage.

She immediately made her arrangements to leave Woodlawn, until the summer weather should come on, at which time she purposed returning with the children and their nurses.

Two weeks more, and she took from Howard Dorrance the charge of his mansion, while he continued his preparations for travelling.

CHAPTER V.

"Her hands were clasped—her eyes upturned,
Dropping their tears like moonlight rain.

Yet was there light around her brow,
A holiness in those dark eyes,
Which showed—though wandering earthward now—
Her spirit's home was in the skies.
Yes, for a spirit pure as hers,
Is always pure, e'en while it errs;
As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still."

MOORE.

Margaret Dorrance moved about her father's house like an automaton. Since the day her letter had been returned to her, without one word of answer, she had shed no tears: she seemed petrified with grief.

Her face became pale and wan, her eyes seemed hourly to grow more cold and dim, her voice lost its sweet tone, and her form its roundness.

The return of her father was all now that she apparently desired. A faint hope dwelt in her heart that he might be able to effect the reconciliation, which she had despaired of seeing accomplished in any other way.

At length came the terrible news that he had died in the steamer upon his return home, when

they had been out but two days. His body had been buried at sea.

The kind clergyman who had called to break this distressing news to her, was surprised to see with what apathy it was received.

He could not read in those cold, stone-like eyes, of the heart that his words had plunged down, down into the depths of despair, to that lowest deep where the star-rays of hope never penetrate. He could not divine that that strange-toned voice was the echoing of a spirit wailing its own dirge. He could not know how, when the door had closed upon him, she had dropped like a stone to the floor. In the deathlike swoon that followed, she had been unconscious, for a brief period, of the griefs which were feeding upon her.

When she revived, there was still no alteration in her demeanour; through all the bustle that followed of preparing her mourning dresses, she was the same: her sharpened features seemed to have hardened into marble.

Mrs. Brown, with tears in her eyes, looked upon her as she moved from room to room, appearing so much taller from her thinness and her sombre garments, and she would mutter to herself, "Lord love the child, if her father had come back and found her thus, he never would have known her."

Margaret had heard through her dressmaker of the gossiping which had followed her separation from her husband.

As usual, in such instances, the censure rested upon the wife, the husband being only blamed for having too long borne her imprudent conduct. His spirit was commended in having at length sent her home to her father's, thus refusing to countenance longer her extravagancies. This was the commonly received explanation; but as always, there were two sides to the story; and Mrs. Dorrance had many devoted friends, who warmly defended her, until at length chilled by her repeated refusals to see them, they too shook their heads mysteriously, and gave ear to the rumours that were afloat.

From the same source, she had heard that Mr. Dorrance was going to Europe, and that his aunt was to have the charge of the children.

And now every day she looked through the morning papers, to see if her husband's name were among the list of passengers, in the different steamers, that was given from time to time.

One morning her eyes fell upon his name; something of the wild light of old flashed from them as she read, "Last night, the youngest child of Howard Dorrance, Esq., was apparently suddenly seized with convulsions. Dr. Abernethy Jones was immediately summoned, who suspected, from peculiar symptoms, that the child was under the influence of some powerful narcotic. He extorted from the nurse a confession, that the child, having been restless and fretful for several nights, she had given it laudanum, being unaware of its great power. He promptly applied the usual means for the counteracting of its effects, and the child was relieved before the family physician arrived. The nurse, who had been but a few days in the family, was immediately discharged. Dr. Abernethy Jones is a promising young physician, who has been very successful in his practice. He resides at No. 141 Blank Street."

Margaret dashed the paper upon the floor.

"My child! my child!" she screamed, as clasping her hands, she raised her eyes to heaven,

"My baby! oh God! have mercy upon me and lead me to her!"

The thought that darted through her brain that moment, was it an answer to her prayer? "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

She flew to her room, she habited herself in her coarsest materials: a dress of black cashmere, and a heavy shawl of the same colour. As Mrs. Brown had adopted a mourning dress for Mrs. Dorrance's father, in whose service she had been for years, Margaret hastened to her, and disclosing her plans, borrowed her coarse black straw bonnet, and thick serge veil.

How her heart palpitated as she threaded street after street, until she came to one in the suburbs of the city, where she remembered having heard that there was a large hair-dressing establishment kept only by females. She found the place easily, and to the woman in waiting, she communicated her desire of disguising herself, at the same time pressing upon her a bank note of considerable value to insure secrecy.

Margaret was taken into a private room. She sat down, and directed her long exuberant tresses to be shorn close to her head. The woman, with more forethought, suggested that she should spare as much of it as possible by drawing it off from her forehead and up from the back of her head, and fastening it there, contrive to cover it with the false hair she should select, and plain muslin morning caps.

Margaret entrusted everything to her. The woman only cut off about half the hair; the rest she managed to hide with a cap of brown Holland, which she was some time in making, and to which she fastened the perruque of flaxen hair that Mrs. Dorrance selected.

Commissioned by Margaret, she then went into an adjoining store, and purchased half a dozen plain breakfast caps, suitable for mourning.

They were made of thick lawn, and after trying one upon Mrs. Dorrance's head, there was nothing left which could possibly lead to a suspicion of the metamorphosis.

Margaret was satisfied that no one could detect her, as she saw what a change the light hair produced; but now arose another difficulty in the attainment of her purpose. Without references or recommendation, it was impossible that she could obtain the situation for which she had resolved to apply.

She was well-nigh discouraged, when the thought struck her that Helen Graham, who had always been ready to advise her for her good, might still be willing to befriend her, if she should confess to her her whole history; and over her husband, no one would probably have more influence than Miss Graham.

Resolving that she would immediately apply to her, she bent her steps to her dwelling.

CHAPTER VI.

"No conquest she, but o'er herself, desired;
No arts essayed, but not to be admired;
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinced that virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so composed a mind;
So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refined."

POPE.

"Yes, and HE too! let him stand
In thy thoughts untouched by blame.
Could he help it, if my hand
He had claimed with hasty claim?"

That was wrong, perhaps—but then
Such things be—and will, again!
Women cannot judge for men.

Thy brown eyes have looks like birds
Flying straightway to the light:
Mine are older."

E. B. BARRETT.

Helen Graham was in her thirtieth year. She was not beautiful; but her thoughtful, pensive cast of countenance never failed to interest. Few could tell in what her charms consisted, for her features were quite ordinary. Some there were who acknowledged the spell of mind upon mind; and they attributed to the right cause the sway which she exercised over all who came within her sphere.

She was not one of those of whom Keble has beautifully said,

"There are who sigh that no fond heart is theirs,
None loves them; but, oh vain and selfish sigh!
Out of the bosom of His love He spares,
The Father spares His Son for them to die."

No, for upon that bosom had she alone leaned for strength, when the earthly temple, in which she had garnered too many hopes, was shattered before her eyes. She forgave freely the hand that wrought its destruction; she learned to look calmly upon the ruin; ay, more than that, she grew to thank God that in the crucifying of her earthly affections, she had been drawn nearer and nearer unto Him.

Little knew she in her resigned and placid life of the revenge which her brother had vowed, of the recompense which he had resolved upon working out. It was a sin of which she could never have dreamed—too terrible for her belief would have been the thought of his usurping the power of Him who has said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay."

When she heard the rumours of Howard Dorrance's and his wife's unhappiness, and afterwards of their separation, she said to herself, "There has been blame upon both sides;" and earnestly she wished that she might be a mediator between them. She called on Mrs. Dorrance, but received the unvarying answer, "Mrs. Dorrance sees no one." So week followed week and no opportunity occurred.

One afternoon she was summoned into the parlour, to a person who was awaiting her there. Upon entering she was struck with the singularity of the face of the new-comer. She noticed the anomaly of exceedingly light hair and jet black eyebrows and lashes. There was something also in that thin face (of a deadly whiteness from the contrast of the black bonnet), that riveted her gaze upon it; while she taxed her memory to recall why it should so haunt her with the feeling that she had seen it before.

The young woman seemed embarrassed by the scrutinizing look which Miss Graham fixed upon her, as she approached.

"You know me, Miss Graham," she said as one would assert a thing, not question.

"No—I—do—not," Helen answered slowly.

"Thank God! then he will not discover me."

"Mrs. Dorrance! is it possible that this is you so changed? how you tremble! poor thing, what has induced you to assume this disguise?"

Briefly, Margaret told her history, only reserving that portion of it, which would be painful to Helen, as involving her brother; and now, Miss

Graham learned for the first time of the jealousy from which the young wife had suffered. Her heart ached as she saw the wretchedness which Margaret had brought upon herself, though she did not scruple to condemn Mr. Dorrance for his severity and his haste.

Through Miss Graham's sincerity, Margaret was led to see that the esteem which her husband had manifested for Helen, bore no comparison with the deep, all-absorbing love which he had lavished upon her in their early married days.

Helen Graham appreciated the thorough change which had been wrought in the thoughtless woman of the world, to inspire in her such self-devotion as she now purposed to carry out; choosing to perform the menial offices of a servant, rather than to endure a longer separation from her children.

Willingly she wrote a note to Mrs. Egerton, commending her in the highest terms—spoke of her as a gentlewoman who had known better and happier days; and suggested that she should be employed rather as a nursery-governess, having the entire charge of the children, and the control of the servants who should be needed to wait upon them. She begged of her to engage her at once, as in so doing, she would perform an act of charity, which she promised to explain to her at some future day.

Mrs. Dorrance was to bear the name of Ann Hastings. She left with the note immediately, her heart full of gratitude to Miss Graham for her prompt assistance.

It was near twilight when she reached — Place. Inquiring for Mrs. Egerton, she was shown into the sitting-room. She waited what seemed a long, a very long time to her. Then the door opened, and her husband stood before her. Her heart beat violently.

"Mrs. Egerton is engaged," he said; "perhaps I shall answer as well."

She handed him the note without speaking.

As he turned towards the light, to read it, she ventured to let her eyes rest upon him. She saw that the traces of suffering were as evident in his countenance as upon her own.

He finished the perusal of the note.

"I regret to say that Mrs. Egerton has engaged a young woman; but my child is very ill, and we may need other assistance. I will mention this to her, and you might call again—say at two o'clock to-morrow."

Margaret arose, and staggered rather than walked to the door. He advanced to open it for her. Their eyes met. She felt faint and sick, almost guilty, such a searching gaze did he fix upon her. His eyes glanced to her hair, and his countenance then settled back into the same sad, gloomy expression it had worn before.

As she went out into the open air, her heart leaped with joy that she had not been recognised.

The next day she returned at two o'clock, and was engaged by Mrs. Egerton.

CHAPTER VII.

"A watchful heart"

Still couchant—an inevitable ear;
And an eye practised like a blind man's touch."

WORDSWORTH.

"Punished for our sins we surely are, and yet how often they become our blessings, teaching us that which nothing else can teach us."

ALTON LOCKE.

The mild, odorous breath of spring stole through the open casement into the lofty apartment where

Margaret, known only as Mrs. Hastings, sat bending over her charge, who was now convalescent.

Ida, when awake, would not suffer Mrs. Hastings to leave her sight; if she was obliged to absent herself, the little sufferer would moan for her until her return. Mrs. Egerton often said that she was sure the child would never have recovered, had she had a less patient and devoted nurse. The physician said so also. Mr. Dorrance said nothing. He suffered steamer after steamer to depart without him, watching whole days and long evening hours by the bedside of his beloved child.

Harry was the only one who seemed to have taken a dislike to Mrs. Hastings. She would often coax him to come to her, but he would only edge himself farther off, until he reached a corner of the room, where, with frowning eyebrows, he would look up from under his long lashes, and make mouths at her, in his roguish, independent way.

This pleasant spring day Mrs. Egerton had availed herself of the warm atmosphere to take Harry out upon a drive. She had not seen Miss Graham yet, to thank her for procuring so competent a nurse; and of course she had not a suspicion of who Mrs. Hastings was, never having known her nephew's wife.

In the mean time Ida slept, and her mother bent over her, her heart full of thankfulness to the kind Heavenly Father who had spared her child to her.

During her weeks of continued watching, the religious instruction of her early youth had come up before her with renewed freshness. The noble sentiments and devoted affections of her heart, which had seemed to be extinguished by vanity and the love of pleasure, had been re-kindled, and they now shed their holy light through her soul. All her interest in life had revived, now that she had taken hold of its duties. She only needed a return of her husband's love, to fill the cup of her earthly happiness—a happiness deeper and more rational than life had ever before yielded her.

And now while she watched the slumber of her innocent babe, she recalled, as she had done many times before, the errors for which her punishment had been so severe. Her vanity, her pride, her obstinacy, she saw in such a glaring light, that involuntarily she passed one hand over her eyes as though she could thus shut it out.

A footstep fell upon her ear, and glancing up she saw Mr. Dorrance looking at her. The expression of his eyes changed suddenly; she thought she detected in them a shade of sympathy at first. He said,

"Mrs. Hastings, has my aunt told you that we shall go into the country in another month?—to her place on the Hudson?"

"No sir," she answered, her eyes dropping under his steady gaze.

"I suppose you would prefer remaining with your city friends to going so far with us?" he continued.

"No, no, not for a moment—I have no friends—that is—I mean that I love your child so well, sir, I would follow her to the ends of the earth," she answered very much embarrassed.

There was a long silence.

"Mrs. Hastings, have you heard my history?"

"I have, sir."

Another silence, during which she walked to the window to conceal the burning glow upon her cheeks.

"I wish you would sit down, Mrs. Hastings, and listen to it from my own lips. I would like to know if it is as you have heard it."

"Indeed, sir, I know the whole. It must be a painful subject to you, I would not recall it," she said, as she resumed her seat.

"No need have I to recall it! It is ever present with me. Will you tell it to me as you have heard it?—it is a relief to me to talk about it to you."

Her heart beat fast; she summoned all her courage.

"Your wife, sir, as I understand, was young, giddy, and vain; she did not study your happiness as she ought; you grew cold towards her; she thought that she discovered that you did not love her as fondly as you did another—" Mr. Dorrance gave a start of surprise. Mrs. Hastings continued, "she grew proud, and very wretched; she would have acknowledged all her errors, and begged for a return of your love, if she had not felt that you had deceived her; and so things grew worse and worse, until they terminated in a separation."

"You have not told all; will you let me finish the story?"

"Certainly."

"I worshipped my wife! My affection for Helen Graham was calm as a brother's love; but when year after year passed, and my wife grew more and more regardless of my wishes, I did recall the calmer emotions I had felt for Helen, with something like regret. One night, after my wife had sent me from her presence with harsh, galling words, she admitted clandestinely, a man whose character I despised—a subtle, intriguing man of fashion, whom I had forbidden to pay her farther attentions. I know not how long he remained with her—stop, hear me through," he said, as Mrs. Hastings, with white lips, rose and attempted to answer him. "From that hour I steeled my heart against her—God knows with what difficulty! That man came to me, he asked me if I would allow him to wait upon my wife to some theatrical exhibition, where they were both to take a part. I answered that I should make no objections; that she could do as she chose, but that if she went, she should never enter my doors again.—She went."

Again Mrs. Hastings essayed to speak, and again Mr. Dorrance prevented her. He continued,

"That night I sent her to her father's home. In the morning there came a letter to me from her. It softened my heart to forgiveness; for I was fool enough to believe her protestations of innocence. I wrote an answer, saying that I would come to her immediately. I went to her desk for an envelope—there I found a lock of her lover's hair; and in her own writing an acknowledgment of it as such. Good God! I know not what sustained me with that damning evidence before my eyes! Woman, can such things be forgiven? Answer me: in the Heaven which you believe in, is there a place for such treacherous souls?"

Mrs. Hastings had remained standing. She trembled from head to foot at Mr. Dorrance's violence.

"It was not so, it was not so!" she answered

energetically; "Oh! could you have believed all this of one who never had a feeling of love for living man but you? I did not know that earth had such fiends as that wretch Graham has proven himself to be. Mr. Dorrance, I know your wife; if I convince you that she is still worthy of your love, as far as her truthfulness to you is concerned, will you forgive her errors, and receive her back to your love as she yearns to be received?"

"I will, so help me God!"

Mrs. Hastings resumed her seat, and, suppressing her emotions as much as she was able, she proceeded to give a full history of everything that had occurred. When she came to the lock of hair, explaining the motives which had induced his wife, still speaking of her as a third person, to enclose it and lay it in her drawer, he drew nearer to her, and seizing her hand, pressed it fiercely between his own. His eyes glowed with the intensity of his feelings; and when all was explained, he caught her wildly to his breast, and straining her tightly to it, sobbed like a child. He seemed delirious with joy.

In vain she endeavoured to release herself.

"Margaret! Margaret!" he cried, "you must never leave me one moment again. My own good, pure wife! may God bless you as you have blessed me this hour, and may He forgive me for the injustice I have done you."

She threw her arms around him—she laid her poor aching head upon his broad breast—she also begged for forgiveness.

Oh! that was a holy and a happy hour.

When the first violence of their emotions subsided, Mrs. Dorrance questioned at what part of the history she had betrayed herself.

"My poor Margaret, did you think you had deceived my watchful eyes? I knew you, darling, from the moment you stood trembling at the door, when you brought me the note of recommendation from Miss Graham. I knew you, and hundreds of times since has my love been upon the point of betraying itself. Oh, my precious wife, I thank God for the misfortunes that have revealed our hearts to each other."

And great reason had they both to thank Him; for very seldom is it, when pride and jealousy and suspicion creep in to separate two hearts, that any after reconciliation can entirely root out the weeds which have sprung up in rank luxuriance under their baneful influence. More frequently the breach widens with years; each grows to think the other the aggressor, and that complete isolation takes place which it is so terrible to contemplate.

In society, such instances are constantly occurring; and if in any one case the difficulty could be traced to its foundation, I doubt not the cause would be found to be as trivial as was the first event in the story I have narrated.

Women do not sufficiently comprehend the responsibilities which they take upon themselves in the married life. Instead of looking upon marriage as "a career of devotion," as "an exercise of virtues often difficult," they seem to expect the homage of the lover to be continued; and, disappointed at the outset, they indulge themselves in "sentimental reproaches" until there is danger of their happiness suffering shipwreck; for men soon weary of the "little scenes" in which women so often squander their eloquence.

Again, there are instances where the wife has

faithfully performed her duties, and yet she sees a change gradually taking place in her husband. The rose-coloured tint with which she had invested the future, gives place to a cold and leaden hue as the love of the chosen one seems to diminish, absorbed by the world and its pleasures. But even then there is hope. Let her watch occasions for making sacrifices; let her show that her husband's happiness is still her predominant study; above all, let her avoid all reproaches; and no one heart in which the flame of love has ever burned will long remain proof to such devotion.

From this long digression we will go back to Mr. and Mrs. Dorrance.

Aunt Egerton was horrorstruck upon her return, in finding the timid and retiring "Mrs. Hastings" seemingly entirely at home in her nephew's arms.

Howard Dorrance attempted no explanations in words, but he pulled off the close lawn cap, and the flaxen *perruque*, and as Margaret's dark hair fell around her, Mrs. Egerton could not fail to recognise some traces of the beautiful crayon in the library, which she had so often studied with interest since she had become an inmate of that dwelling.

Impulsively she folded Margaret to her heart, for the sufferer had won a place there, to the extinction of all prejudices, by her gentle, patient ways and unwearied devotion to her sick child.

Harry also knew his mamma now, and no longer refused to come to her arms.

There was a happy party at Woodlawn that summer.

At Margaret's earnest pleading, joined to Mrs. Egerton's kind persuasion, Helen Graham accompanied them, participating in all their pleasures with her unselfish heart. Her brother had gone to Europe.

The world said that it was very strange that the proud Howard Dorrance should receive back his wife; but the world never knew how much they rejoiced in their brief separation, as an event ordered by their all-wise Father to bring them nearer than ever to each other, and to Him.

ADALINE.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

I.

THERE were two lovers long ago—

—Ah, well-a-day—

Of spirits warm, but chaste as snow,

—That things so pure should pass away!—

And oft alone, and whispering lowly,

Among the woods they wandered slowly,

When twilight shades were sweet and holy:

For clearest shine

Love glances then, like thine,

My tender, bright-eyed Adaline!

And this true lover and the maiden,

In ages vanished, lost and gone,

Made for themselves a dim star-aiden,

All in the silent dawn.

II.

Oft in the morn's transparent mist,

—Ah, well-a-day—

Before the sun the clouds had kissed,

—That things so kind should pass away!—

VOL. IX.

5

They met, while stars above were shining,
Where leaves and flowers were intertwining,
Her head upon his breast reclining;

As often thine

Reposes upon mine,

My fair, my peerless Adaline!

And thus the lover and the maiden,

In ages vanished—lost and gone—

Dwelt fearless in their dim star-aiden,

All in the silent dawn.

III.

He saw no beauty, she no truth,

—Ah, well-a-day—

Save in her form and his fresh youth;

—That things so fond should pass away!—

And, sooth to say, she looked serenely,

Among the wet leaves glancing greenly,

With her fair head reclined and queenly:

Tho' not like thine,

Nor with thy grace divine,

My own beloved Adaline!

So the fond lover and the maiden,

In ages vanished—lost and gone—

Stood dreaming in their dim star-aiden,

All in the silent dawn.

IV.

They loved, and they were blessed:—they died,

—Ah, well-a-day—

The bridegroom and his fair young bride,

—That things so bright should pass away!—

The flowers are wet, the stars are gleaming;

They sleep, while all around is beaming,

Not even of each other dreaming:—

Close—closer twine

Thy soft, white arms in mine!—

Oh, could I save thee, Adaline!—

Oh love!—oh death!—Alas! the maiden

And lover, in the ages gone,

Passed from their pleasant dim star-aiden,

Like shadows from the dawn.

PREMATURE INTERMENTS AND THE UNCERTAIN SIGNS OF DEATH.

BY GEORGE WATTERSTON.

(See vol. viii. p. 336.)

At the death of Philip Doddridge, an eminent lawyer of Virginia, who died in the City of Washington while a Member of Congress, it was stated as a reason for retaining his body longer than usual, that, on a former occasion, he had narrowly escaped the melancholy fate of being buried alive. He had fallen into a cataleptic condition. His respiration had ceased, his pulse no longer throbbed, his limbs were perfectly rigid, and his face exhibited the sharp outline of death. The family physicians and friends all, with the exception of his wife, believed him to be dead. Mrs. D., however, would not relinquish every hope, and continued to apply, from time to time, every remedy she could think of to restore vitality, and finally succeeded in administering a small quantity of brandy, which immediately restored him to life and the command of his limbs. He lived many years afterwards, and was wont to relate, with deep feeling, the painful and horrible sensations he experienced during the period he was supposed to be dead. He said that though he was perfectly unable to move his finger or give the

least sign of his being alive, he could hear and was conscious of everything that was going on around him. He heard the announcement that he was dead, and the lamentations of his family, the directions for his shroud and all the usual preparations for his burial. He made desperate efforts to show that he was not dead, but in vain; he could not move a muscle. Even despair and the immediate presence of a fate more appalling to humanity than any other earthly terror could not rouse the dormant body to perform the slightest of its functions. At last he heard Mrs. Doddridge call for the brandy, with a delight and rapture of love for her which the horrors of his situation may easily explain. He felt that he was saved. He humorously observed "that it was as little as brandy could do to restore him to life, as it had produced his living death." Mr. Doddridge was unfortunately addicted to the intemperate use of ardent spirits, and a fit of intemperance had, no doubt, produced the condition from which he was relieved by the perseverance and love of his wife, who administered, at the last moment, the powerful stimulant which restored him to life. Otherwise his fate would have been that of many others, who have been buried before life was extinct.

Another instance of prevention from the horrors of premature interment occurred in this country, and has been related by Mrs. Childs in her Letters from New York. It is an additional proof of strong conjugal affection, and of the necessity of retaining the body, where there remains the least doubt of the extinction of life. The uncle of Mrs. Childs was attacked in Boston with the yellow fever, and considered as dead. His affectionate wife, however, did not abandon all hope, but continued with him during his illness, contrary to the remonstrances of her friends, and persisted in refusing to allow his body to be taken from the house for interment. "She told me," says Mrs. Childs, "that she never knew how to account for it; but though he was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance quite dead, there was a powerful impression on her mind that life was not extinct.

"Two calls, at intervals of half an hour, had been made with the death-carts, to take away the dead bodies, and the constant cry was, as usual on such occasions, 'Bring out your dead;' but her earnest entreaties and tears induced them reluctantly to grant her another respite of half an hour. With trembling haste, she renewed her efforts to restore life. She raised his head, rolled his limbs in hot flannel, and placed hot onions on his feet. The dreaded half hour again came round, and found him as cold and rigid as ever. Again she renewed her entreaties so desperately that the messengers began to think that a little gentle force would be required. They accordingly attempted to remove the body against her will, but she threw herself upon it, and clung to it with such force and strength, that they could not easily loosen her grasp. At last, by dint of reasoning on the necessity of the case, she promised that, if he should show no signs of life before they again came round, she would make no further opposition to the removal. Having gained this respite, she hung the watch upon the bed-post, and renewed her efforts with redoubled zeal. She placed kegs of hot water about him, forced brandy between his teeth, breathed into his nostrils, and held harts-

horn to his nose; but still the body lay motionless and cold. She looked anxiously at the watch; in five minutes the promised half hour would expire, and those dreadful voices would be passing through the streets. Hopelessness came over her; she dropped the head she had been sustaining; her hand trembled violently, and the harts-horn she had been holding was spilled on the pallid face. Accidentally the position of the head had become slightly inclined backward, and the powerful liquid flowed into the nostril. Instantly there was a short, quick gasp—a struggle—his eyes opened; and when the death-men came again, they found him sitting up in the bed. He is still alive, and has enjoyed unusually good health."

Many additional cases are recorded of persons apparently dead, who have been so fortunate as to escape the horrors of premature interment. Among these is the case of the elegant Lady Russell, that mentioned by the celebrated Odier of Geneva, and one by Dr. Crichton, physician to the Grand Duke Nicholas, now Emperor of Russia. Lady Russell remained for the space of seven days and nights without any signs of life, and her burial was prevented only by the violent grief of her husband. On the eighth day, as the parish bells were ringing for church, Lady Russell suddenly raised her head, and to the amazement and indescribable joy of Lord Russell, told him to get ready to accompany her to church. Her recovery was rapid and complete, and she lived many years afterwards, and had several children.

"I knew a girl," says Odier, "twenty-five years old, named Ellen Roy, who narrowly escaped being buried alive. She lived at a distance of two leagues from Geneva. For some years, she had been subject to nervous attacks which frequently deprived her of every appearance of life, but after the lapse of a few hours she would recover and resume her occupations as if nothing had happened. On one occasion, however, the suspension of her faculties was so protracted that her friends called in a medical man, who pronounced her dead. She was then sewn up in a close shroud, according to the barbarous custom of the country, and laid upon the bedstead. Among those who called to condole with the parents was a particular friend of the supposed deceased, of her own age. The young woman, anxious to take a last look at her friend, ripped the shroud, and imprinted a kiss upon her cheek. While she was kissing her, she fancied that she felt her breathe. She repeated her caresses, and being shortly assured of the fact that her friend was not dead, she applied her mouth to that of the girl, and in a short time the latter was restored to life, and able to dress herself."

"A young girl," says Dr. Crichton, "in the service of the Princess of —, who had, for some time, kept her bed with a nervous affection, at length, to all appearance, was deprived of life. Her face had all the character of death—her body was perfectly cold, and every other symptom of death was manifested. She was removed into another room, and placed in a coffin. On the day fixed for her funeral, hymns, according to the custom of the country, were sung before the door; but at the very moment when they were going to nail down the coffin, a perspiration was seen upon her skin, and, in a few minutes, it was succeeded by a convulsive motion in the hands and feet. In a few moments she opened her eyes, and ut-

tered a piercing scream. The faculty were instantly called in, and, in the space of a few days, her health was completely re-established. The account which she gave of her situation is extremely curious. She said, that she appeared to dream that she was dead, but that she was sensible of everything that was passing around her, and distinctly heard her friends bewailing her death; she felt them envelope her in the shroud, and place her in the coffin. This sensation gave her extreme agony, and she attempted to speak, but her soul was unable to act on her body. She describes her sensations as very contradictory, as if she was and was not in her body at one and the same instant. She attempted in vain to move her arms, to open her eyes, or to speak. The agony of her mind was at its height when she heard the funeral hymn, and found that they were about to nail down the lid of the coffin. The horror of being buried alive gave a new impulse to her mind, which resumed its power over the corporal organization, and produced the effects which excited the notice of those who were about to convey her to a premature grave."

The Leipsic Chirurgial Journal records the following distressing event as having occurred to an officer of artillery, who was a man of gigantic stature, and robust make. Being mounted on an unmanageable horse, he was thrown from his back, and received a severe contusion on the head, which rendered him insensible. He was successfully trepanned, bled, and other usual means of relief adopted; but he fell gradually into a more and more hopeless condition of stupor, and was finally believed to be dead. The weather being sultry, he was buried, with indecent haste, in one of the public cemeteries. He was buried on Thursday, and on the following Sunday, the grounds, as usual, being thronged with visitors, an intense excitement was produced by the declaration of a peasant, that while he was sitting on the grave of the officer he had distinctly felt a motion of the earth as if some one was struggling beneath. Of course but little attention was at first paid to the man's assertion, but his evident terror, and the dogged obstinacy with which he persisted in his story, had at length their natural effect upon the crowd. Implements were hurriedly procured, and the grave, which was very shallow, in a few moments was so far thrown open as to render the head of the occupant visible. He was then apparently dead, but he sat nearly erect in the coffin, the lid of which, in his furious struggles, he had partially uplifted. They conveyed him to the nearest hospital, and there he was pronounced to be still living, although in a state of asphyxia. In a few hours, he so far revived as to recognise his acquaintances, and in broken accents spoke of his agonies in the grave. It appeared that he had been conscious of life for more than an hour, while buried, before he relapsed into a state of insensibility. The grave, it seems, was filled loosely with a very porous earth, and some air was thus admitted. He heard, he said, the footsteps of those over his head, and endeavoured to make himself heard in turn. It was the noise and tumult within the grounds which appeared to awaken him from a deep sleep, but no sooner was he awake than he became fully aware of the horrors of his position. This man would have lived, no doubt, for he was doing well, had it not been for some silly experiments

with the galvanic battery, which was applied without any necessity, and he suddenly expired in one of those ecstatic paroxysms which its application is said occasionally to superinduce.*

ARETHUSA.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

It is but an olden story of those early days when
men
Peopled with ideal beauty every mountain,
stream, and glen;
When the world was in its childhood, and its
credulous delight
Saw the beings of its fancy present to its mortal
sight;
Ere it grasped the vast conception that the uni-
versal whole,
Moving Nature's myriad pulses, was her Maker's
living soul.

Near a bright, Arcadian river, fringed and sha-
dowed to the brink
By the overhanging alders, stooped a maiden
down to drink;
On the hills her flying footsteps had been fleet as
antelope's,
While her train the virgin huntress led o'er sunny
Elean slopes;
And aweary with pursuing, she had turned aside
to lave
Burning cheek and flushing forehead in the cool,
refreshing wave.

Hidden half mid velvet mosses, one supporting
hand gleamed fair,
While the other loosed the braidings of her richly
golden hair;
And, as from beneath the fillet floated each luxu-
riant tress,
Leaping up, the sparkling water clasped it with
a fond caress;
When she bent above its surface, graceful as the
lily dips,
Every ripple strove to lavish kisses on her crim-
son lips.

Arms invisible entwining round her swanlike
neck were thrown,—
Round her neck, whose polished whiteness seemed
to mock the Parian stone;
But the lovely maiden, startled as the timid moun-
tain roe,
When she sees the feathered arrow from Diana's
silver bow,
Snatching up her dripping ringlets from the un-
seen fingers' play,
From her strange, mysterious lover sprang with
eager haste away.

* This article has been protracted by the author to a far greater length, without exhausting the authentic and startling cases of suspended animation which have nearly or actually induced premature interment; but, as many of them are of a character better adapted to a professional than to a popular journal, we close the publication at this point, convinced that it cannot fail to prove useful in a country where undue haste is used in consigning the body to its last resting-place. We recommend it especially to the attention of those who travel upon our great Western rivers during the continuance of alarming epidemics: the sands of "the wooding" landings of the Mississippi, and the inscrutable waters of its clay-burdened stream, cover the remains of many a cholera patient, whose history, if told, would be but a single step removed from a sad tale of murder!
Ed.

Breathlessly along the valley, through the tangled
myrtle glade,
Underneath the clustering lime-trees, and the
olives' heavy shade,
Fled she;—and her footsteps quickened, skim-
ming like the morning wind,
As she saw her fond pursuer rolling onward still
behind.
Then she prayed for aid celestial, and beneath
her sandalled feet
Gushed a fountain;—and her being passed into
its waters sweet.
But she could not thus elude him; and within
one silver chain
Sought he now to bind their currents, that they
should not part again.
When through subterranean sources oft the Naiad's
steps would glide,
He, by love's divining power, evermore was at
her side;
Till at length, in peaceful beauty, under far Sici-
lia's sun,
Alpheus and Arethusa gently mingled into one.
Thou, above whose thoughts smooth flowing bends
a sudden form, that fills
All thy being with its image, till thy heart with
rapture thrills,
Let no spoken language tremble o'er it till the
gazer fair,
In its silent, deep recesses, sees her own sweet
shadow there;
Lest she flee in maiden coyness, and thy love,
whose magic light
Still may point thee out her pathway, wheresoe'er
may be her flight,
Should be doomed through darkened mazes long
to wander in its quest,
Ere her heart on thine repositeth, in the island
of their rest!

THE MISSIONARY, JUDSON.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO.

WHEN he who forty years had led
The wandering hosts of Israel,
At last was numbered with the dead,
None could his place of burial tell.
High up the Mount of God he trode,
Where He on whom his love relied,
Waiting the faithful servant, stood;
And his desire was satisfied.
Yea, though the promised land outspread
So fair and vast before his eye,
Though Death the Jordan he must tread,
He was content to know and die.
Such death *our* holy warrior died.
Tossed on wild ocean-floods he slept,
When none he loved were by his side,
Nor wife nor children near him wept.
High up the Mount of Faith *his* soul
Went, trustful, and God met him there:—
And thus he reached his pilgrim-goal,
And passed the need of pilgrim-prayer.
God gave him burial-place where none
May plant sweet flowers, or watch, or weep;
His race is run—his work is done:
Let ransomed souls his memory keep.

Rest, hero, on thy ocean-bed!
Calm must thy final slumber be.
Who live to bless are never *dead*;—
Life, endless life, awaiteth thee!

ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMA IN THE MAY NUMBER.

I.

MISS S. L. HALL.

THE heart of the parent the cherub hath won,
All glowing and gleaming in love's purest ray;
As she looks on his beauty and calls him "my
son!"
Less brilliant to her shines the proud god of day.
May her love ne'er be answered by frowning and
scorn,
May the rose she shall rear never yield her a
thorn.

A cherub, not "wingless;" for, beauty and youth
A snare in his cunning will set,
And whether the bait be of falsehood or truth,
A maid may be caught in the *net*.
O may it be such she can wrap it around her,
And never regret that its magic hath bound her!

Then, gazing so sadly and fondly upon it,
A captive so willing, a servant so free,
Let her pour out her soul in a beautiful *sonnet*,
And clasping her fetters, transfer them to me.
I'll bind the soft bonds still more firmly around her
And she ne'er shall regret that the blind youth has
won her.

II.

J. C. COLE.

I SEE a form of innocence,
Fresh from Dame Nature's hand,
Beginning to keep step with me
Through life's much-travelled land.
And when my strides grow feeble
As age is gathering on,
I shall be represented
And assisted by a *SON*.
He is fond, and fair, and faultless,
To his father's tone is set;
And the strong love that I bear him
Is a softly fettering *NET*.
Now we've done it, let us con it,
And look on it, as a *SONNET*.

WORTH AND ITS FAME.

BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

HE who desires, first of all, that his works shall
be renowned, seeks not the enduring but the bril-
liant, not depth but breadth; and, for the compact
vigour of absolute character, contents himself with
the elegant superficialities of conventional modes.
By attempting to bring out to its utmost capacity
the attractiveness of the pure gold which is in
him, he beats it so thin that it loses its tough en-
durance, and becomes the easy prey of storm and
time. His purpose defeats itself by its undue
prominence; earns a blast from the trumpet of
Fame, perhaps, but splits the tender metal with
excess of wind: so the whole labour of his life,
spent in direct endeavours after glory, is lost almost
as soon as the eager hand is cold, and the din-
ned ear deaf to his fellows' clamorous praises. He

has diffused, instead of concentrating his genius. The strong breath that might have rung a peal down the utmost ages, had it been poured through the "sounding alchemy" of a great purpose, now blown into a thousand glittering bubbles, will stir no billow in the yielding air, will wake no echo in remoter years, and wreath no freshness into distant hearts.

He has but half learned the philosophy of *things*, that coarser index to the philosophy of *thoughts*; and lights the fire of his enthusiasm to a vain end, by aspiring to shine too hastily. True, the rapidity of flame is proportioned to the amount of surface which a combustible presents; so, too, is the fleetness of its decay; while the intensity of the heat and the duration of its influence are measured by the solidity of the fuel. Let fine genius blaze and flare too broadly into expansion, of whatever kind, it will glow less fervidly, less successfully, than if it poured its burning inspiration into solid bars, as of red-hot steel.

The aim of ambition should not be first for renown, but for actual greatness; not to crowd up from ripening depths of silence and solitude into hasty prominence, but like the richest pearls, that in profoundest depths gather their great worth silently, wait till their predestined hour reveals them. Treasures rarely lie exposed and obvious, and deepest shafts strike oftener than shallow ones the ore's best veins.

We are all more impressed by the suggested than wholly visible, by ingots rather than gold-wash, the massy carving than the veneering. One solid diamond, with the concentrated fires of a million annual suns in its little orb, is prized above whole roods of shining glass, and flat acres of tinsel and tin-foil. Rude, uncultivated minds will, perhaps, choose first the gaudy colours and the largest surface. Unthinking savages might be found who for a fragment of some showy jar, would willingly exchange the fairest pearl which your meditative oyster had nursed in mid solitudes of ocean for mute ages. But men pity the folly of the poor savage while they imitate it, turning their backs neglectfully on live merit to exalt dead sham.

What are they but barbarians exchanging pearls for beads, who suffer their rich rewards to follow the curious and trivial, while solid worth starves on the hope of posthumous fame? Your very small Tom Thumbs, for showing their pretty littlenesses, are overwhelmed with attention and wealth, while your gray old Haydns, after lifelong devotion to a noble art, are left to escape the gulf of poverty on no better bridge than the sharp edge of a suicide's knife. While sham so prospers, worth must carry a faint heart.

The effect of letting, thus, the eye usurp the office of the judgment, and the tingled ears carry it so over the heads of sober sense, is bad, even on veritable genius. It makes a soul impatient, weary of feeding its energies for the slow maturing grandeur of some lofty work, and often tempts it to bestow that subtle fire and finishing element, —which should permeate the solid walls of the whole fabric,—on the surface merely, where less heart-waste and weariness will show broader results. But when a man puts all his skill into the front of his edifice, he forgets the locomotive powers of his fellows. Let him remember that it is poverty's subterfuge, not to say hypocrisy's, to paint his house in front and whitewash in the

rear; and let him also think, since he builds for the future as for the present, that some innovating engineer may survey a road straight past the back-door of his edifice, and turn the travel of thought, and custom, and taste right under his unfinished eaves. Then must his poor ghost blush to see what shame covers his works in front, if ghosts may be permitted to watch their own monuments of glory or shame.

No; away with half-worth! Let a man dare to mature, even in this age of hurry and breathlessness, let him wait to grow, though it were, oak-like, for stormy years, and be content with the tough vigour and beauty he can nourish, though a whole forest of pithless aspens run up between him and the eyes of men. When they are well up and mature, he will be in the lusty prime of his nonage, hardier and fairer than they; and in good time his great boughs will shake defiance to the blast that shouts over their withered trunks, ay, and when it whirls the dust of their utmost decay through his green top!

The measure of great actions, and, much more, of silent greatness, does not appear in their fame, nor in their palpable results. Feats as magnificent as those which echo to remotest times, and grandeur vast as that which has made even history eloquent, have scarcely furrowed a ripple on the surface of human affairs, going silently down, unremembered, and men say they are lost. The valour, the hardihood of a band of buccaneers is ever as heroic and enduring in itself, as the iron will which trampled the pride of Persia and rescued Greece at Thermopylæ; but circumstances seem alone to determine whose victory shall ring in the world's ears for ever, and whose be consigned to oblivion or execration.

Surely, Fame stands not nicely on moral scruples, making up her jewels, while the fretful and moody Achilles grows godlike in her pæans, and the manly, heroic Hector becomes a vulgar byword for mean and petty teasing. A goddess worthy of our costly rituals should earn first some decent respect for her justice, before she can hope for the worship she desires. Heroes have worn her laurels, to whom harsher truth would have assigned a lower band from a weed of tougher fibre; while the gibbet has borne fruit worthy of the noblest palms. We need not suppose the rivals to be evil, on either part, and yet some foreign circumstance, in no wise governable by the valour or nobility displayed, will give the deeds of one to oblivion, and of the other to glory. A thousand more startling and brilliant battles than those of our own Revolution have been fought and almost forgotten, but the result, no less than the cause for which they were waged, has earned renown, instead of infamy to our fathers. That cabalistic word "*success*," can open the locked doors of fame, when "*valour*," "*worth*," and "*virtue*" have been recited in vain before their brazen panels.

But even that is not enough to redeem the realm of renown from the sway of seeming chance. Great thoughts are drifting from an unknown whence to an unknown whither, but a Cicero or a Demosthenes alone wear the bays of eloquence. Godlike creations stand in cold marble, lifelike, and almost living, but their dumb lips can lisp no name of them they might glorify for ever, if those pale mouths would only speak! And will you believe that the poets who have come to us are the only noble ones who have ever lived? Is it

not rather presumable, nay is it not certain, that even the grand temple of a Homer's soul, is full of echoes from unseen old bards, whose broken poems reach us no more, save as they melt into his godlike song? Those bright creations of a bold and wise imagination, the gods and heroes, how few of them are his. They are the bright offspring of the poet's soul, brilliant picturings of the thousand-fold manifestations of nature and the life of mind, invested with fair forms by daring genius, yet not by him. They are not Homer's children, they are foundlings whom he has fed and trained; but were richly clad already, and well alive with the projected essence of their paternal souls. Then verily were there mighty poets before Homer, whose works had become the common speech and faith of men; often from very age, time-hardened from their once flexible personality into petrified fossils from which he piled the sublime walls of his own triumphal arch.

The poet who writes now of man in all his endlessness of capacity and development, has not the glory of creating his materials; their Maker is still first Poet and rhythmic worker, though doing silently his many fameless works. So they who moulded glorious fables around godlike truths, and left them to their future poet, shall not also leave their glory to him. They were many, and if their names existed now, their fame should be divided into many stars, as indeed this greater star would blaze less sunlike among them.

One looks with a kind of stern pride on the unclaimed garlands which are twined by fame for nameless heroes. Their great works, all alone, as if they were separate beings, self-conscious and self-sustained, stand up and plead their own right to immortality. They seem more godlike for their self-sufficingness, and for the invisible hand which launched them into being; more as if they grew, with no dilution, nor mortal taint, from human media, of the divine force which created them. The Gothic Architecture, a Venus de Medici, a Nibelungen Lied, and the rare old Ballads in our own tongue, step forth unshadowed by the egotism of a man standing between us and their simple grandeur. No impertinent *me* shows there his needless presence claiming admiration, though by marring somewhat admirable in his work.

Yet we know, when we will think, that worthy souls have gone before us, and left these noble footprints as the measure of their giant steps. We feel a great sad pride in contemplating them in their own sublime Valhalla, grandly aloof from the smiling company of the renowned; towering up in dim and solitary vastness, careless of the wreath which glory waves over the tracks of their fugitive feet. We only know by the direction and the depth of these, how proudly the ascending god spurned back the yielding clay for his grand flight into the empyrean, but to our mind, that hint is better than the completest Boswell log-book of the whole voyage to glory.

A greatness which is perfectly obvious is too small for the grasping desire of our souls; the whole of one thing once seen we want another: no returning, diluting, expanding, or new-modeling that will serve us; an inexhaustible worth is the least which will suit us long, a value which time cannot touch nor change of place affect, like the perennialness of Shakspeare, of Beethoven or

Phidias, men whom no excellence can rob, no ages superannuate.

Fame is notoriously a coquette, but real greatness is a lover and queen for ever, true to her devotee as morning to the sun. The one will jilt you, the other bless you with delightful constancy. From the last you must earn the prize you get; ay, what you do to earn it, is the prize itself; from the former, you may buy cheap honours, almost as bright as the pure, for any plausible claim, or even boldly fraudulent one. As we have already suggested, the success of an action is better capital in the kingdom of Renown than its greatness or goodness. Direct force of heroism yields to contingencies, and often "the bright glory and collateral beams" of fame are warmer and fuller than its direct rays. Could we see no deeper than the apparent, moral justice would have no place given it in the balancing of human actions, for Fame, like our mushroom Mæcenases, gives her prizes by preconceived plan, or veriest accident, and not for intrinsic merit and native force.

But this fortuity is only in appearances. Everlasting justice lies at the centre of things, and gives all their due weight, and to nothing grants a factitious importance: just what native character and force is in a thing, *that* will have way, and bless or curse to its full capacity for good or evil. The history of the world is but meagerly written in outstanding facts and the blazonry of fame. Silently under the deep heart of humanity work the invisible forces which heave the world along; and only now and then the weltering surge of life throws them to the surface, and gives in words a measure of their working. A preconception of effects from causes, might teach us rightly to estimate things as they passed. "The child is father of the man," but the child's father we know not; we know little of the child. What we see around us we misread, what went before we hardly guess; what will result is in utter darkness. In to-day's existence lie wrapped the vital elements of the future, and, as unseen surroundings may determine, will take shape, but only from their internal essence will they develop a character. Circumstance affects not the centre. If a whole epic is in the soul of a boy, it will come out in the life of the man, some where and how; but according to the tools which are put into his hand will it be written, sword-carved, or spaded in earth, or uttered in some glorious renovation, or at the worst fate, in some sublime destruction. The fact which lies there like a seed within him will grow to a fair pine, "to be the mast of some great admiral," or, stunted to a gnarled shrub, feed the fire at last. The silkworm's woof of some ungarmented thought is in his form, but whether to be spun into an even web, or wasted upon stubborn hindrances, the surrounding world must answer; the essential fabric is the same whether woven to success or tangled into failure.

Little events are the fathers of great ones, for everything was in close germs once. What we want is room for fulness, to grow and to do, and by some means get this little something, which we are, expanded to its right dimensions in a just maturity; not too pinched or overblown. The *where* of our growing, is of less importance than the *how*; and the name it gets, it seems to us, is of no importance whatever in estimating the result. We have but to do, wisely as we may, that which

is in us to be done, and let success, victory, and the glory of doing take their own way, and come or tarry. The man who cannot dare defeat as well as danger is no true hero. The clanging bells and deafening huzzas of success are not the right cheers to strengthen noblest hearts; they are but the noisy clamours that drown cries of cowardice in unheroic hearts, the shouts which shrinking souls demand when walking the grave-yard of the world in the night of danger.

To the verily great, a large shadow on the wall is of no concern, while dwarfs contrive by judicious paddings, long caps and plumes, and high-heeled shoes, to make a figure, which by odd chances enough, turns out more ridiculous than large at last. The true thing is the only vital one, and stuffed seemings can never live, though they float to the top of society and drive to and fro there, filling all eyes and mouths with admiration. They are good for nothing, let them perish; and the saddle-maker, with a little hair, prunella and leather, can make just such another set; and not all the bagged winds of Æolus, for lungs, could put a breath of life into them. But the true thing is powerful, to the full measure of its greatness, whether it moves the deep-down, silent undercurrent of events, or by chance whirls to the surface to lead on their noisy van.

Truth's lover is not Fame's courtier. He is content to live by the faith he has in trueness, though he sees no stormy wake to mark his path. He is not so blind and fearful, that, like the man in the churchyard, he needs to "whistle to keep his courage up," or that he will have no assurance of his soul's life, till its speech comes back in clamours. He knows his worth before he speaks, and can poise his words fitly as worlds are balanced in the blue. He knows the meaning of silence. God is silent; the deepest influences from God and nature are from the noiseless, and make the recipient dumb till the fulness of his time. What does he care for fame, who can dare to be still? What boots your noisy praise of to-day when he is content to wait till the slow ages can pass sentence on him?

Do we want fame for evidence of our work? Poorly have we wrought then, and without any right summons to the task. We need not doubt of the good done if we know of the good put forth. Nothing earnest is lost in the blank air. If it is small, as seed, its fruit will be small, as fruit; for all that is done will produce results to the limit of its vitality. The voice which utters these words, vibrates the whole ether to the end of the heavens:—so shall a thought, uttered in word or work, stir all the deeps of life to their extreme verge, and if it is great and good enough, it will be felt in individual distinctness down all the cycles of human existence.

Everything prompts faithfulness to the fact, as the surest path to the reputation of it, whether it be of heroism, poesy, or virtue, or whatever else. Even oblivion, with conscious worth, is better than unearned renown. Are you verily something—flowers, and not weeds, with any sweetness to shed anywhere?—fear not to "waste it on desert air!" It cannot waste, when heaven's pure warmth has called it forth. Let it flow and bless whatever God and nature may direct across its path. This we may know, if it is true, that there is in us some just aim, some native energy and will, to do our work; but we cannot know if men

shall praise or blame judiciously, when we do well or ill: why should their suffrages affect our doing, then? We may know too, that what is well done will abide, yet have no fond assurance that our names shall be united to the deed, since largest works have lived beyond the echo of their founder's names.

Even frigid stoicism might teach, what nobler faith has often urged in vain, that this is an idle and foolish anxiety, this dogging of our work to its result in fame, this inverted egotism, self-satisfaction turned modest and nervous at every step which we put forward. The shrinking timidity of approbation is no less selfish and distasteful than the bully swagger of self-esteem.

We doubt if we do well when we need to see what comes of our doing. Harvests belong to the future, while to sow is ours. Is our seed-kernel good? wait not to pluck berries of its growth, nor for the songs of a gratulant world's Harvest-Home, before we can trust the work we have done. If we can pluck fruits, and all its fruits, we have done little, oh, very little, or yet very illy; for great good strikes its roots deep and spreads its branches wide, before its slow blessing is mature. We must know our trueness by its bloom, nay by its germ, or we shall have small patience to await the ripening. We must be content with doing in long silence, or we shall not be worthy of renown. The garland of fame will cling firmer to the head all shaggy and moist with the earnest hurry of work, than the smoothest locks of oiled and lavendered idlers, who have spent their whole lives in shaping them to the set of a crown. Alas! it slips away, after all, and we laugh at their blank wonder.

ISABEL.

BY H. W. PARKER, ESQ.

THOU art no dreamy, pale, and pensive creature,
In whom the milder graces only dwell;
But life and thought intense in every feature
Are written with a sunbeam, Isabel.

Thy radiant lips and eyes, the soul revealing,
Thy past declare, thy future fate foretell;
The brightest lights and darkest shades of feeling
Have been thine own, and will be, Isabel.

No dim and timid love, that, slowly growing,
Can only pass as slow, will thee impel;
The "love of love, and scorn of scorn," are glowing
Within thy poet-spirit, Isabel.

And if thy soul to God and Truth is tending,
And, upward winging, ever striveth well,
Thy soul will be a shape of light transcending
All calmer, gentler natures, Isabel.

From star to star, through all the airy ocean,
Thy flight the swiftest spirit's will excel;
And, strong in love as daring in thy motion,
The chosen herald will be Isabel.

And, like the angel with the face of lightning,
Before whose splendour men in silence fell,
Thy soul will be a future Hesper, brightening
All Eden with thy beauty, Isabel.

The Hindoo Maiden.

A GERMAN SONG.

TRANSLATED BY J. S. DWIGHT.

Rich, with the O - ri - ent's trea - sure low la - den, Sails out a gal - lant

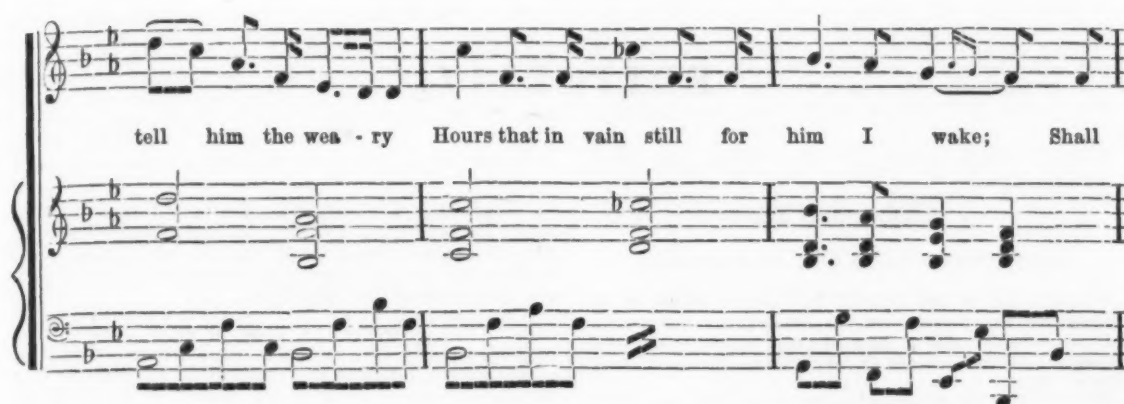
The first system of the musical score for 'The Hindoo Maiden'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef and two piano accompaniment staves in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are 'Rich, with the O - ri - ent's trea - sure low la - den, Sails out a gal - lant'.

ship from Madras port; And on the sea - shore yet lin - gers a mai - den,

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'ship from Madras port; And on the sea - shore yet lin - gers a mai - den,'. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is present in the piano part.

Soft - ly she whis - pers her friend there a - board: "Soon as thou seest him, Oh!

The third system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Soft - ly she whis - pers her friend there a - board: "Soon as thou seest him, Oh!'. The system ends with a repeat sign.



tell him the wea - ry Hours that in vain still for him I wake; Shall



seas be - tween us aye roll so drea - ry? Tell him this heart, this



heart will sure - ly break! Tell him this heart, this heart will sure - ly break.

SECOND VERSE.

"If he confide to thee love's tender greeting,
Send by the earliest homeward-sailing bark;
But if his warm vows were empty and fleeting,
Write not, nor turn all my hope into dark!"
"Soon as thou," &c.

THIRD VERSE.

Many a ship came in, ah! none was laden
With news from him, and she, poor girl was crazed;
Faithful till dying, with last breath, the maiden
Whispered her message as far off she gazed:
"Soon as thou," &c.

EDITORIAL.

ART NOTICES.

EMBELLISHMENTS OF THE JULY NUMBER.

"OBERWESEL ON THE RHINE," has been selected as the subject for the vignette on the title-page of our present volume, of which this is the first number, and is herewith presented to our readers in the full confidence of their approbation.

It is by FINDEN, whose exquisite taste has been exercised with such a fine appreciation of every beauty in the various objects of interest along the picturesque region of the Rhine, as to give the reader who ponders over the legends of that romantic dream-land illustrated by his art, a realization of all the weird and superstitious fancy that for ever invests its traditional lore.

Among the thousand places that attract the attention of the traveller who makes the pilgrimage of the Rhine, from Cologne to the gloomy vaults of the Pfalz, there are none which possess more interest than Oberwesel. Floating along the shadowy river, imbued with all the romantic spirit of the truth and fiction that renders every object memorable, gazing down into the panorama of skies which are perpetually mirrored on its bosom, you suddenly behold through an opening in the mountains, a beautiful town, its Gothic architecture creeping halfway up a gently-rising hill that stretches its vine-dressed slope down to the very edge of the Rhine. A nearer approach to the shore gives you a sight of the shattered walls that still bear the traces of that havoc which befell the warlike town when the bishops of Trèves, the Biscayans of Louis XIV., and the revolutionary spirit of France, each in turn, invoked such destruction as the dreadful enginery of war ever leaves upon the barriers that are raised against the invader on his march to conquest.

The view in our picture is composed of the more important objects of the scene. Upon the crest of the mountain overlooking the town, is the ruin of the Schonberg, to which is attached a legend that gives it the most absorbing interest for the association it bears in the history of the "Seven Cruel Sisters," of whose fate it has become the monument. Its history goes back to the tenth century, at which time the seven scoffing ladies were transformed, according to the tradition, into seven rocks, which may yet be seen lifting their fantastic shapes out of the sullen Rhine.

The Pfalz, celebrated for its tragedy, is sufficiently in the vicinity of Oberwesel to demand some attention while we are on this subject. It was the Palatine palace, and has been called "The Stone Ship of the Rhine." It is very picturesque in structure, and when partly obscured by mist, which is often the case, it looms up with all the proportions and form of a full-rigged vessel at sea. The entrance was built upon a gigantic piece of solid marble, called the "Rock of the Counts." In it were cells and dungeons for prisoners of state, and a small apartment for the Countesses of the Palatine, in which they were compelled to remain at certain seasons without any recreation save that which they could find by visiting the vaults beneath the river, in the lowest of which was a well of water that had its origin from springs beneath the bed of the Rhine.

Among the many interesting legends which are related of the Pfalz, is that of the good Countess Guda, of the ancient line of Nurigen. Her beauty was of such surpassing loveliness as to cause the extreme jealousy and hatred of her husband, the Count Hermann, Palatine of Gutenfels, who, at the instigation of a wicked brother, Ludwig, caused Guda to be imprisoned in the Pfalz for many years. A few months after her imprisonment, she became the mother of an heir to the Palatinate. The infant was secretly carried away by the governor of the Pfalz, Hugh von Roth, who believed the child to be the son of the Emperor, whom he had once surprised at the feet of the Countess, in the gardens of the Gutenfels, previous to her imprisonment. Having religiously kept his secret, and having departed by stealth with the infant from the Pfalz, his retreat had never been discovered, and he was never again heard from until after the death of the hateful Count Hermann, upon whose decease the artful Ludwig, the Count's brother, assumed the honours and rights of the Palatinate. At this moment, an army led by the Emperor, besieged the Pfalz, and rescued the long-imprisoned Guda, to whom was restored, in the camp of the Emperor, the young Count Hermann, then grown

to manhood. It is only necessary to add that the Emperor was victorious, and that the amiable and virtuous, though much-wronged Guda, had the satisfaction of beholding her son in the rightful possession of his heritage, the Palatinate of the Gutenfels.

"DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN."—This is a beautiful specimen of line engraving by JOHNSON, after RETHEL. The original picture, with figures life-size, is at present in one of the picture galleries at Frankfort on the Maine. The picture commends itself by the beauty of its execution, and the expression on the countenance of God's favoured child, whose innocence was thus manifested to those who had wished his destruction.

"ALONE AT THE RENDEZVOUS."—After A. DE DREUX. This is a most captivating picture, presenting as it does, at once, the two most beautiful objects in nature—a magnificent woman, and a noble horse! The spirit of the animal is finely rendered, and will be appreciated by those ladies among our subscribers who are fond of that invigorating and health-giving exercise—horsemanship!—GEORGE W. DEWEY.

BOOK NOTICES.

LEFT OVER FROM JUNE.

MARY ERSKINE. *By the author of the Rollo Books. Harpers.* This dainty volume forms Number Three of the "Franconia Stories." Its appearance is hailed with pleasure.

GREEN PASTURES FOR THE LORD'S FLOCK. *By the Rev. James Smith. Robert Carter & Brothers; New York.* The announcement that this work is reprinted from the thirty-eighth London edition, is certainly strong presumptive evidence in its favour. It is a book of practical piety, somewhat after the plan of Jay's Exercises, only shorter. It consists of 365 pages, one for each day in the year. Each page contains the day of the month, a short text of Scripture at the top, a meditation covering most of the page, and a verse of some hymn at the bottom, containing a sentiment similar to that expressed by the text and the meditation.

LORD HOLLAND'S FOREIGN REMINISCENCES. *Harpers.* The prominent part which the late Lord Holland took in all European affairs for so long a period, gives a more than usual importance to these reminiscences. It seems, from the announcement, that they were left in a completed state, ready for publication, though not intended originally to be published so soon. They are edited by his son, the present Lord Holland, and are given without alteration.

ANALYTICAL GEOMETRY AND CALCULUS. *By Prof. Elias Loomis, A. M. Harpers.* Professor Loomis is among the most successful cultivators of mathematical science that we now have. In his present work, he professes not to have written for mathematicians, but for the mass of students of average abilities. He has accordingly given special attention to the development of the fundamental principle of the Differential Calculus. The work will no doubt attract the attention of all engaged in the higher departments of instruction.

MOUNT HOPE. *By G. H. Hollister. Harpers.* Our author says most truly, that the leading characters among the early New England settlers, already begin to have a legendary character. The time is not distant when they will affect the imagination precisely as the creations of the early mythology affected the ancient Greeks. Mr. Hollister has created a romance, of which the hero is King Philip, so celebrated in New England colonization. The conflicts of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Red Men form, of course, the staple of his book, which is one of stirring interest.

WILLIAM PENN. *By William Hepworth Dixon. Lea & Blanchard.* Mr. Dixon has undertaken to change William Penn from a myth to man. Every reader of Macaulay will understand the allusion. It is admitted that the previous biographies are vague, lifeless, and transcendental. If Mr. Macaulay has done the great Quaker some harm, he has also done him the service to stir up a spirit of zealous inquiry, one of the fruits of which is to be seen in the present biography. All the voluminous documents on this subject which have been published since Clarkson's biography was written, have been subjected to a

rigorous examination, and the facts of his life—his ideas, his actions, his gait, his person, his business, his amusements, the furniture of his house, the setting out of his table, everything that makes individuality of character, are all fully authenticated, and brought vividly before the mind of the reader. There is a separate chapter devoted especially to the "Macaulay Charges."

LOUISIANA; ITS COLONIAL HISTORY AND ROMANCE. By Charles Gayarre. Harpers. 546 pp., 8vo. The colonial history of this country has already receded to such a distance from the garish present, as to afford legitimate materials for romance—better materials than existed in the Highlands of Scotland before the great Wizard of the North laid upon them his enchanting spell. It wants but the spell of genius to give to early American history a legendary character infinitely more affecting to the imagination than anything existent in the history of the old world. Native writers are beginning to appreciate this fact; and the best of our recent fictions have been, in subject as well as style, wholly indigenous. Mr. Gayarre's work is not a work of fiction, and yet he does not claim for it the character of severe history. It is rather the romance of a history that in its severest aspects is wildly romantic. His style of treating the subject is, like the subject itself, dashing and cavalier-like. Who could write otherwise of De Soto, and Iberville, and Bienville, and those other gallant heroes, by whom the fair domain of Louisiana was won and held?

YOUATT AND MARTIN ON CATTLE. New York. C. M. Saxton. The work of Mr. Youatt was prepared originally for the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," and published under their sanction. It has an excellent reputation in England, and is introduced to this country under the editorial auspices of Mr. A. Stephens. It contains a history of the various races of cattle, their origin, breeding, and merits, their capacity for beef and milk, their anatomical structure, and the nature and treatment of their diseases. It is illustrated with one hundred woodcuts.

THE CELESTIAL TELEGRAPH. By L. A. Cuhagnet. J. S. Redfield; New York. For sale by Zieber. This book is of the same kidney with its predecessor. It professes to give the secrets of the life to come, as revealed through magnetism. The existence, the form, and the occupations of the soul after its separation from the body, are proved (?) by many years' experiments, by means of eight ecstatic somnambulists, who had eighty "perceptions" of thirty-six deceased persons of various conditions. The book gives a description of these deceased persons, their conversation, &c., and the proofs (?) of their existence in the spiritual world! What next?

THE GIRLHOOD OF SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES. By Mary Cowden Clarke. New York. Putnam. It is hardly necessary to say that the lady here named, is the author of the "Shakespeare Concordance," a work on which she expended sixteen years. Her design in the present series, is one altogether more imaginative. She imagines each of Shakespeare's women as a girl, and weaves a story to suit the character. The reader, after being thus let into the secret of the previous history of the heroine, up to the time that she appears in the Shakespearian drama, is prepared to enter upon the perusal of the drama itself, with fresh zest, and an enlarged comprehension of its meaning. It is, in other words, only another and a very ingenious and entertaining mode of commenting on the meaning of Shakespeare. The heroines, whose characters Mrs. Clarke has thus attempted to develop, are fifteen in number, each making a small volume by itself, to be issued periodically. Four of these have been already received, namely, Portia, The Thane's Daughter, Helena, and Desdemona.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. The last number of this veteran quarterly contains many valuable articles. Among them we have read with special interest, one highly commendatory of Robinson's Lexicon of the New Testament, another on Thierry's Historical Studies, and a third on recent elementary works on Physical Science. Each of these articles shows the hand of a master. The others may be of equal merit; but we have not read them, and therefore cannot say.

PRINCETON REVIEW. The April number of this work contains six leading articles, as follows: "Foreign Missions," "Oecolampadius," "Life of Socrates," "Modern Theories of Education," "Apostolical Ministry," and "Reply to Prof. Park's Remarks." There is the usual number of literary notices, and, as a new feature, an interesting summary of recent literary intelligence. The work is greatly improved in appearance.

PAMPHLETS, SERIALS, &c.—*Blackwood for March*, published by Leonard Scott & Co.; for sale by Zieber, Philadelphia.—*London Labour and the London Poor*, by Henry Mayhew, Harpers, Part 2d, 25 cents; for sale by Zieber.—*Knowlson's Complete Farrier*, a work for every one that owns a horse; T. B. Peterson, 25 cents.—*Byrne's Dic-*

tionary of Mechanics, Nos. 26 and 27; D. Appleton & Co., New York, George S. Appleton, Philadelphia; 25 cents each.—*The Volcano Diggings*, a tale of California Law, by a member of the bar; New York, J. S. Redfield; for sale by Zieber.—*Latin without a Master*, in six easy lessons (*credat Judaeus!*), by A. H. Monteith; T. B. Peterson, 25 cents.

MARY BELL. By the author of the *Rollo Books*. Harpers. This is another of those exquisite "Franconia Stories" with which Mr. Abbott is now delighting the juvenile world, being the fourth of the series. H.

BOOK NOTICES FOR JULY.

HISTORY OF THE PROTESTANTS OF FRANCE, FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE REFORMATION TO THE PRESENT TIME. By G. De Félice, Professor of Theology at Montauban. Translated, with an Introduction, by Henry Lobdell, M. D. New York. 1851. Edward Walker. 8vo. pp. 624. This work claims to be a complete history of those religio-political struggles which, through scenes of persecution, outrage and massacre, recurring at various intervals from 1523 to 1815, at length brought about the establishment of constitutional religious toleration in France, though public opinion still continues to interfere with the perfection of religious freedom, and occasionally threatens renewed attacks upon the civil rights of Protestants. The author, as we are informed in the Introduction by the translator, is a Swiss by birth, though resident in France from the time of the commencement of his ministerial career. He is considered peculiarly eloquent in the pulpit, and enjoys a high literary reputation, as an author and essayist upon religious, moral, and political topics. This work was originally based upon a successful prize essay, offered before the Society of Toulouse for the Publication of Religious Books; but it has since been enlarged into an extensive volume. The style is clear, temperate, and unpretending, and the narrative is singularly free from vindictiveness, though not divested of proper warmth, directness, and energy. Professor De Félice appears to hold calmly his equal antagonism between the advocates of the Roman Catholic Church on the one hand, and the antichrists of the Reign of Terror and the modern Socialists on the other, displaying, if not expressing with equal terseness, the opinion of the Translator, as stated in these words in his Introduction.

"Socialism is the other extreme of Catholicism."—"Both systems subordinate the individual, to the civil or religious society. The State is to the one, what the Church is to the other."

A complete history of the French Protestants, by a Protestant, has been a desideratum, and this well-written work cannot fail to prove deeply interesting in a land in which there dwell so many descendants of the exiled victims of those terrible persecutions which it describes;—men who have contributed important elements of character in aid of the formation of the American race.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MATHEMATICS: Translated from the Cours de Philosophie Positive of Auguste Comte. By W. M. Gillespie, Professor of Civil Engineering, and Adj. Prof. of Mathematics in Union College. N. Y. 1851. Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 260. This is a translation of that portion of the first volume of the *Cours de Philosophie Positive*, which embraces all that is usually included under the term Mathematics. It treats in a most masterly manner of the object, grasp, and natural limits, of the whole science and each of its departments, together with the several relations, interlockings, and parallelisms of the latter. Each division, or, as we might express it, separate kingdom of analysis—each great branch of the calculus, using the term in its most extended sense, as including all processes or generic methods by which "to determine certain magnitudes from others by means of the precise relations existing between them, (for such is the beautiful definition given of the term Mathematics,) is fully considered, separately and in its connexion and dependencies—its essential nature, applications, and capacities, whether developed or possible. Terse, and to the last degree condensed, the work astonishes by the combined vastness of view and concentration of thought which it displays. In its totality, it is of course but partially intelligible to any but those who have made very considerable progress in the science; but it is impossible to read it, even with a slender knowledge of the subject, without feeling that one is dealing with a giant mind. Yet with all this profundity, which is forced upon the conviction of the student far more powerfully by the very sketch-like generality of the work, its meaning will perpetually open upon the mind of a tyro as he advances in his studies, from the first Algebraical text-book to the highest questions in astronomy and the most difficult applications of calculus to the science of imponderables. Everywhere, it would serve both as a guide and map of the territory already traversed.

The peculiarity of certain phrases, however, somewhat severely tax the understanding, and perhaps the translator may be suspected of the rare fault of occasionally adhering too rigorously to the precise mode of expression of the author. It may also be regretted—as all extremely profound men are prone to neglect collateral illustrations of their subject, which, though not necessary, furnish great facilities to the young—that the translator did not venture to increase the number of practical or “concrete” applications of abstract formulæ. What pictures are to the student of natural history, examples are to the mathematical pupil; and, as abstract reasoning is the severest of all exertions for the young brain, no collateral adjuvant should be neglected. As the book must go through future editions, we make this suggestion, with all modesty, to the learned translator.

EPISODES OF INSECT LIFE. By Acheta Domestica, M. E. S. New York: J. S. Redfield. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co. 1851. 8vo. pp. 320. This is a highly amusing volume of excellent paper and amply leaved luxuriance, bound and gilt in the regular “keep this side up” style so popular—with publishers—at present, and illustrated with intricate gilding on the cover, and well-executed vignettes throughout, in a very happy vein of *bizarrie*, in which insects are made to personify various phases of humanity, in attitude and costume. This is done, moreover, in a manner altogether above the range of vulgar caricature; the humour being always gentlemanly, and often Attic. The contents respond very faithfully to the title; for there are frequently “episodes” within episodes, and many of them very good, and with the exception of a few dull passages, all of them calculated to awake a pleasant smile, or a scarcely less pleasant sigh. This is a book for drawing-rooms and watering-places, and certainly highly novel and entertaining. While mingling the pleasant with the useful, it presents many facts, which, however well known to naturalists, will leave something worthy of remembrance in the mind of most readers of the class for which it is evidently designed,—the votaries of fashion and people of leisure, who rarely trouble the sciences, and when they do so, limit themselves to the regular ten minutes of a morning call. As a good and fair specimen of the author's subject and manner, we venture on the following extract from one of the episodes, giving a picture of a battle between a nest of Rufian Ants and a colony of the Fuscan Ants, the latter of which, as is well known, are often reduced to systematic slavery by the former.

“Now comes the tug of war. The defenders are assembled in front of their city, fighting for their queen, their lives, and the liberty of their infant population. The assailants, their main body having now come up, are fighting for glory and for plunder, and above all, for the rape of Fuscan babies, to become the future slaves of their own rising generation. Oh! for a Homer's pen to describe the universal ardour and the individual prowess of our pigmy Amazons. By far more numerous are the dusky Fuscans, though in discipline and personal strength they are much inferior to the warlike Rufians. Of the latter we have spoken, hitherto, as Lilliputians, but now we have to treat of them as opposed to a tribe of very inferior stature.

“The battle-field, an area of some four feet square, is strewn with dead and dying. Sulphureous fumes exhale around. Single combatants by thousands, each so eager in their respective contests as to seem unconscious of all besides, have spent their ammunition; but with rancour undiminished, behold them now, limb to limb, head to head, seized by each other and held in savage grip—now wrestling upright, now rolling in the dust; long does the dubious strife continue, till a third, Rufian or Fuscan, comes to turn the balance and throw death into the ascending scale. In another quarter, see perhaps a dozen combatants of either party, all firmly linked together in a living chain, dashing, writhing like a wounded snake, in serpentine convulsions, till snap goes a link beneath a mortal blow; but in an instant the dis severed portions reunite, and struggle on with double fury.

“Look now at that powerful, long-limbed Rufian, and the active little Fuscan, her opponent; the latter springs like a cat o' mountain on the chest of her bulkier foe; but dearly does she pay for her temerity. Caught in the grasp of the Amazonian Ajax, she is crushed, and falls strangled to the earth. She falls—but let not her conqueror exult;—a sister heroine, no bigger than herself, and like herself, carrying in a little body a mighty mind, beholds and vows to avenge her fate. She, too, springs upon the Rufian, but with more effective grasp, her powerful jaws enclosing, as in a vice, one limb of her athletic antagonist. The Rufian severs in twain the body of her assailant; its lower half falls and is trampled in the dust; but (horrible to see!) the upper portion still retains its hold, supported by the jaws which death has double-locked. The fixed eyes continue to look up angrily into the living face, the rigid arms to encircle the warm body of the wounded Rufian. Vainly she strives to shake off the

hideous burden: like the Old Man of the Mountain, it will not be dislodged; and though the Amazon of Rufia left that battle-field, yet

“— ever more
The lady wore,”

carried, perforce, about her, the slaughtered Fuscan's head and shoulders, frightful trophy of her dearbought victory!”

This work is evidently of English origin—one of those reprinted or published simultaneously here and in London, to secure, in some degree, the advantage of the great American market. The examples of insect life given in illustration of the text and comments are of species almost exclusively British. This is to be regretted, but it does not materially affect the value of the work for the special purpose of its author, which is, simply, to create an increased taste for the study of Entomology,—a science extremely rich in interest, even for the general reader, when treated in a popular manner, as in the admirable treatise of Kirby and Spence, an American edition of which was published, some years ago, by Carey and Hart, or Carey and Lea, Philadelphia. Though technical naturalists and collectors are usually among the most jealous people in the world of the reputation of their rivals, there is, perhaps, no study in the whole range of sciences better calculated to improve both head and heart than that of philosophical zoology. We regret, therefore, to perceive in the volume before us, some disposition to indulge in comments decidedly *mal apropos*, on institutions of which the author is practically ignorant; but so heartily good-natured and social is his style in other respects, that we lay down the book with a sigh that we cannot crawl out of our own little hole in the mortar and gnaw at a hard crust, by the wintry hearth, with this prince of achetas (crickets). There can be no doubt we should find him acting as he writes,

“Like a fine old English gentleman,
All of the olden time.”

LIFE OF ALGERNON SIDNEY; with Sketches of some of his Contemporaries and Extracts from his Correspondence and Political Writings. By G. Van Santvoord. New York, 1851. Charles Scribner. 12mo. pp. 334.

Sidney was one of the fathers of that movement which eventuated, under Divine direction, in the establishment of rational republicanism. He died a martyr to that cause to which our social altars are erected, and it is time that American writers should examine with American eyes, and illustrate with American feeling the history and character of those great men who perished in the struggle of the British Revolution. Heretofore, the popular knowledge of the efforts and opinions of those who were the true pioneers of modern freedom has been gained in this country almost exclusively from British historians, whose views of men and things continue, even to this hour, irretrievably intertangled with the *prestige* of ancient institutions. He that has been educated, and has acquired literary distinction, under a system that acknowledges the Divine right, if not of monarchy, at least of social grade, can hardly be expected wisely to instruct those whose ideas and principles are in radical opposition to much that he has been taught to honour, not upon logical conviction, but through blind faith and the habitual acquiescence of childhood and a narrow pseudo-patriotism. The political independence of the United States was the glorious conquest of their youth, but a most unfortunate mental dependence upon what is misnamed “the parent country,” (for America is the child of many fathers) has been perpetuated too long into the ripe years of their manhood, because we still derive from foreign sources the mass of that solid literature which not only moulds the mind in its opinions, but even modifies its structure and determines in great measure its development, as material food does that of the animal frame. Though in matters of history our knowledge must be compiled, by necessity, from the records and traditions of the country in which the occurrences described take place, yet never can the story of a martyr or an unsuccessful movement be rightly told, when the narrator owes natural fealty to those men and institutions which have planted the stake or crushed the rebellion. It is for these reasons that we welcome with uncommon pleasure the *Life of Algernon Sidney*, by an indigenous compiler. The work appears in a very desirable dress, as to paper, type and binding; it is written in a calm, lucid, chaste and correct historic style, and we think must certainly remunerate the publishers, and we hope the author, far better than works of solid merit usually do.

A HISTORY OF GREECE, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES, TO THE DESTRUCTION OF CORINTH. B. C. 146; mainly based upon that of Connop Thirlwall, D. D., Bishop of St. David's. By Leonhard Schmitz, F. R. S. E. New York, 1851. Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 542.

This work, originally published in Edinburgh, 1850, is

designed as a manual for schools, and readers who cannot command access to more voluminous treatises. The history of Rome, by the same author, enjoys considerable reputation. This volume is mainly compiled from the great work of Thirlwall,—with considerable detail, and chiefly in the words of this distinguished writer, through the brightest periods of Grecian story, down to the Peloponnesian war—and in a more general or sketchy manner, from that period to the destruction of Corinth. The author is Rector of the High School of Edinburgh; and this position, together with the very high source from which his materials have been chiefly gathered, and the success of his previous historical treatise, sufficiently recommends this abridgment to the confidence of the public.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF MARTIN F. TUPPER, D.C.L., F.R.S. In four volumes. Authorized Edition. Philadelphia, 1851. E. H. Butler & Co. 12mo.

Many of the works of Mr. Tupper are already well known to the American public, and wherever known, they have been highly appreciated. But the present edition presents peculiar claims from having been carefully revised by the author, in person, from its greater completeness, its illustrations, and the addition in the third volume of a sketch of his literary career, hitherto unpublished in this country. The same volume is decorated with a mezzotint portrait of Mr. Tupper, by Sartain, from a daguerreotype by Root, and in the last volume, we are presented with another mezzotint of the Cottage of Albury, the residence of the poet. That this edition will assist in circulating still more extensively among our countrymen the reputation and moral usefulness of a very amiable and heartfelt man,—an able and accomplished writer,—there can be no doubt; but we will decline for the present, any comments upon the contents of these volumes, with the expectation of referring to the subject at greater leisure in a future number.

DICTIONARY OF SACRED QUOTATIONS; or Scripture Themes and Thoughts, as paraphrased by the poets. Selected and arranged by Rev. H. Hastings Weld, Rector of St. James Church, Downingtown, Penn. Philadelphia, 1851. Lindsay & Blackiston. 12mo. pp. 456.

This is a collection of extracts from Scripture, alphabetically arranged after the manner of concordances, each group of texts being followed by numerous extracts from the poets, which have or are supposed to have a concurrent spirit: but the paraphrase, in many cases, if it exists at all, is so very loose that the relation between text and illustration must be discovered with extreme difficulty. By the author's preface, it seems that this defect is owing rather to the publishers than to him; for he states that the original design was confined to a thin pocket volume, involving only the poetry of Shakspeare, but "they stipulated for a stout duodecimo." This is the alleged reason why "the extracts do not present that close resemblance, in all cases, to the very words of Scripture, which might have been preserved in a smaller volume." The book contains many gems of difficult access by any aid to be derived from the table of contents, and we cannot avoid the conclusion that, very considerable as the whole may be, the half had been far greater.

THE BALLADS AND SONGS OF WILLIAM PEMBROKE MULCHBROCK. New York: T. W. Strong.—Boston: T. W. Cottrell & Co. 1851. 12mo. pp. 262.

This writer, who has accomplished all that he has acquired of mental cultivation in the teeth of very great difficulties, as we learn from his preface, has made himself somewhat known through the weeklies and dailies, as well as by a few articles in publications of somewhat more pretensions. By the very courteous American press, he has been sometimes loudly extolled as a poet, and this volume presents us with a collection of his fugitive articles. If we fail to find in either ballad or song the high poetic merit that some claim to have discovered, the fault will be, no doubt, attributed by them to a deficiency of poetic perception in us, and we shall rest contented with their conclusion. There is an occasional vindictiveness of feeling in his verses, which would be certainly unfortunate for the interests of the class of victims of society with whom he most sympathizes, if they should be tempted to act in the spirit of the songs; and his ideas of "The Way to Freedom," as displayed in the article so styled, in the "Chaunts for Toilers," and elsewhere, are somewhat too belligerent for these latitudes; for which, perhaps, they are not in truth designed. The redeeming feature of these poems is the deep, undying love displayed for the cruelly oppressed and down-trodden land of his birth, and their greatest value consists in the light they cast upon the irregular workings of the mind among masses whose physical strength is fearful, while cut off, by the errors of society, from the means of moral culture, and often from their just and well-earned share of physical comfort. Some passages are thrillingly, though rudely pathetic, and it is for this reason, not because they are truly poetical, that we could wish they should meet the eye of the few among

the wealthy who indulge themselves in the relaxation of thinking deeply.

LAYS OF THE KIRK AND COVENANT. By Mrs. A. Stewart Menteath. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1851. 12mo. pp. 245. A very neat little edition of short poems founded upon legends of the persecutions of the Scottish Church, with interesting historical notes, and five excellent illustrations on wood, representing battle scenes, martyrdoms, &c.

THE PATRIARCHAL AGE; or the Story of Joseph. Philadelphia: Robert E. Peterson. 1851. 12mo. pp. 342. A book for children, cheaply but neatly printed, and ornamented with a number of woodcuts, representing objects of nature and Egyptian art pertinent to the text.

MEMOIR OF MRS. MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN; being Recollections of a Daughter. By her Mother. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1851. 12mo. pp. 310. A diary of the life and religious experience of one called early from works to rewards; with an appendix containing twenty-four pages of her infantile and other poems. Mrs. Duncan was the daughter of the Rev. Robert Lundie, of Kelso, and wife of Rev. W. Wallace Duncan, of Cleish, Scotland. She died in 1840, at the age of twenty-five years. A poetical tribute to her memory, by Mrs. Sigourney, prefaces the volume, and it is adorned with a frontispiece, a portrait of her mother, engraved from a daguerreotype, by A. H. Ritchie. Previous editions of this work have made it known to many religious readers.

THE ALHAMBRA. By Washington Irving. Author's revised edition. New York: George P. Putnam. 1851. This is the fifteenth volume of the series of the Works of Washington Irving, now in the course of publication by the above-named house.

MIDNIGHT HARMONIES, or Thoughts for the Season of Solitude and Sorrow. By Octavius Winslow, M. A. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1851. 24mo. pp. 398. A little devotional volume, prettily printed on very good paper, in a type which will not injure the eyes of the old, or torture the nerves of the weak. It is also widely leaved. These are high excellencies in a work intended for a pocket companion by persons of all ages. We must be excused for alluding so often to the mere typography of books which are not designed chiefly for display; for, no degree of excellence of matter will compensate for defects in this respect, such as we frequently see in works mis-called cheap. Even an editor could often better afford to pay ten times the price of brown paper and slurred, small, and solid letterpress, than undertake to read much of the really valuable matter which comes before him for review in this cheap dress. Our own little purchases are often determined by these "trifling considerations," and it is but justice to our subscribers to allude to them. A little mental hunger is better than physical blindness.

THE FRUIT GARDEN; A Treatise intended to explain the Physiology of Fruit Trees, the Theory and Practice of all Operations connected with the Propagation, &c., &c., of Orchard and Garden Trees, &c., &c. By P. Barry, of the Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y. New York: Charles Scribner. 1851. 12mo. pp. 389. The attempt to cram a preface, an introduction, or an index, into a title page, is not only absurd, but highly injurious to the prospects of the work. Such endeavours probably originate in the idea that purchasers at a book-store, other publishers, and more especially critics in the sanctum, seldom look further than the title and its reverse. This style often produces the very effect it is designed to prevent. The title of the volume before us is one of the very worst we have met with, and we cannot afford space to give it entire. Nothing is lost to the reader, however, by this inability, for the above heading contains all that legitimately belongs to the title, as a generic enunciation of the character of the work, except that it is "illustrated with upwards of one hundred and fifty figures." But this unprepossessing countenance has not prevented our casting an editorial glance over the pages of a writer, whose position and distinction in his proper profession cannot fail to give value to his opinions. American agriculture, within the last ten years, has started from its long, leaden sleep. Science and knowledge are penetrating its dark places. The farmer, whose own hand guides the plow, takes his professional, as well as his literary journal, finds his little library, and purchases books! Of course, then, the press,—which at first follows, and afterwards endeavours to guide the popular leaning,—begins to groan under the weight of agricultural sheets. By our side, as we write, lie American editions of works, nearly all of indigenous growth, upon the nursery, the vineyard, the farm-yard, the manage, the stable, and the grazing-farm; agricultural chemistry, architecture, implements, hygiene, and economy; the horse, the ox, the sheep, the dairy, the bee, the domestic fowl, &c.; all, or nearly all, discussed in separate and specific treatises! The greatest of human interests is now wide awake, and these books all sell. If

any one inquire whence springs the vast, the almost hourly improvement of our markets in variety and quality, let him examine, as we often do, the cupboards of the humbler class of farmers, and ransack the book-shelf and odd corners. "Laus Deo!" He will be no longer in doubt. In the midst of petty political squabbling, agrarian, socialist, chivalric, anti-slavery, and a dozen other fermentations—in the midst of "agitation! agitation! agitation!" a calm, but irresistible revolution is advancing with truly American go-aheaditiveness; and when, on some dark morning, one or other of the "isms" has marshalled its ranks for an outburst, that hitherto silent mass which constitutes four-fifths of our population, will suddenly be heard, "Stop! we have learned our interests and our power!" and the farm-horn will cry *ha! ha!* to the trumpet! It is this that gives especial importance to the increased circulation of agricultural books; for when once habituated to reading and philosophical inquiry, the tremendous force of opinion among the tillers of the ground, a rational and natural conservatism which resists all sudden jars but seeks all safe advancement, will be substituted for that blind conservatism of precedent and wrong which condemns all change, however necessary to the gradual advancement of the species—however predetermined by the laws of nature, and the fiat of her God. —But return we to Mr. Barry. Most of the recent works on horticulture and the nursery which we have seen, have been chargeable, in greater or less degree, with two important faults,—want of precision and clearness in style—and want of fulness and accuracy in the description of manipulations; they are often additionally defective in philosophical arrangement and a proper knowledge of the collateral sciences, to which they necessarily make continual reference. In these respects, the little work of Mr. Barry appears to compare favourably with its predecessors; but it may be feared that the author has endeavoured to embrace too wide a field for proper discussion within the narrow limits of less than four hundred leaded duodecimo pages. The wood-cut illustrations mean what they profess to mean—a rare virtue in works of this class. They are really very good and very pertinent, and he who condemns this book, because the title-page looks unprepossessing, will find himself in the position of those who judge goodness of heart by beauty of countenance. In all other respects, the volume is well got up, and every farmer who cultivates fruit, instead of foolishly leaving the task entirely to nature, should buy it, and place it with its fellows on that upper shelf of the cupboard, or that other corner in the garden-seed and tool house.

WAVERLEY POETRY; BEING THE POEMS SCATTERED THROUGH THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. *Attributed to anonymous sources, but presumed to be written by Sir Walter Scott.* Boston, 1851. *Monro and Francis*, 12mo, pp. 268.

This, as the publishers inform us, is the completion of the compilation printed by the Constables of Edinburgh in 1822. That volume embraced the poetry of Scott's Novels from *Waverley* to the *Pirate*:—this completes the selection of all the poetry original with Sir Walter, or translated by him, to the conclusion of the series, which embraces fourteen additional tales. Of course this book will be highly prized, for reference and quotation, by every literary man.

POEMS. *By Mrs. E. H. Evans. With a preface by her brother, T. H. Stockton.* Philadelphia, 1851. *Lippincott and Grambo*, 12mo, pp. 251.

There is a proverb, expressed in less terse and pointedly antithetical terms, that means to say *tolerable poetry is utterly intolerable*: but this unpretending little book presents us with much that is not only tolerable, but even highly pleasant in its way, without rising to the dignity of decided mark. It seems not to aim at fame, but rather the promotion of domestic heartfulness, and it will fill a blank hour agreeably at the firesides of many, who feel the sweet power of numbers, as the untutored heart answers to melody and the simplest of the ballad, without being able even to enjoy the loftier charms of harmonic combination or the broad touches of the master in song, who suggests, rather than delineates a picture, and who speaks only to poets; standing in the same relation to the humbler rhythmist that the great painter assumes towards the more elaborate limner. This book will bring no discredit on the writer, and there are more who will feel with her than will cavil at her gently toned and musical rhymes; but we are glad that natural, though unnecessary diffidence induced her to pen the following very happy "Apologetic" as a poem.

APOLOGETIC.

I.

Because the Nightingale
"Tranceth the grove, till every leaf seems thrilling,
And the rich melody
Shakes the bent flowers, the air with perfume filling,
And proves himself to be

Unrivalled! Shall no other warbler, winging
His course to distant bowers,
Pour forth his joyous anthem, heavenward ringing,
To cheer the tardy hours?

II.

Because the blushing Rose
Charmeth the Breeze to fainting, on her bosom,
And stands a Fairy Queen,
Peerless in beauty, by each sister blossom,—
Shall not the Violet bloom,
Who only seeks to hide beneath the splendour?
And keep her humbler charms
For some mild spirit, lonely yet, but tender.

III.

Then let me sing, if only
The friends I love grow glad while I am singing;
I will not by my notes
Disturb a nobler minstrel's song, upspringing
In airy measures sweet—
But silent sit entranced, glad praise bestowing.
Only when he hath ceased,
And joyously to other spheres is going,
My harp shall be released.

IV.

Then if a single heart,
Borne down beneath the weight of care or sorrow,
Should half forget its grief,
While I am whispering of a brighter morrow;
Not vainly unto me
Hath e'en this humble minstrelsy been given,
Nor shall its music be
Without an echo in the courts of Heaven.

LETTERS TO MY PUPILS; WITH NARRATIVE AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES. *By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.* New York, 1851. *Robert Carter and Brothers*, 16mo, pp. 341.

Mrs. Sigourney is so universally known as a writer, and public opinion upon her merits has been so frequently expressed, that a simple notice of a work from her pen suffices. This volume has a frontispiece, from a daguerrotype, engraved by Richie, representing preceptress and pupil; and, as far as the memory of ten years warrants us in judging, the resemblance is a good one.

THE POCKET COMPANION FOR MACHINISTS, MECHANICS, AND ENGINEERS. *By Oliver Byrne, Professor of Mathematics, Coll. of Civil Engineers, London.* New York, 1851. 24mo. pp. 144. Bound in Pocket-book form, illustrated with wood-cuts and three steel engravings, of the steam engine.

A collection of a great number of tables, formulae, and practical rules of calculus, applied to the daily business of mechanics and others, in a vast variety of pursuits and professions. Being the work of a highly distinguished mathematician and practical civil engineer and topographer, it cannot fail to be of great use in the hourly business of life, to all practical men who can justly claim the title of mechanics.

WOMAN'S TRIALS, OR TALES AND SKETCHES FROM THE LIFE AROUND US, AND, MARRIED LIFE. ITS SHADOWS AND SUNSHINE. *By T. S. Arthur.* Philadelphia, 1851. *Lippincott and Grambo*.

Two very neat little tomes of a series entitled *Arthur's Library for the Household*. The writer's reputation and his peculiar style have long ago been judged and decided by the public. His stories are very popular with a wide circle of readers, and the pleasure of greeting these additional efforts in the direct line of his usefulness is in no degree dashed by the fear that in his hands, the wand of fiction will ever be made a lever for the passions or for the degradation of morals.

DEALINGS WITH THE INQUISITION, or *Papal Rome, her Priests and her Jesuits.* *By Rev. Giacinto Achilli, D. D., Late Prior and Visitor of the Dominican Order, Head Professor of Theology, and Vicar of the Master of the Sacred Apostolic Palace, &c.* New York: *Harper & Brothers*, 1851. 12mo. pp. 351. We never meet with a modern story of religious bickering or oppression without feeling inclined to cry out with poor Cowper,

"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness!" &c.

But fortunately, the imprisonment and sufferings of Dr. Achilli have become familiar subjects of discussion through the daily press, and have aroused the warmth of American sympathy. This work will plead its own cause with the people, and can be benefited only by an advertisement.

A GRANDMOTHER'S RECOLLECTIONS. *New York: Charles Scribner.* 1851. 12mo. pp. 235. The childish and youthful adventures of a very good little lady, though sometimes wild, like most young folks. A happy picture, by the heroine, of a grandmother that was a grandmother, and

could gently teach and control, without harshness, both mamma and the young ones. Very lively, spirited, and feminine; full of cheerfulness and good principle; and an admirable book for mothers that hardly know how to control their children, and for misses in their teens, or even somewhat younger, who would like to learn to be happy, both before and after marriage.

THE GLENN. *A Family History*. By J. L. McConnel. New York: Charles Scribner. 1851. 12mo. pp. 280. This is a Tale, by the author of "Talbot and Vernon," "Grahame," &c., in which the author endeavours to bend to practical and theoretical usefulness the flowery tracery of fiction—a far less difficult task than to clothe a mass of physical or metaphysical truth in the garb of fiction. There is no vehicle more appropriate than the novel, for scattering among the busy crowd the most important practical truths; and the opposition of many correct thinkers to all novel-reading, founded as it has been, upon the very general sacrifice of proper morals and the truth of history to mere effect and the perfection of a plot, has had an influence as injurious as that of any other species of unreasonable exclusiveness. This story is written in a subdued and chastened style, utterly free from exaggeration, and with a heartfulness of purpose that should recommend it to those who are so unfashionable as to mingle thought with their amusement. It professes to be a picture drawn from the really characteristic and general features of Western life and society, avoiding the most salient points and startling exceptions, which furnish the common materials of late writers. In the author's own words, the story was originally "designed to illustrate certain mental and moral laws by which characteristics are transmitted from parent to offspring,—and thus to show how 'the sins of the father are visited upon the children, even unto the third and fourth generation.'" This is truly a rich and noble subject. How far the attempt has been successful, it would be impossible to say without a deliberate reading, and if, on further examination, we find the matter of sufficient importance, we may refer to it again in a future number.

TRAVELS IN AMERICA.—THE POETRY OF POPE. *Two Lectures to the Leeds Mechanics' Institution and Literary Society*. Dec. 5th and 6th, 1850. By the Right Honourable, The Earl of Carlisle (Lord Morpeth). New York: G. P. Putnam. 12mo., pp. 135.

The travels of Lord Morpeth in the United States, and the general tenor of his very cursory remarks upon our scenery, men, and institutions, as given in his lecture before the Leeds Institute, have been made generally known to American readers through the British and American press. But the truly accomplished European scholar, enjoying an unquestioned and unquestionable position in society—the English nobleman of high cast, who is the natural peer of the American gentleman of similar elevation—has so rarely traversed our territory with his eyes open, and his heart untrammelled by any embarrassment other than the beautiful prejudice of patriotism, that the first crude impressions of such a man—and that Lord Morpeth was such a man, no one will attempt to dispute,—possess a value vastly superior to anything that can be uttered by book-making tourists or small diplomatists in their writings or speeches. The observations contained in that part of this little volume which relates to America,—for the portion which treats of the poetry of Pope is too completely occasional to demand especial notice—deserves not only to be read, and reperused, but even deliberately studied by every one who would wish to know how our national character, and the physical features of our country affect, at first glance, a representative of the best and most influential portion of the British mind. To expect of the Norman blood, with English training, a full appreciation of institutions so fundamentally different from those he has been taught to honour, would be folly; but the Earl of Carlisle certainly approaches more nearly to the genuine cosmopolitan, and displays less of the insular, in the spirit of his sketches, than any of his countrymen who have visited this country, and made known either their real or pretended impressions. This book, small as it is, should find a place in the library of every thinking American.

MUSIC.—Song, "Let the Light of Other Days Depart." For the Piano. Words and music by *Septimus Winner*, 257 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia.

PAMPHLETS, SERIALS, &c.—*The Wife's Sister, or The Forbidden Marriage*. By Mrs. Hubback, niece of Miss Austin, No. 155 of Harper's Library of Select Novels. For sale by Zieber, price 25 cents.—*London Labour and the London Poor*. By Henry Mayhew, with engravings taken by Beard. Nos. 5 and 6. Harpers. In semi-monthly numbers. For sale by Zieber, price 12½ cents. This will be more fully noticed when the series is complete.—*The two Wives, or, Lost and Won; and The Ways of Providence, or "He doeth all Things well."* Two stories in continuation of Arthur's Library for the Household. Published by Lippin-

cott, Grambo & Co., No. 14 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia.—*A Novel by E. L. Blanchard: The Heirs of Derwentwater*. New York, Dewitt and Davenport, Tribune Building; price 50 cents.—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, for May*. American reprint. New York, Leonard Scott & Co. For sale by W. B. Zieber. An interesting number with a critique on American poetry, which is worthy the attention of our contributors.—*Dictionary of Mechanics, Engine work, and Engineering*. 28th number. New York, D. Appleton & Co.—*Indiana. A novel by Madame Duvenant (George Sand), prefaced by a biographical sketch of the authoress*. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson. Price 50 cents.—*The Complete Kitchen and Fruit Gardener for Popular and General Use*. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson. 118 pp. 2mo. Price 25 cts; in paper. Short as is this little *vade-mecum* for the gardener, it contains, in a convenient shape, a great multitude of practical directions in a very condensed form, and will be valuable on this account, even for those who possess more ample works on the same subject.—*The Complete Cattle Doctor. A Treatise on the Diseases of Horn Cattle and Calves, written in plain language, &c.* By John C. Knowlson. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson. 64 pp. 8vo. Price 25 cts. A pamphlet pharmacopœia, by one who claims an extensive practice of seventy years. *The Westminster Review for April*. American reprint, New York, Leonard Scott & Co. From W. B. Zieber.

We are requested to announce that the publishers of the New York Mercury, a dollar weekly paper, office 109 Nassau Street, have made arrangements with Major Richardson, author of "Wacousta," &c., &c., to furnish that paper with an original story, a sequel to "Hardscrabble," the thrilling story which appeared last year in this Journal. There will be no connexion between the two novelettes, other than that which results from the identity of the actors. The theatre of action will be changed, and the incidents will be posterior in point of time. Those who have formed acquaintance with the *dramatis personæ* of "Hardscrabble" will no doubt feel a decided interest in their after-fate.

Notices of several works received during the month are necessarily postponed until August.

THE COMMITTEE ON PRIZES.

THIS committee have been most diligently and laboriously engaged in the execution of their onerous task, and the competitors may rest assured that the duty imposed upon them, though much heavier than was anticipated when they consented to act, will be faithfully and impartially completed. We append their first or preliminary report, for the information of the parties interested.

As a considerable number of the best articles remain still in the hands of the committee, it will be impossible for the publishers or the editor to fulfil the requests of all the competitors, who have ordered their articles returned, if rejected, for some time to come. Even this task is not a light one, but it will be performed as speedily as is practicable.

PRELIMINARY REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON PRIZES,

OFFERED BY THE PUBLISHERS OF SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE.

The unexpected mass of material offered in competition for these prizes has necessarily delayed the conclusion of the labours of the committee greatly beyond the period originally designated; nor are those labours yet completed. But, as many of the competitors have expressed an anxiety to know what progress has been made in the business, the committee, at their meeting on Saturday, May 24, gave directions that the public should be informed of the titles of five articles, which have been already selected for prizes. The determination to deal faithfully with more than four hundred essays and tales, almost as various in subject as the variety of human taste and feeling, and covering probably eight thousand pages of manuscript, will be sufficient apology for the delay. The final Report cannot be prepared before the August number, but the publication of the Prize Articles will commence, as announced, with the July number. The order of publication will be no test of the relative merit of the successful articles, as the committee disapproved of any attempt to establish an invidious and unnecessary distinction. The articles absolutely rejected remain subject to the orders of the writers, which, if already expressed, will be attended to, at the earliest convenient moment. All have been examined, but a considerable number are still under discussion.

The prizes already determined are as follows:

THE ESTRANGED HEARTS—Clara Moreton, (*nom de plume*) Philadelphia.

THE LAME GIRL—J. M. Legare, Aiken, S. C.

OLD SUPERSTITIONS—Ernestine Brandon, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE OLD AND THE NEW—E. H. H. Worcester, Mass.

HANNIBAL COMPARED WITH NAPOLEON—Name and direction not sent.

Many articles which, through errors of style or other defects, are foreclosed from the competition, have been referred to the proprietors of the Magazine as being possessed of sufficient merit, when compared with the best that have been offered, to render them, in certain respects, worthy of further consideration by the Editor, in connection with the Authors.

By order of the Committee,

REYNELL COATES, Chairman.

Philadelphia, May 26.

OUR NEW DRESS.

We appear before our readers, in the present number, with new type and a page of altered appearance in other respects. Trusting that our efforts in perfecting the illustrations of the Magazine have been such as to merit and receive the approval of our subscribers, the proprietors have resolved to follow the general proclivity of the age, in relation to the penny loaf of mental provender, and to offer the public a quantity of matter largely in advance of that which has been tendered in former years.

It will be remembered by those who have been long acquainted with this Journal, that occasional numbers enlarged by the addition of many extra pages have been issued, from time to time, which, like Sunday dinners and occasion "pie-nights" at a boarding-school, had the effect of alleviating with hope any disposition to complain of the real or imaginary deficiency of the ordinary fare. But it has been determined that, hereafter, our literary board shall be at all times supplied with the prodigality of our former feasts; and if an extra should ever be uttered in future, it will present something like a realization of the toast of a poor printer's boy in olden times, who offered as a sentiment, at one of our anniversary dinners, "three hundred and sixty-six Fourths of July to the year!"

The Union Magazine will be henceforth published in regular numbers of eighty pages each, and the page, which has been hitherto "leaded," will hereafter be printed "solid," so as to afford the reader a much larger amount of reading matter, without an increase of price. But, as these terms are technical, we will endeavour, for the benefit of those who have the good fortune not to be in immediate intercourse with that Caliban of the human mind, the printing press, to explain more clearly, and on the highest authority, the effect of this alteration of plan.

The proprietors having addressed a letter to the foreman of the printer of the Magazine, inquiring the exact amount of text added in consequence of the change, his reply, duly certified, informs us that each future number will contain an amount of reading matter equal to one hundred and four pages of the Journal as previously printed; the regular number of pages having been formerly sixty-four; so that the monthly addition now adopted is equivalent to forty pages.

Having thus disposed of the question of quantity, some changes in the interior management make it proper to add a few words on a subject quite as important, though, perhaps, not generally so regarded—the *quality*.

We read, occasionally, both private letters and articles appearing through the daily press, which are amusingly sarcastic upon the common or generic character of our monthly magazines. At hap-hazard, we select the following extract from a letter now lying open before us.

"I have been a reader of magazines for several years, and have failed to glean a single *new idea* in morals, physics, or '*spirituality*,' from them; but I very frequently find morals clothed in beautiful language—thoughts exquisitely expressed: but style and language are about the sum total which I can speak favourably of, in the contents of magazines generally. The loves—the amours—the development of the '*tender passion*' in Kitty, Betsy, Dolly, and others, present me with nothing *practical*."

Most candidly do we confess, with some grains of exception, the justice and wisdom of these remarks; and commend them to the serious consideration of our patrons and contributors. But while admitting the fact that our monthly literature presents too little that can be deemed of practical value in the regulation of life, or the emendation of manners, we need not look back beyond our present number to prove that the highest and most available lessons of morals are occasionally to be found in the

pages of a magazine. Who shall set bounds to the practical effect of the admirable Prize Tale of this month? As we write, it lies still in the sheets, unfolded; yet already, several persons, who by privilege or accident have perused the story, have warmly expressed their gratitude to the author for lifting the veil from the heart, and casting sunshine upon the vague shadows of old memories, which are the mirrors of experience; thus illuminating with a calm moral moonlight the rugged path of duty.

If instances of this practical utility are too seldom met with in our periodicals, the fault lies not wholly in the editors; and this conviction presses upon us with peculiar weight; for the station that brings a writer or a critic into constant communication with an audience of many thousand subscribers, and a scarcely calculable number of readers, is one of fearful responsibility, and unmeasured importance for good or evil. The most prominent purpose of the monthly magazines is to address the mass, without sinking in style or matter to the degree that would offend or prove repulsive to the few. The journal that attempts to exclude *all* that may seem trite or trivial to the highly educated, the deeply learned, and the peculiarly polished, would find its proper usefulness immediately and sadly curtailed, and would inevitably soon cease to exist; for a speaker without an audience in this great "logocracy" quickly follows his works into oblivion.

The editor that would improve the public taste and morals—that would elevate and ennoble the American mind—must reach the American heart: and the most fastidious will allow that "the developments of the tender passion in Kitty, Betsy, Dolly," &c., are of real, though perhaps unacknowledged interest, to Catharine, Elizabeth, and Lady Mary. It should not be forgotten that high place and title have a tendency to lead man to forget that he is but man. There is an ignorance of the schools, not less to be deplored than that of the mob; and the architect that strives to give still greater elevation to the structure of society must begin by enlarging the foundation.

That magazine literature is, confessedly, not what it should be, results mainly from the deficiency of the public taste; for publishers are peculiarly watchful of current opinion, and capital is extremely sensitive to temporary losses. But if the character of our periodical press tends to produce a still further vitiation of taste, that fault is fairly chargeable upon the Editorial department, and must result from the endeavour implicitly to follow the current of opinion, rather than gently to influence it for good. To aim too high for one's hearers, is madness—to strike below their capacities, for the sake of universal popularity, is folly. Wisdom must equally condemn the leaden stupidity of the clown, who plods through life at the plough, never pausing to listen to the wood-robin or look up to the sunny edge of the cloud, and the poetic madness of the hero of "Excelsior," rushing wildly aloft above all human sympathies, till he fades, like ancient Echo, into a far off voice,—sweet it may be, but earth-bound; for the sound of Fame is but the vibration of the earth's dull atmosphere.—The path to heaven lies not over mountain and glacier;—its portal is the grave!

But, off with our wings! We will endeavour to be what some will term more "practical," though we hold the imagination, when well trained, a more practical teacher of true excellence, than even the experience of daily life. There are certainly some fields of literature, and even science reduced to a literary standard, by being divested of the jargon of the schools and the strait-jacket of technicality, which have been scarcely touched upon by American magazine writers, although they present many appropriate subjects, trite perhaps to the learned, yet interesting to all, and intensely so to most. We will merely name a few, from among many; for instance, the manners and habits of animals; the popular explanation of familiar natural phenomena; hygienic facts and suggestions, calculated to promote domestic comfort; the influence of physical circumstances over the development of the intellect, &c. There is no legitimate reason why the monotony of too frequent disquisitions on matters of taste and the affections should not be occasionally broken by occasional articles on these prolific and beautiful subjects. This could certainly be accomplished without any material change of our well-tested, generally approved, and successful arrangement;—without any sudden revolution of plan;—for, like nature, we abhor revolutions. The idea is thrown out for the consideration of correspondents, and if the novelty of the proposition should prevent any early and suitable response,—why, we shall even be tempted to draw the editorial chair within the circle of our contributors and patrons, and hold an occasional chat with them on matters of fact as well as matters of art.

In conclusion, we return sincere thanks to those who criticize us. We beg that they will continue to do so; for we have ever found censure more valuable than praise—because more suggestive—and sometimes, more difficult to win.

~
i-
s
y,
d
ne
g
h
a

et
ne
ar
ic
y
er
ed
ee
at
d
ts
y
d,
ly
a
,"

d
n
st
n-
h
h,
ce
is
ot
et
re

it
b-
r-
o-
ss
it
t,
w
it
-
al
e
at
or
ic
y
e
at
n
s

e
e
er
e.
n
d
i-
i-
p-
e-
y
s
r
l-
of
e
e
e
y
s.
r
d
n
e
r-
e-
ll
e
r-
t-

o
r
-
t

ga
cro
rib
of
cro
wi
fac
rov
sle
tri
ga
de
tha
upe
lik
sha
rob
in
sho
bla

-
S,
l
e
g
n
a

t
e
r
c
y
r
d
e
t
d
s
y
l,
y
a
"

d
n
st
n-
h
h,
ce
is
ot
ct
re

it
b-
r-
o-
ss
at
t,
w
it
—
al
ne
at
pr
ic
y
te
at
n
es

ere
ere
ere.
n

nd
i-
i-
o-
e-
y
rs
r
t-
of
e
e
y
r
d
n
e
t-
l

g
c
r
o
c
v
f
r

s
t
s

FASHIONS.



FIG. 1.

WALKING TOILETTE.

FIG. 1. *Walking Toilette*.—Capote of white satin, gathered and *bouillonné* even to the middle of the crown. On each side is a *nœud* of white satin riband. The face is terminated for the breadth of somewhat more than two inches, with white crape mounted upon a latten, and trimmed above with four narrow blondes. The under part of the face is trimmed exclusively by eight or nine narrow gathered blondes. Brides of white riband.

Robe of pearl-gray silk, with high corsage, sleeves *demi-large*. The jupe is very full, and trimmed with three broad flounces very much gathered, and cut out in festoons and small rounded dents. The collar is of Brussels lace, rather less than two inches wide, mounted and gathered upon a pink band. The lace is continued, *jabot*-like, all along the front of the corsage. The shawl-mantelet is of the same material as the robe, and put on like a scarf, being entirely open in front. It is trimmed all round; above, over the shoulders, &c., with three rows of very narrow black lace, and around the lower edge with two



FIG. 2.

HOME TOILETTE.

very much gathered rows of very wide lace. At the place where the garment lies over the arm the lace is set upon a band, ten or twelve inches long, solidly sewn at the two ends, in such manner that the arm passes between the broad and narrow laces, and the wide lace falls always upon the skirt, even when the arm is raised.

FIG. 2. *Home Toilette*.—Hair in undulating *bandeaux*, very much puffed, ornamented at the crossing of the *bandeaux* with round bows of black velvet riband with long ends falling behind.

Robe of silk, with green ground, *chiné* in large columns of *pompadour* designs; corsage flat, opening in a V; waist busked; sleeves rather wide below, but close above, and perfectly plain and destitute of gathers at the shoulders. The edge of the corsage is trimmed with a plaited riband, passing all round, and continuing from the junction of the corsage even to the point of the waist. The same trimming edges the sleeves. There is also a *nœud* of black riband crossing the lower part of the opening of the corsage, and there are five similar *nœuds* at regular intervals upon the front of the skirt. A *chemisette*, composed of many rows of narrow lace, falling one over the other, covers the breast above the *nœud*, and a narrow volant of lace, placed flat, appears from under the edge of the corsage all round the opening. The undersleeves are of lace, loose, and without gathers.

FIG. 3. *Walking Dress*.—Capote of lilac taffetas covered with white tulle, the tulle forming a little *bouillon* upon each hollow; brides of lilac riband edged with white. This bonnet is trimmed at each side with bunches of Parma violets; under-



FIG. 3.

WALKING DRESS.

trimming the same. Robe of taffetas chiné; corsage high behind, and open in front, the opening being filled with a fichu of muslin richly embroidered and ornamented with brandebourgs of Malines lace. The skirt of the robe is trimmed with three wide flounces, cut out in double scallops; the sleeves have two similar volants. The corsage has a reverse of gathered taffetas edged with small dents. Loose undersleeves of Malines lace.

FIG. 4, is an undersleeve of muslin of the duchess form, embroidered in designs of the Malta cross.

FIG. 5, is the same undersleeve, with the border enriched by alternates of lace.

For full evening toilettes, three styles contest the dominion of the mode,—the Greek, the Laval-lière, and the Pompadour. The first is simple, severe, and sparing of ornament, without being subject to the charge of harshness and rigidity. The second recalls to mind the noble and becoming grace of its poetic patroness. The third is completely charged with flowers and lace and marabouts, in short, with gewgaws after the manner of the olden time. It almost makes us fancy ourselves with our grandmothers; indeed, little is wanting to complete the illusion but the powder, the patches, and the knowledge of the minuet. The first of these styles is becoming to regular, and, if we may use the term, classic beauties; the second best accommodates the blondes; the last harmonizes remarkably well with fresh and coquettish faces, pliant and delicate waists, and the indescribable something which all recognise as the type of the Parisian lady. Besides these essential conditions, there are secondary ones which

will influence women of good taste in favour of this or that style. The Pompadour style is, however, for the present at least, much more generally in favour than either of its rivals.



FIG. 4.

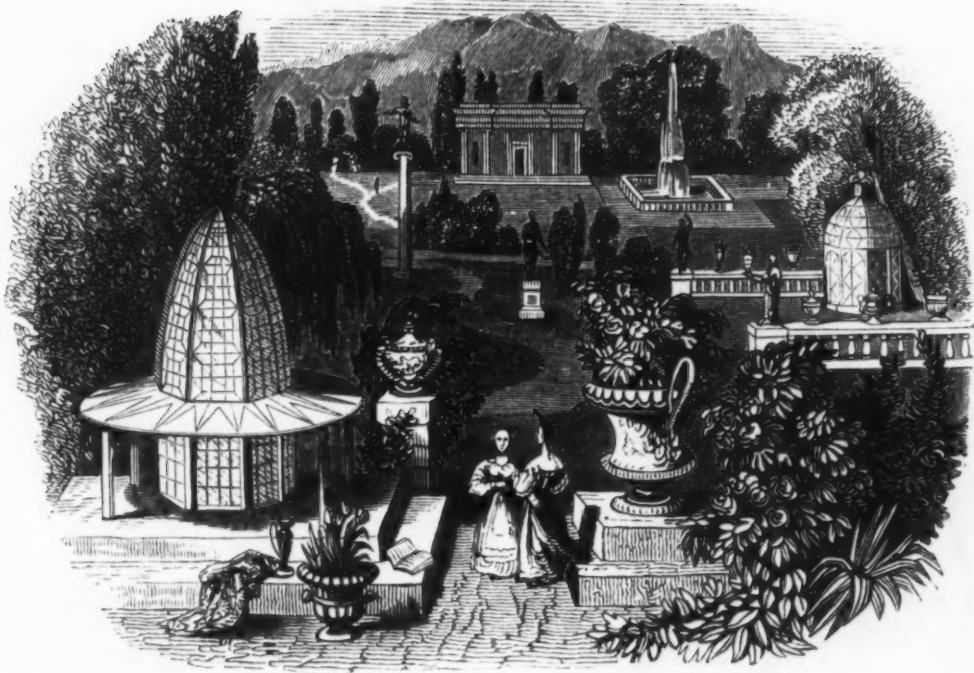


FIG. 5.

The passion for flowers which prevailed last season, is increasing with this. Much improvement has been made in their manufacture, and many of those now worn are almost marvellous fac-similes of the natural flower. Their variety is almost endless; among the most admired are camellias, ebony-trees, snowdrops, lilies, mimosas, and roses of different kinds, the multifloræ, the tea, the moss, the royal, and the unique roses.

Drawn bonnets are decidedly more in favour than any others, though English, Italian, and rice-straws are much worn. The faces are more and more raised; they are shorter at the sides, and longer toward the chin, where in truth they almost join. They are all trimmed with a profusion of ornaments, volants, bouillons, &c.; for under-trimming flowers are always preferred; the nœud of the brides is very long, and very open. Ribands are extremely rich, bordered with fringes, or with very fine ringlets. Jupes are made extremely long, almost training behind, the plaits lie one over the other, as well behind as before; the corsages are open in front either in a V or square; the latter has after a long struggle gained the ascendancy, and will probably maintain it for a season at least. Corsages are always trimmed over the breast. Very many sleeves are slit open on the outside entirely to the elbow, in such manner that the elegant luxuriancy of the undersleeves may appear in all their charming details. Sleeves are made nearly tight at the top, and large at the bottom; *en entonnoir* (like a funnel). They are considerably shorter than they were worn last summer. Many redingotes are trimmed from top to bottom with simple nœuds of riband. But lace is the grand constituent of the ornamental part of the toilette. It is, as one of the French journals remarks, the fashion in its use and in its abuse, it is placed wherever it ought to be, and often wherever it ought not to be. Light mantelets are more worn than either pardessus or shawls; they are of all shapes, scarf mantelets, mantelets *bonne-femme*, and shawl mantelets. The part of the stuff or material is extremely small, the deficiency being supplied by the trimming of very broad lace or fringe.

A. B. C.



LANDSCAPES NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL.

BY GEORGE CHAMBERS.

Two men are thrown in contact with nature. One can find nothing to admire; he is oppressed with a feeling of loneliness; he enjoys not the prattle of the pretty brook that sparkles at his feet; its monotony wearies him, the flowers that adorn its banks have no beauty in his eye, he thinks only of the dampness that makes them flourish; the free breeze fans his cheek, but he would prefer the languid air of the drawing-room; the song of the wild bird has no charms for him, he loves better the rule-bound notes of the opera; a rough hillside affords him nought but annoyance, he wonders why in the name of common sense the earth was not made level and smooth like the pavement of a court-yard. Far different are the feelings of his companion. *He* delights to listen to the babbling of the stream; he loves the fragrant and beautiful flowers; not only the gentle zephyr, but even the rushing storm-wind gives him pleasure; the blue bird and the robin discourse in sweetest music; he dives with delight into the deepest dingle, and climbs with joyous excitement the roughest path to the highest hill-top.

These men are embodiments, one of the ideal of the landscape gardening of the present day, and the other of that of former times; this all formality, quaintness, and art; that, wild, irregular, and apparently accidental, the beauty of design opposed to that of expression. Both have merit, but both have been carried to injurious extremes. The old, by a system of clipping, shearing, pruning, &c., drove out nature altogether; the new will not alter, even to hide blemishes and remove superfluities. One decks nature in gewgaws and finery till she cannot be recognised, the other exhibits her untutored and naked. Here we have a rough unburnished gem, but of great intrinsic value; there, a diamond worn almost entirely away by the misdirected labours of an unskilful lapidary.

It is hardly more a violation of good taste to lay out grounds with squares and compass, setting trees in long parallel rows, or clumping them in geometric figures, circles, squares, &c., so that,—

"Grove nods to grove, each alley has its brother,
And half the landscape just reflects the other,"

than it is to scatter everything at hap-hazard, like the trees left standing in a western "clearing." Art should never be permitted to hide or destroy nature, but it is very useful for pruning and correcting her. We should always remember that though the garden and the pleasure-ground have a higher office than that of serving as mere storing-room for sculpture and architectural designs, yet a wilderness is anything but an agreeable dwelling-place.

The figure above is a tolerably correct representation of the old artificial style of gardening, in its least extravagant form, as it prevailed in Italy. It will be seen at a glance that art is the prime mover here. A number of terraces constitute its distinguishing characteristic. The parapet walls which support these, and the balustrades by which they are surmounted, afford convenience for a beautiful display of climbing plants, and thus make some compensation for the loss of the natural surface of the ground which they occasion. Statues, alcoves, summer-houses, and, when a supply of water can be had at a sufficient elevation, fountains are also introduced—all beautiful objects when in their proper places. This style is not now prevalent, though it is still to be seen in some old gardens, and even in this country, terraces are not uncommon in the immediate vicinity of the house. The gardens of Isola Bella, in Lombardy, of which the following is said to be a correct description, are of the extreme of this style. The garden occupies nearly the whole island. It consists of a pyramid, formed of ten terraces rising above each other and terminating in a square platform. The terraces have gravel walks the whole length, they are bordered with flowers and their walls covered with fruit trees. Rows of orange and citron trees shade their walks, and gigantic statues, which, when near, appear grotesque, crowd the corners and front of the palace. The parterres are watered by fountains that rise in different parts of the edifice, and fall in sheets from marble vases. The area of the pyramid covers a space of four hundred feet square; the platform on its summit is fifty feet square, and its whole elevation about one hundred and fifty feet. The terraces are supported by arcades, which form so many grand galleries or green houses, where the more tender plants and flowers are ranged during winter.

THE METAMORPHOSIS.

AN ENIGMA.

CALIPH HAROUN ALRASCHID, he
Of strangely storied memory,
Took empire, just within the date
Of the harsh rind of man's estate;
And whispered in the ready ear
Of his place-anxious old Vizier:
"Go, seek as far as Samarcand,
The fairest maiden in the land."

Back came the Vizier, not too soon,
Not till the second change of moon,
And brought, well trained to his device,
His daughter, to the Caliph's eyes.
Twice looking, bending twice his head,
"What is your name?" the Caliph said.

"Grave sir, two names have I," said she;
"My first name is a quality,
Which, like a mantle, wraps the wise
From Folly's laughter-dripping eyes.
It drapes the state of you and him—"

"Yes," said her sire, "her name is—"

"Dim-Eyed Vizier, hush!"—the Caliph frowned.

The maiden, with a look profound:
"My second name, sir, is a flower,
The sign of the confiding hour;
Sweet, from the harsh, its blooms attain,
Like a sweet virtue born of pain;
And yet, no dearer flower, none,
Flaunts its fair odours to the sun."

The Caliph bowed, and truly pleased
With wit so modest, made a feast:
And, liking, in a proper place,
To crimp, with glee, his courtly face,
Assayed to show the maiden's worth
By means of dances, songs, and mirth;
But unto all she made reply:
"Oh no, sir," very quietly.
And seemed to relish a caress,
Less than to dread a rumpled dress.

A Sheikh, who owed her sire a grudge,
Now gave them both a cruel nudge;
For, watching how the weather blew,
(Key-holes are roomy for the wing
Of secrets) he had smoked the thing;
And devil-bent, to have his due,
He sought a private hour, and threw
On the cool Caliph's love, cold water:
"She is your stiff old Vizier's daughter."

Curt are the sultans of the sun,
Their passions seldom much outpour.
Haroun made motions to Mesrour:*
"Look to it, Mesrour, see it done!"

The Vizier to a dungeon went:
His child was to another sent.
Ah! hapless child!—a dungeon where
The black magician, Gongonair,
By cursed works with drugs and smoke,
And whispers in a circle spoke,
Had wrought, that whosoever lay
A night therein, was brute next day.

Forth from his bath of morning water
Came Haroun:—"Show the old man his daughter."

Up came the Vizier, racked with moans,
Tears, from the thunder of his groans,
Made a broad shower along the stones.
But when the locks ungrappled were,
Instead of hog, or ounce, or bear,
Only a strange new flower was there.
"Mesrour," cried Haroun, angrily,
(And stabbed him with his sudden eye,)

"Mesrour, produce the maid or die!"
"Prophet of God!" the old Vizier
Exclaimed, "my daughter *all* is here!
God touches her for my intent,
But, God knows, she was innocent.
And witness how I prove it so:—
The base, in their afflictions, grow
Abject; their baseness is increased,
Till Sin transmutes them to the beast.
But those who in good thoughts abound,
Where the right stuff of heart is found,
Have grace, that, even in hell, would be
Unsoiled by devilish alchemy.
Changed though they be, by wreck and wear
Of Time, that juggles everywhere,
They still are something pure and fair."

* The Caliph's executioner.



ne;

l.

daughter."

ear

le
as
be
ac

to
m

on

for

en
TH

m
cu

re

pi

am

sc

la
an
ex

S

den
as h
befo
to in

to n
men

one

for

eng
The

me
cut

ter."

rec

pic

and

scr

las
an
ext

BEAUTIFUL PARLOUR ENGRAVINGS AS PREMIUMS.

FIFTH YEAR OF THE NEW SERIES.

SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER.

 The Leading Philadelphia Journal, and the Cheapest Family Paper in the United States. 

The publisher, having completed the most extensive arrangements with Literary Writers, Correspondents, Designers, and Engravers, is prepared to offer to the American public a family journal which—great as has been its popularity heretofore—will, he firmly believes, so far excel all his contemporaries as to place, before the first of March, 1852, "SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER" at once so far beyond all competition, as to insure for it

A CIRCULATION OF ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES.

The publisher, to accommodate all, and to place it within the power of the humblest family not only to receive his journal fifty-two weeks in a year, but to have in their possession also a beautiful *house ornament*, proposes, for THIS YEAR ONLY, to offer the following

PREMIUM TERMS.

Single copy, one year, (with an elegant premium engraving,)	-	-	-	\$2 00
Four copies, (and a premium to the getter-up of the Club,)	-	-	-	5 00
Ten copies, (and a premium to the getter-up of the Club,)	-	-	-	10 00
Twenty copies, (and a magnificent engraving to every subscriber,)	-	-	-	20 00


THE PREMIUM PLATES.

Any person sending \$2 in advance will receive "SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER" for one year, and any one of the following costly and beautiful fine mezzotint and steel Parlour Prints:—


CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.—*Jesus said "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."*—MATT. XIX. 14.

[This is one of the very best large size mezzotint engravings. It contains seventeen full-length figures, engraved in the very best style of art, and covers a space of 285 square inches—cost of engraving, \$1800! The retail price is \$3. For \$3 we will furnish the paper one year, and the coloured print.]

THE FIRST PRAYER.—*"Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name."*

[This is a neat, chaste, instructive, and appropriate parlour print, 26 by 21 inches in size. It is a fine mezzotint, engraved in superior style. The store price of this print is also \$3.]  There are no woodcuts or lithographs in our premiums.

THE CLUB PREMIUMS.

 Clubs of Twenty will be furnished with the Paper one year, and every subscriber in the club will receive any ONE of the following beautiful mezzotint and steel, large size parlour engravings:—

THE REV. JOHN WESLEY PREACHING IN THE GWENAP AMPHITHEATRE.

[This engraving is a fine mezzotint, and is the best we have yet seen—cost of engraving \$1500. The picture is 26 by 20 inches, and the retail price of it is \$2.]

AMERICA GUIDED BY WISDOM.—*An allegorical representation of the United States, denoting their independence and prosperity.* The engraving is 24 by 18 inches. Store price \$2.

PRESIDENT TAYLOR AND HIS WAR HORSE. A fine mezzotint, engraved at a cost of \$1000.

THE REVERIE.—(Plain.) This beautiful mezzotint engraving will be furnished, *uncoloured*, to club subscribers. The store price of this print, plain, is \$2.

REMARKS.—It will be understood that every subscriber in a club of twenty shall receive *any one* of the last four described plates he may select. By paying \$1 he will obtain a \$2 journal fifty-two weeks, and an engraving that he cannot otherwise obtain for less than \$2. The getter-up of the club will receive any extra engraving, in the last list, he may select, or two of one kind, if he prefers it.

Address, post-paid,

ANDREW SCOTT, Publisher,

No. 115 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE PRIZE NUMBER.

THE GREAT ATTRACTION OF THE MONTH.

With the present number, the publishers of Sartain's Magazine have commenced the Ninth Volume of the series; and, relying upon the experience of the past as a guide for the future, they propose in the current volume, to meet the growing demands of a rapidly enlarging reading community, and a steadily improving public taste, by an equally decided enlargement in the literary department of the work, and an advancement of the standard of quality as well as quantity. The formation of a distinctly

NATIONAL LITERATURE,

Having become an object of ardent desire—not as formerly with scholars only, but also with the people at large, no effort will be spared to gratify that wish, to the extent of the publishers' ability; and, in aid of this endeavour, many brilliant articles from the pens of

NEW CONTRIBUTORS,

In addition to the host of able writers who have already graced our pages, will henceforth add increasing interest to the Periodical.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE MAGAZINE.

The public approval steadily and increasingly bestowed upon this Journal emboldens the Publishers again to enlarge its sphere of usefulness by the addition of sixteen more pages, and a change in type, &c., which will more than double the original quantity of matter, when the numbers contained but forty-eight pages of leaded matter. Hereafter each number will contain EIGHTY PAGES, printed solid, in an entirely new and beautiful type, which will be

EQUIVALENT TO 104 PAGES OF THE LAST VOLUME.

In this, our readers will find ample assurance that no pains will be spared in the endeavour to render the work a great National Magazine, worthy of the freest people and the broadest of empires.

THE LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS,

As they appear in the English and French journals, are transferred to this work immediately on reception, in advance of all others, and accompanied with descriptions, full, lucid, and complete.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

The series of Scriptural illustrations commenced in January last, under the editorial supervision of *the Rev. John Todd, D.D.*, which have given such universal satisfaction, will be continued; but as each article is separate and distinct from those which preceded it, subscribers can commence with this number without finding any detached portions of articles commenced in a previous number. Under no circumstances will any story be continued from one volume to another. As we stereotyped the earlier numbers of the present year, we can supply the back numbers from January when preferred.

THE PRIZE ARTICLES.

Though the very great number of articles offered for the prizes established in March last has occasioned great delay in the return of rejected essays, and although only five of the ten prizes have yet been awarded, the first of the series appears in the present number, and the preliminary report of the Committee will be found under the editorial head. Those who have entered unsuccessfully into the competition must excuse some delay in the return of their manuscripts, which results inevitably from the fact that five prizes are yet to be determined, and, consequently, many articles are yet in the hands of the Committee. Many are also under consideration for further negotiation with the authors.

All our prize articles are *copyrighted*. We found it necessary, to prevent the reprint magazines from using them.

GREAT REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.

By the new postage law, which went into operation on the 1st of July, *the postage on this Magazine is greatly reduced*. With our increase of reading matter, the postage under the old law would have been eight cents per number for all distances;—under the new law it is as follows:

Under 500 miles,	2½ cents.
Over 500 miles and under 4500 miles,	5 "

TERMS FOR 1851—WHEN IN ADVANCE.

Single Copies, \$3; Five Copies, \$10; and Ten Copies for \$20, and an Extra Copy to the person sending the Club of Ten. Single Numbers of any month 25 cents.

These Terms will not be departed from by any of the Philadelphia \$3 Magazines.

For Five Dollars we will send in return full sets of Sartain's Magazine for 1849 and 1850, and two volumes of Campbell's Foreign Semi-Monthly Magazine, thus securing upwards of 3000 pages of literary matter, and upwards of 400 engravings for \$5. Address

JOHN SARTAIN & CO., Phila.

UNPAID LETTERS.—We make it a rule to allow ALL unpaid letters to remain in the Post Office.